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Time's Telescope

FOR

1825;

OR,

A Complete Guide to the Almanack:

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATION

OF

Saints' Days and Holidays;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES,
NOTICES OF OBSOLETE RITES AND CUSTOMS,

SKETCHES OF COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY,

AND

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

Astronomical Occurrences

IN EVERY MONTH,

COMPRISING REMARKS ON THE PHENOMENA OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES:

AND

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY;

EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS

APPEARANCES IN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

With a Description of Culinary Vegetables.

To which are prefixed,

A BRIEF HISTORY OF

English Sacred Poetry

BY RICHARD RYAN;

The Inquisition of the Year, a Poem, by J. H. Wiffen;

AND

A POETICAL ADDRESS,

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

Published Annually.

London:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.

Paternoster Row.

1825.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street, Cloth Fair, London.

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DESCRIPTION *of the* FRONTISPIECE.

The Frontispiece, which is illustrative of the Introduction to our present Volume, presents to our view the Sacred Altar, upon which are seen the Holy Bible and Sacramental Cup; it is surmounted by the Cross, and supported on each side by figures of Religion and Faith. Religion is pointing upwards to an apotheosis of King David playing upon the Harp—the brightest example of religious poetic inspiration,—and (as a type of Christ) He is surrounded by a circle of Cherubims, and is irradiated by beams of glory descending from a celestial Crown.

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Notice of Time's Telescope for 1824.

[From the Literary Olio, No. 12, published at Dundee.]

'At this season, to lay before our readers a review of an annual work, published about the commencement of the New Year, may be thought like presenting them with a *Christmas Rose, or a Twelfth Cake at Midsummer*; yet, such as had never seen the one nor tasted the other, although our gift should seem out of season, might thank us for having afforded them a new pleasure. We therefore direct their attention to a publication, which, to many of them, may be as much a novelty, as till lately it was to ourselves; and this we do with the greater confidence, from the consciousness of not only putting them in possession of a new enjoyment, but one that is in season all the year round.

'Time's Telescope for 1824 is an annual publication, the first volume of which appeared in 1814: and whoever first formed the plan of the work, we consider it a most 'felicitous conception;' for we do not recollect a volume in the English language, of equal size, comprising so much entertainment and instruction, or in which they are so delightfully and systematically blended. We have seen several volumes of this work; and do not hesitate to say, that *from the child, who can read and relish a fairy tale, to the greybeard, who has passed his grand climacteric, every intermediate age will find both amusement and information.*

'Believing this valuable publication far less known in this quarter than it deserves, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers an outline of the plan; at the same time observing, that our meagre sketch will afford a very imperfect idea of the work, as will be found on perusal; as he who contemplates a skeleton, may judge of its symmetry and perfections, but can form no adequate conception of its appearance, when animated, in the vigour of health and glow of youthful beauty.

'Time's Telescope chiefly consists of a Calendar, arranged according to the order of the months, each of which is divided into three departments. The Calendar begins, by explaining the origin of the name, and the emblems by which the month is represented; then the first department commences, under the title of

'REMARKABLE DAYS.

'This comprehends not only all the Festivals and Holidays of the different Christian churches, but also the fabled legends of saints, superstitions, and traditionary and remarkable customs of our ancestors. The celebration of the numerous Festivals in the Romish church is detailed, sometimes at great length, by extracts from Authors and Travellers of respectability, in different countries. Many antient and now nearly obsolete customs are explained and pourtrayed. This department of the Calendar proceeding by the days of the month, also contains a memoir of such celebrated characters as have died in the preceding year, including such, in all ages, as may have been celebrated or eccentric; also occasional notices of living authors, with curious selections of remarkable events, which have occurred in past and present times: hence this department may be considered as an *epitome of History, Antiquities, and Biography.*

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'The second division of the month is titled

'ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES.

'These are arranged under the following heads: Obliquity of the Ecliptic—Solar Phenomena, with Tables for the Equation of Time—Lunar Phenomena, noting the time of the Moon's phases and passage over the Meridian—Phenomena Planetarum, comprising the phases of Venus—Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites—Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars; with many useful Astronomical Tables; generally concluding with some pious and philosophical reflections.

'The third and last division of the Calendar is designated

'THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

'This is indeed a wilderness of sweets, in which we delight to linger, every sense regaled but still unsated. We gaze on the gay parterre, saunter across the flowery plain, or climb the shrub-clad craggy steep. We recline in the embowering shade, listening to every songster of the wood, admiring the beauty and inhaling the fragrance of Nature's variegated sweets blooming around us; we sink with delicious languor on the new-made hay; and look with delight on the varieties of rural labour. *We pick hops in Kent; cull apples, and make cider, in Devonshire; or gather grapes on the vine-clad hills in the south of France. We harpoon whales in the Arctic seas; and haul the herring nets, on the coasts of Britain.* All this may be taken for hyperbole, or poetical embellishment, but is nevertheless literally true; for all this, and much more, is to be found in the Naturalist's Diary. There we find a description of the soil and season of trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, found in Britain, indigenous or exotic; not only from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall, but to the lichen on the rock, and the delicate moss, whose vegetation is too minute for the human eye. There the haunts and habits of the winged fowl, wild and domestic, are described, from the eagle on Bennevis, to the humming bird in the forests of the New World; when they begin to hatch and cease to sing; with particulars of the emigratory tribes. Time's Telescope may also be termed a *Microscope*; for it exhibits to us, in new beauties, the various and wonderful metamorphoses of the gaudy butterfly; shows the gay ephemeron, whose age of happiness is limited to sporting for a few hours in the beams of one diurnal sun; and there we have displayed the innumerable host of animalcula that mock the keenest eye, till assisted by the solar microscope. We do not say that all this is to be found in the volume before us; but all that we have mentioned, we have perused with delight, in this, and those of preceding years. The Naturalist's Diary exhibits on every page a lucid and pleasing picture of the grand operations of Nature, particularly in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; with the ordinary and uncommon phenomena which she sets before us, all displayed in that elegant simplicity and loveliness which gives a graphic reality to the painting, and irresistibly fixes the attention; the whole being embellished and enriched with almost innumerable quotations, most appropriately selected, from antient and modern poets, didactic, descriptive, or pathetic, according to the subject, including many fugitive gems of exquisite beauty. It ought also to be mentioned,

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that, in this department, every plant and animal is distinguished both by its common English and also its scientific name, by which the reader is amused and informed at the same moment.

'Such are the three departments of every month; but there are other, and by no means trivial accompaniments; every volume that we have seen, includes an *Introduction*, containing a concise, but rich and luminous system of some branch of *Natural History*; also many curious and useful illustrations in the Science of Astronomy, exclusive of those noticed in the Calendar. The Introduction to the volume for the present year is, *Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography, consisting of* 128 *pages, by Dr. Myers:* it is comprehensive, perspicuous, and pleasantly written; containing many facts, and much scientific information, unknown to youth; and much which may not have come under the notice or have escaped from the memory of mature age: it contains, also, Astronomical Reflections on the Starry Heavens, continued from last year. Every volume has a beautiful *frontispiece*, illustrative of the subject treated of in the Introduction: that before us, is ornamented with a fine medallion head of Capt. Parry, surrounded with appropriate emblems; and a vignette, representing the Hecla and Griper in the frozen regions. It contains also an introductory poem, called "Flowers;" consisting of nineteen Spenserian stanzas, written expressly for the publication by Bernard Barton, the celebrated Quaker Poet.

'Such is the general outline of the volume of Time's Telescope now on our table; and we rely with confidence, that such readers as are already acquainted with the work, will not only excuse, but approve of the minuteness we have exercised, for the purpose of exhibiting a storehouse of pleasant and innocent entertainment, interspersed with much useful information, to the view of those who may yet be ignorant of its existence.

'We have already pronounced the plan of the work "a felicitous conception;" but as it is much easier to plan than to execute, we must do the Editor the justice to say, that he deserves unqualified praise, for industrious research and judicious selection. The numerous poetical flowers, with which it is both ornamented and enriched, evince the purity of his literary and moral taste. Like the bee, he has roved abroad and at home, collecting his treasures from the rich blossoms in the cultivated garden, and the wild flowers in the pathless desert; always, with becoming candour and modesty, acknowledging the field from whence he culled his sweets; by which, those who are pleased with his banquet, know the sources from which he catered. He deserves still higher praise, for the pure and exalted strain of rational piety which pervades the work; the sublime notions of the Great First Cause, which are every where inculcated; and throughout the whole an obvious tendency to render the wisdom and goodness of the Deity conspicuous, in his works of creation and providence.

'To decorate the path which leads to the Temple of Knowledge with evergreen shrubs, and amaranthine flowers, of endless variety, and of pleasing fragrance, which stimulate the senses to still farther exertion, yet without one blossom of a noxious quality, is so highly laudable, that he who can accomplish this, to use a phrase which was

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once prostituted," deserves well of his country;" and is the friend of all ranks, from the monarch on his throne, to the peasant in his cottage; for Knowledge is the hand-maid of Wisdom, who makes peaceable subjects and good members of society.

'Now, we do think that Time's Telescope has a direct tendency to promote all this; for amidst the almost infinite number of publications, of miscellaneous information, and for inciting a spirit of inquiry and deeper investigation in youth, without ought that can contaminate the mind, we know not one better adapted than that of which we write; nor one that a father could with greater safety place in the family parlour; or a friend present in its season, with more satisfaction and credit to himself. *In all schools and seminaries of education, where English books are awarded as prizes for meritorious application, Time's Telescope should have a place among those distributed; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, nine times out of ten, it would be highly esteemed.*

'But it is also deserving of a place in the libraries of "grave and reverend seniors," as a book of reference, in Chronology, Biography, Antiquities, and obsolete Customs, and in almost every branch of Natural History: while he who formerly delighted to climb the airy steep, or brush the dewy lawn, rejoicing in "each rural sight, each rural sound," now confined to his elbow chair, with his gouty foot resting on a cushioned stool, will wipe his spectacles, and in perusing the Naturalist's Diary, alternately smiling and sighing, will think of the joys and friendship of auld langsyne; and like the Greenwich or Chelsea pensioner, reading a narrative of the campaigns in which he served, will, for a moment, live his youthful days again.'—*Literary Olio*, No. 12.

'Time's Telescope is really so meritorious a work, that we cannot refuse it the meed of a willing gift,—unfeigned praise. Like its ten predecessors, this eleventh annual volume is an entertaining and well-selected miscellany from the good things of past literature, together with original productions of congenial character.'—*Literary Gazette, Nov.* 22, 1823.

'This work displays the same pleasing variety as was exhibited in the former volumes. It is one of those delightful books which is always welcome to us.'—*Literary Chronicle, Nov.* 29, 1823.

'In addition to the articles of information and amusement which the former volumes of this useful work contain, we are presented with a very elaborate essay on the "Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography." It appears to be accurate in its facts and reasoning, and is written in a pleasing style. Altogether, Time's Telescope is a work which deserves the highest patronage; and that it has received such patronage, is evident from the fact, that the present volume is quite equal, if not superior to its predecessors.'—*Literary Museum, Nov.* 29, 1823.

'This useful and agreeable little work, which is at once an *annual* and a *perennial* in the garden of periodical Literature, has now reached the eleventh year of its revival, and yet still appears under a new aspect. It is "another yet the same"—"an old friend with

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a new face"—and yet the better, instead of the worse on that account.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'We have more than once noticed the former volumes of this very agreeable miscellany, and we must do the ingenious Editor the justice to repeat, that his eleventh volume is by no means inferior in point of merit or variety to its predecessors. The work is, indeed, kept up with great spirit, and no pains have been spared to render it as useful as it is entertaining.'—*Eclectic Review, Jan.* 1, 1824.

'This volume, like its ten elder brethren, cannot fail of proving a very acceptable annual present. The Editor deserves commendation for considerable tact in selecting what is not only entertaining at the moment, but useful in affording solid information—and, what is highly praiseworthy, likely to lead the mind from Nature up to Nature's God.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1823.

'The number of Time's Telescope for the ensuing year is quite equal to its predecessors: there is no work of the kind with which we are acquainted, that contains such a variety of apposite and interesting matter: it is a work at once remarkable for ingenuity and industry.'—*Times, Nov.* 22, 1823.

'We have given the title-page of this work almost at full length, in order that those of our readers who were not induced by our account of the two preceding volumes (for 1822 and 1823) to form a personal acquaintance with it, may at once perceive its nature; and may be prepared by a bill of fare so very inviting to the mental appetite, for that feast of varied information and entertainment which it provides. The *execution*, we can assure them, does justice to the *plan* of this very interesting publication; and continues to be highly creditable to the elegant taste and literary diligence of the respectable compiler. We cordially renew our former recommendations of it, especially to young persons of education and intelligence.'—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine, January* 1824.

'This annual repository is replete with useful and pleasing historical and antiquarian illustrations of the Calendar.'—*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, art. CALENDAR.

'It is not merely an erudite and intelligent companion to the Almanack of the year, but it brings before its readers many important novelties in science; while the present volume is enriched by an able view of Physical Geography, and particularly by some curious facts resulting from the New Voyage of Discovery in the Arctic Regions.'—*Monthly Magazine, Dec.* 1, 1823.

'The character of Time's Telescope is maintained by undiminished and even improved excellence. We have still the same judicious selection of the subjects, best calculated to afford innocent amusement at the present hour, adorned and rendered valuable by those moral and religious principles which lay the foundation of enduring virtue and happiness.'—*St. James's Chronicle, Jan.* 10, 1824.

'We have, for some years past, annually called the attention of our readers to this entertaining and instructive publication; and we have, on former occasions, borne our testimony to its merits in terms

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Notices of Time's Telescope for 1824.

so unequivocal and decisive, that we may be allowed to excuse ourselves, in the present instance, from saying more in its favour, than that the volume before us ably supports the high honours which have been gained by its predecessors.'—*New Evangelical Magazine, Jan.* 1824.

'This is an interesting Annual Work.'—*Ackermann's Magazine, January* 1824.

'Time's Telescope improves with every annual appearance. The present volume is full of various and entertaining matter.'—*Courier, December* 13, and *Dublin Patriot, Dec.* 18, 1823.

'This is a well conducted, interesting, and useful annual publication.'—*Morning Post, December* 19, 1823.

'This is an elegant and interesting Christmas present for young persons who have a taste for scientific pursuits and useful knowledge, untinctured by scepticism or infidelity.'—*Supplement to the Evangelical Magazine for* 1823.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1823.

'If the times are not better, still it must be owned that their Telescope is improving annually. Indeed, we think this little work deserves peculiar credit for its constant variety, whilst still preserving the original plan on which it started.'—*New Monthly Magazine, December* 1822.

'We have now had the gratification of approving the design and execution of this useful annual work for ten succeeding years; and can safely assert that the present volume is inferior to none of its predecessors. Novelty has been so studiously considered, that each volume is almost entirely a new work. The poetical selections are numerous and judiciously introduced.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1822.

'We are acquainted with no annual work which has united so many suffrages in its favour as Time's Telescope. The present publication does not derogate from the character of its predecessors, but is indeed an agreeable and instructive miscellany.'—*Literary Gazette, December* 7, 1822.

'This ingenious work is really worthy of public attention.'—*John Bull, December* 27, 1822.

'This publication will convey, to young persons of intelligence and education, much entertaining and useful information, without that corrupting admixture of unsound principles, or improper allusions, by which so large a portion of the current literature of our times is unhappily debased.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Jan.* 1823.

'This is an entertaining and instructive annual work.'—*Courier, December* 24, 1822.

'We have often had occasion to notice the periodical appearance of this useful work: in the variety and amusing quality of its contents, we know few works which can bear a comparison with Time's Telescope. We notice, with particular commendation, the poetical

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taste of the Editor, who has selected from the fugitive verses of the day many very beautiful and interesting specimens. The scientific department is got up with the same fidelity and cleverness which distinguished the former numbers of Time's Telescope.'—*Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1823.

'This is a very amusing book, and full of information on a variety of common-place topics, which people have in their mouths every day, and yet contrive to be profoundly ignorant of to the latest hour of their existence. History, antiquities, obsolete rites, biography, and a naturalist's diary, are only the prominent features of the work, which is as varied as it is amusing.'—*Museum, June* 7, 1823.

'The sustained excellence and improving reputation of this agreeable and highly useful series, afford a gratifying illustration of the extent, depth, and richness, of the resources of English literature; and of the sure reward which attends the exercise of industry and judgment in exploring them. The present volume fully supports the character of its predecessors; and saying this, we are not aware that we could give it a higher praise.'—*St. James's Chronicle, December* 10, 1822.

'Of all the annual publications of the present day, numerous as they are, there is not one that we long so much to see as Time's Telescope; for there is none, from which, in times past, we have derived greater pleasure and profit. Its reputation is now so fully established, that it stands in no need of any recommendation from us, or it should certainly have it. We scarcely know a work in which the *utile* and the *dulce* are more happily blended.'—*New Evangelical Magazine, December* 1822.

'This is a well-conducted annual work.'—*Morning Post, December* 19, 1822.

'Dr. Herschel, with his gigantic telescope of forty feet, could only examine the heavens, and trace the planetary orbs in their course; the author of Time's Telescope does much more, for he not only searches the starry heavens with microscopic ken, but spreads the whole earth before us, and penetrates to 'the waters under the earth.' Indeed, he unfolds the whole book of nature, and revels in its choicest productions. Time's Telescope has now attained a standing of ten years, during which time it has progressively increased in merit and reputation, presenting the same interesting variety, the same novelty, and the same good taste which first distinguished it. In short, it is a book which no person who wishes for amusement or information on a variety of subjects should be without.'—*Literary Chronicle, December* 7, 1822.

'This is an entertaining and instructive annual work.'—*Bell's Weekly Messenger, December* 29, 1823.

'Time's Telescope has certainly been furnished this year with an additional number of lenses, bright, clear, and achromatic; so that we are enabled to view, with distinctness and pleasure, the various objects that are set before us. Of the *natural pictures* here held up to view we can scarcely speak in too warm terms of commendation. The Introduction on the habits, economy, and uses of British Insects,

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is original and amusing; and the description of Astronomical Instruments is concise and clear. With the Ode to Time, by Mr. Barton, we have been greatly pleased, and indeed the whole volume is one which we can cordially recommend. The Editor is entitled to the highest praise for his laborious collections in poetry, biography, and the facts of natural history; the last is, at all times, a pleasing and delightful study, and which cannot be too much pressed upon the attention of youth. In a word, this is the best volume of Time's Telescope which has yet appeared.'—*London Journal of Arts, December* 1822.

'We have repeatedly recommended this work to our readers, who have a taste for scientific studies. The present volume contains a vast variety of interesting matter.'—*Supplement to Evangelical Magazine for* 1822.

'For the tenth time we meet this truly interesting compilation, which seems to improve with every recurring year, and may be justly said to afford a high intellectual treat to all who possess a love for literature and science. We know not a volume, indeed, even in the present productive state of the Periodical Press, which is so well calculated as this, to excite in the youthful and ingenuous mind a vivid and durable impression of the value of time, and of the beauty, sublimity, and utility, of the mighty works of God. It is evidently the production of a man of great ingenuity and research; for he has contrived, notwithstanding an apparent necessity for repetition in some of the details, to give to each succeeding volume, and through every department of its contents, the charm of variety, and the impress of novelty; a result which he has been enabled to obtain through a very happy use of the almost inexhaustible treasures which are to be found in the mines of Philosophy and Natural History, in the delightful stores of Biography and Literary Anecdote, and in the curious *minutiæ* of Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. With these he has mingled copious and judiciously selected illustrations from our best poets, living as well as dead; a feature in the work which stamps it with a lively and endearing interest, and which appears, indeed, in the volume before us, with singular attractions for our Suffolk readers, as it includes some highly finished effusions from the moral pen of one who resides amongst them (Mr. B. Barton), and who, whether regarded as a poet or a man, may be correctly said to reflect honour, not only on the sect to which he more peculiarly belongs, but on the country which has given him birth.'—*Suffolk Chronicle, December* 14, 1822.

'This work blends instruction with amusement, and presents a compilation of topics extremely well adapted to excite its younger readers to further research, and to create in them a desire of scientific and useful knowledge: it will amply repay a careful perusal.'—*Monthly Censor, March* 1823.

'The season which brings to us almanacks, souvenirs, diaries, and all the other thousand red and blue-vested remembrancers of Time, is again come round, and has duly brought to us one amongst those remembrancers, which we value far beyond its fellows, because it is

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of a more intellectual nature—we mean Time's Telescope. This work, which has now reached a tenth volume, does not, like many works which have been long continued, exhibit any signs of decay. On the contrary, it is carefully edited, and has received some improvements. In such a volume as this, where the same ground must be yearly travelled over again, it is no small merit to have avoided a wearisome sameness, and to have introduced so much of novelty. The selections, whether of prose or of poetry, are made with judgment, and combine utility with amusement.'—*Supplement to Arliss's Pocket Magazine, December* 1822.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1822.

'To look back with advantage, and forward with pleasure, is the sum and substance of human happiness! Fortunate is he who can do so; and still more fortunate is he who has this little work to assist him in his retrospect and prospect, thereby giving an additional value to the time present. Whatever his pursuit, however multifarious his researches, he cannot fail of finding here both information and amusement, united to a degree of novelty and variety by no means to be expected in an annual publication of this kind. In this selection, good taste is evident; recapitulation has been avoided as far as possible, without omitting necessary information; whilst the author, without seeming to infringe in the slightest degree upon its contemporary utility, has with ingenious propriety rendered it specifically adapted to its place in the regular series of which it forms the ninth volume.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1822.

'With the return of this period of the year, we have to notice the recurring volume of Time's Telescope for the year 1823; for the character of which it might be sufficient to refer to our remarks on the previous volumes. We find the same industry and ingenuity displayed in the selection of anecdotes and facts appropriate to particular days, and the same good taste in the choice of the poetical pieces, thickly interspersed through the pages. It is unnecessary to say more of a work which has now passed several times under our notice, and whose merits are so fully substantiated as to leave the critic no further duty to perform.'—*Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1822.

'We should have called this work *Time's Kaleidoscope* instead of Time's Telescope, for at every turn of a page it presents the reader with a new and agreeable combination of form, colour, and material. But, while it resembles, it also surpasses that curious instrument, inasmuch as its express object and tendency is to blend instruction with amusement, and to make the one as attractive as the other. We observe that the pages of this useful miscellany are diligently enriched from the leading publications of the times, which are referred to in a manner honourable to the parties quoting them, and valuable to readers who may wish additional information on the subjects thus brought to their notice. Taken altogether, Time's Telescope is one of the best productions to be put into the hands of youth which our teeming press sends forth. It leads by easy roads to improving studies; it is exceedingly various; it is full of hints for thinking, and

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it is honest and unprejudiced. From the child of five years of age to the mature of fifty, it will afford both entertainment and intelligence.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 1, 1821.

'When so many attempts are made to corrupt the minds of the rising generation, through the medium of elementary books of instruction, it affords us pleasure to be able to recommend an attractive work, which is entirely free from the taint of bad principles. Time's Telescope is an agreeable miscellany, worthy of the attention of all classes of readers, but particularly of intelligent young persons, to whom it will convey much useful and entertaining information on the various subjects mentioned in its title. The whole is interspersed with numerous anecdotes, antiquarian references, historical facts, and poetical selections; admirably calculated to excite a taste for knowledge, and to render its acquisition easy and agreeable. We have looked through the volume, and are happy to find that, in a literary *melange* of so much extent and variety, there is so little to which persons of serious religion can object, and so much which they will cordially applaud.'—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, January* 1822, *No.* 1, *Vol.* 1, *N. S.*

'The style of this book is uniformly neat and appropriate. The information which the Editor gives on each subject is correct; it is ample, without being prolix; and it is occasionally enlivened by good extracts from our best poets. One thing more must be said of Time's Telescope,—it is a *safe* book; it may be put into the hands of youth, without the fear of its exciting an improper idea; and this is a quality of which the value must be felt by every parent and preceptor.'—*Arliss's Pocket Magazine, Dec.* 1821.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1821.

'Time flies so rapidly, that a *Telescope* becomes necessary to look at him when past, and is not less amusing to examine him as he approaches. *Time* also is that which we can never *reform*, but still we may improve it: and if it be a mark of wisdom to make the most of our time, it must be allowed that the Editor of the work before us has equally succeeded; for he has not only improved the past to make it useful for the present, but has also made the most of the future, by showing that *almost every day in the year is good for something*. He who wishes to know why one day is more remarkable than another? Why he must eat mince-pies at Christmas, or Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday? Why he must eat goose at Michaelmas, or be made a goose of on All-Fools-Day?—he who wishes to turn his Telescope on human events, or on the Heavens;—he who wishes to be directed, agreeably to the season, in his observations of nature, enlivened and illustrated by apt quotations from our best poets; or who, in short, wishes to know what time *was* and *will* be, cannot fail of gratifying his curiosity by a reference to this useful little parlour-window book. It has been before the public for some years, and is now considerably improved in arrangement, as well as in quantity; so that those possessed of former volumes will find that the present is far from being a twice-told tale: even if it were only for the very

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popular mode in which the interesting subject of Ornithology is treated, rendering it perfectly intelligible to youthful capacities, whilst older readers may find much that they have forgotten. In short, we wish it, and our readers, a happy new year!'—*Sun, December* 20, 1820.

'To young persons, either in town or country, this volume will be very acceptable, as it will furnish them, in one case, with much novel and amusing instruction; and in the other, will prove an agreeable guide to many of those pursuits which are the peculiar charm of a country residence. We know not any publication of a similar nature in which there is a better union of pleasure and amusement.'—*Monthly Magazine, January and July* 1821.

'Time's Telescope blends something of the character which belongs to the Literary Pocket Book with that of a general Almanack; but at the same time possessing features different from either of these and peculiar to itself, and being altogether much more useful and compendious than both.'—*Baldwin's London Mag., Feb.* 1821.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1820.

'TIME; not the world's Time, with wings besprinkled with cards, dice, and at "homes,"—but the Time of the Astronomer, the Naturalist, and the Historian, again opens his annual *Magazin des Nouveautés;* and we can safely assure those who may wish to become purchasers, that all the articles in this literary bazaar are well selected, and of the first quality. This pleasing volume is well adapted for Schools, either as a class-book, or the reward of merit.' —*Gentleman's Magazine, Dec.* 1819.

'This elegantly printed volume is admirably calculated for the important purpose of forming the taste and correcting the judgment of the rising generation. The *respectable place which this book occupies in some established seminaries,* will, doubtless, recommend it generally to the attention of such as are engaged in the business of instruction.'—*Antijacobin Review, December* 1819.

'We hail with pleasure the annual re-appearance of Time's Telescope, which presents, in an easy, popular style, with judicious arrangement, clear and copious illustrations of almost every day in the Calendar, not only in regard to Saints' Days and Holidays, but also memorable events of the earliest times down to the passing year. The Naturalist's Diary for each month is interesting to all classes, for the specific information it contains, as well as for the pleasing view it affords of God's Providence at all seasons. He who takes up this little volume must be wiser, and perhaps *better,* before he lays it down.'—*Sun, Jan.* 18, 1820.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1819.

'While this annual companion and guide retains the respectable character which now belongs to it, no parlour window, school room, or private study, can well dispense with its presence.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Feb.* 1819.

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Notices of Time's Telescope for 1819.

'Time's Telescope presents us with a new view of the ensuing year. To give variety to an almanack has long been considered as impossible; yet this ingenious little work, by means of recent or passing events, by an appropriate new selection of Poetical Illustrations, and by a new Introduction, offers an amusing novelty, without departure from its original plan.'—*Literary Gazette, Dec.* 12, 1818.

'We have here an old friend with a new face, no less than old Time with a new Telescope, pointed at the Almanack for 1819; and discovering new beauties in this often consulted, but, generally speaking, ill-understood publication. This is the sixth appearance of Time's Telescope; and it seems to be equally rich in entertainment with any of the series. We have often noticed this 'attendant bark' upon the good ship 'Almanack.' Long may the author 'pursue the triumph and partake the *profit*' which attaches to its more successful companion.'—*Gentleman's Magazine, December* 1818.

'Time's Telescope, ever various, ever new, is *published* with the Almanacks, and should be *purchased* with them, for we know of no better or more entertaining companion to these annual time-books.' —*Antijacobin Review, December* 1818.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1818.

'We cordially recommend this volume to the attention of persons of every age and taste, but particularly to the inquiring youth of both sexes.'—*Antijacobin Review for December* 1817.

'Time's Telescope for 1818 deserves the same praise, and is entitled to the same support and encouragement, which the former volumes have received from the public.'—*British Critic for December* 1817.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1817.

'We have already noticed the preceding volume of this amusing and instructive performance; and we have now little to add to or deduct from the encomiums which we deemed it our duty to pass on the contents of that part; the plan being still the same, and the execution and arrangement as nearly as possible on the same model. We shall not consider it as requisite for us to continue our report of this annual publication.'—*Monthly Review for August* 1817.

'The Almanack, in order to be reduced to a cheap and convenient form, has become so enigmatical, that a more enlarged explanation of its contents and references is very desirable; and such is the purpose of the Time's Telescope, which appears to us to be executed in a very amusing way, and the Astronomical portion of it is prepared evidently by a person of science.'—*Critical Review for December* 1816.

'There is in this volume an excellent Introduction to the "Principles of Zoology," quite *studded* with poetical citations; and a copious index is added to the whole series. In point of quantity and quality, indeed, the present is fully equal, if not superior, to any of the preceding volumes; and our readers will not readily find a more attractive "*New Year's Present*" for their juvenile friends, which, while it acquaints them with the pleasing wonders of Nature, teaches

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them, at the same time, that all these "are but the varied God."—*Gentleman's Magazine for December* 1816.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1816.

'Time's Telescope is compiled with skill and judgment, and contains much desirable miscellaneous information, and many interesting and instructive sketches, particularly on some parts of Natural History. We recommend this work to the attention of our juvenile readers, who will find it an agreeable and instructive companion.'—*Monthly Review for November* 1816.

'We are glad to see that the Editors of this useful work find encouragement to continue it annually, and that the articles it contains increase in their interest.'—*Gentleman's Magazine for August* 1816.

'A very entertaining and useful compendium of multifarious lore.'—*Eclectic Review for January* 1817.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1815.

'We never met with a compilation better calculated for the use of families, and to serve as a portable companion for young persons, than this elegant little volume, which abounds with valuable information on subjects of general interest, and with a pleasing variety of rational entertainment. The book is written in a popular style, the articles are selected with great judgment from the best authorities; and while the scientific illustrations tend to quicken curiosity, the reflections interspersed with the extracts, occasionally given from the most charming of our poets, will increase the delight afforded by contemplating the works of nature, and raise the mind to a devout admiration of the Divine Author.'—*New Monthly Magazine, Jan.* 1815.

'The work before us supplies accurate, though popular, instruction on a variety of topics. It is written in a correct and tasteful style, enlivened by many exquisite quotations from the poets of the day; and is interspersed with such reflections as flow naturally from the conviction that knowledge, to be extensively beneficial, either to its possessor or to others, must be purified by religion, manifested in benevolence, and consecrated to God.'—*Eclectic Review for February* 1815.

Notices of Time's Telescope for 1814.

'This work contains a great variety of very useful information, conveyed in a most pleasing manner. We cannot hesitate to pronounce that it will be popular. It deserves to be so; and it has too many attractions, for every kind of taste, to be overlooked. It will form a delightful as well as instructive present for young persons at Christmas.'—*British Critic for December* 1813.

'We cheerfully give to Time's Telescope our warmest recommendation as a pleasing and *safe* book for the rising generation.'—*Eclectic Review for February* 1814.

'This is a most useful and entertaining little work.'—*Rev. T. Pruen's Illustration of the Liturgy.*

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Advertisement.

ON opening the twelfth *annual exhibition of our* LITERARY PICTURE-GALLERY, *we may be allowed, perhaps, to expatiate a little upon its contents; particularly to those who may now visit our collection for the* first *time: and we feel more disposed to do this at the present moment, from the increased and still increasing number of our friends and patrons, as well as from the very flattering terms in which our labours continue to be noticed by the* cognoscenti *in such matters.*

In the present volume (and may we not say as much of our preceding *tomes?) will be found many first-rate specimens of British talent;—compositions that emulate the truth and energy of* Michel-Agnolo—*the beauty and divinity of* Raffaelle—*the grace and harmony of the* Caraccis:—*and, to descend from the mysteries and sublimities of heaven to the interesting wonders of our terrene globe,—here are* birds *and* insects, *all painted after nature by the most eminent artists;* —flower-pieces *almost equal to* Van Huysum's;— *landscapes* à la Claude—*a few choice* Hobbimas;— *some of the chefs d'œuvres of* Metzu Mieris *and* Gerard Douw;—*humorous and characteristic scenes of* '*olden time*' *in the style of* Teniers, Brauwer, *and*

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Ostade;—*and vivid portraitures of men and manners 'living as they rise,' by contemporary masters of the first celebrity.*

To drop the metaphor—success *has been, and ever will be, with us, a fresh* stimulus to exertion, *and we think the present volume a sufficient proof of our anxiety to deserve the encouragement we have received: we allude particularly to the* Introduction, *containing* 'A BRIEF HISTORY OF ENGLISH SACRED POETRY'—*a subject of deep interest, and as yet untouched by any preceding writer. Among the other* novelties *may be mentioned, some interesting ornithological sketches by our valued correspondent from the Banks of the Severn—Memoirs of several* living *Authors—and some* flights to Parnassus *not yet viewed through any* 'Telescope.' *And, as it has always been our plan to mix the* useful *with the agreeable, an 'Account of the principal Culinary Vegetables,' with anecdotes illustrative of their several qualities, and directions as to their mode of culture, forms one of the* entremêts *of our literary repast. We have also, this year, increased the number of our* embellishments—*and, beside the allegorical frontispiece, which will speak for itself, we have added an interesting Fac-simile,—and what, we think, will be acceptable to all,—a* CHRISTMAS CAROL, *written expressly for this work by the Author of the Introduction, and* set to music *by an eminent composer.*

LONDON,
Nov. 22, 1824.

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THE

INQUISITION OF THE YEAR;

An Introductory Poem

FOR THE TWELFTH VOLUME OF TIME'S TELESCOPE,

By J. H. WIFFEN.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.
Psalm xix, 2.

I.

GONE is another year;
And on the brow severe
Of chill November the funereal yew,
Holly and laurustine,
And ivy, whose sad vine
Loves the lorn ruin, wreathe a green adieu
To the sweet hours of Autumn, and the play
Of jocund feeling passed, like leaves, to swift decay.

II.

What makes me sad? the swell
Of that lone curfew bell
Heard in the lapses of the moaning wind,
Tolling with voice profound
Of darkness gathered round,
Or, it may be, of death, with woe combined?
No! I have loved, long loved to hear its dirge
Ring through these sable pines across the weltering surge.

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III.

What makes me sad? the rain
Beating the wintry pane,
Murmuring of peace, and flowers, and sunshine fled?
No! for my lamp is lit,
And the bright page of Wit,
History and Song, before my mind is spread,
And passing well its minute-echoes chime
With the light laugh of wit, the gay romance of rhyme.

IV.

No! 'tis the serious scroll
These speeding hours unrol
To the clear view of busy conscience, prest
To look with glance austere
Through the departed year
On the past thoughts and passions of my breast!
What have we done, what toiled for since the knoll
Of the last Christmas bell sent sweetness to the soul?

V.

What have we toiled for? Fame?
The echo of a name
To be forgot with easy unconcern,
When the quick flame whose ray
Illumes our thinking clay
Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn,
No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh
At Woman's flattering voice or Man's ascetic eye!

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VI.

Power? Riches? see we not
Rank's gilded sceptres rot
Like the churl's staff, and the delusive gleam
Of gold melt off and leave
The soul it would deceive,
Dark and alarmed as in a feverish dream
We sometimes feel ourselves, till on her rack
Fancy can bear no more, but shrieks the vision back?

VII.

Or have we placed our pride
In a fair false outside,
Masking our better thoughts, lest they should be
Obnoxious to the throng
With whom we sport along,
More like the simple fly than noble bee,
Whose golden toils endure? why should we joy
In what the first rude breath of sickness will destroy?

VIII.

Mark but that fleeting thing,
The thistle's down, whose wing,
Whirled by the light breeze, fluctuates here and there;
Now on the wave—the hill—
The house-top—never still,
But in each eddy of the vagrant air
Circling abrupt! are we, who have our birth
From heaven, for ever thus to make a toy of earth?

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IX.

Alas, if so we tread
This dwelling of the dead!
This globe, whose dust is peopled with the spoils
Of twice two thousand years!
Some serious thoughts and tears
Rise at the image, and Reflection coils
Into a little ring, to think what one
More year may make of us, ere half its course be run.

X.

Alas! if so we waste
The springs of duty, graced
As they have been, and are, with such a flow
Of innocent delight;
When wrong would yield to right,
Shall we then spurn the inward dictate? No!
Duties, like wayside flowers, but grow to do
The freeborn gatherer good, and cure the ills we rue.

XI.

Flow forth then—let me weep
That I have lulled asleep
So many glorious promptings, such desires
After immortal things,—
Some seraph with spread wings,
Fluttering from Eden, sure my soul inspires
Henceforth to strike with zeal the tempter down;
He best may brook the Cross whose eye regards the Crown!

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XII.

What is the' unceasing roll
Of years to him whose soul
Looks back rejoicing on a life well spent,
And forward with the trust,
That when his mortal dust
Blends with the disregarded element
Of air or earth, Itself shall reach a clime
That mocks at once the scythe and TELESCOPE of TIME?

XIII.

Haste then, stern charioteer
Of Earth! though in thy rear
The wreck of human schemes and hopes lie strewn,
Temples, and towers, and thrones,
And melancholy bones
Of generations dead, and sceptres hewn
To odious dust, *before* thee, Faith and Joy
Wait with uplifted arm thy triumphs to destroy.

XIV.

But THOU, at whose right hand
The Hours obedient stand,
ANCIENT OF DAYS! to gentle mercy won,
Send down thy blameless Dove,
To fill us with thy love;—
Breathe in our breasts the spirit of thy SON!
For without *this* the Year will leave again
Relics alone of guilt, and mournfulness, and pain!

WOBURN ABBEY, 1824.

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Stanzas.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'TIME'S TELESCOPE,'

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR,

Author of 'Contemplation and other Poems.'

[*The following extract of a letter from* Mr. Balfour, *addressed to his friend* Mr. Wm. Brodie, *of Alloa, North Britain, will explain the occasion on which these Stanzas were penned, and offer the best apology the Editor can give for the introduction of this elegant tribute, which so admirably delineates the objects, scope, and tendency of his humble labours.* '*In early life, Time's Telescope would have been to me an inestimable treasure; and even now it has recalled so many of my youthful pleasures, and delineated so much upon which my mind still dwells with melancholy delight, nearly allied to that which Ossian terms the "joy of grief," that it has induced me to address the Editor in rhyme, of which I annex a copy. You are fully aware that I am no flatterer either of editors or authors; besides the gentleman whom I now address is a stranger, one from whom I have nothing either to hope or fear: my stanzas are not therefore to be considered as a civil compliment, but to be understood literally, and* bonâ fide, *as an effusion called forth by taking a peep through "Time's Telescope," and as expressing my opinion of that publication, which deserves to be generally, I would say universally, known. Such being my feelings, if you consider the accompanying verses in any degree calculated to promote that desideratum, you are at liberty to give them what publicity you please; not for any literary fame which they could procure for me, as you know I have better claims upon the public. Perhaps, the better way would be to forward them to the Editor, that he may use them in any way he may think most eligible.*'—Edinburgh, 29th Oct. 1823.]

I.

HISTORIAN, minstrel, philosophic sage,
Of moralizing, multifarious lore,
I hail, with joy, thy ever-pleasing page,
Delighted all its treasures to explore,
And richly banquet on its varied store;
I read and pause—and muse, and read again,
And still return, with new delight, to pore.
Thy regular, yet ever rambling, pen
Displays the works of GOD; records the deeds of men.

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II.

I there behold, in Telescopic view,
The countless charms of Nature's changing face;
Thy pleasant guidance leads my fancy through
The vast, illimitable fields of space.
There, with a rapid glance, the eye can trace
The various paths which reckless mortals tread;
Ambition some, and others Pleasure chase;
Both, while they grasp, oft find the phantoms fled,
Remorse, with serpent sting, still hissing in their stead.

III.

And there I find, by faithful hand portrayed,
The studious plodder, wasting midnight oil,
Who, patient, hides in academic shade,
Enriching nations with his treasured spoil:
And there, the traveller's unwearied toil
As in a mirror is displayed to view;
Men, manners, products of each foreign soil,
Things rich and *rare*, and wonderful and new,
Concentrated, compressed; yet still distinct and true.

IV.

And thou hast culled with care and cunning skill,
To grace thy page, full many a pleasing song;
The minstrel's harp obedient to thy will,
Or softly sweet, wild, or sublimely strong:
As in the grove, we hear the woodland throng,
As various to the ear as to the eye;
Their mingling notes on echo borne along,
This softly falls, that swells in triumph high;
Still, the full chorus blends in perfect harmony.

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V.

But, chief, with thee 'tis my delight to rove
Amidst the richness of the rural scene;
On heath-clad hill, deep in the shady grove,
On sea-beat shore, in fields and meadows green;
On ruin hoar, or some grey rock to lean,
And through thy magic glass gaze on the past;
While busy Memory whispers what has been,
When all around my wand'ring eyes were cast,
And all the landscape smiled, one beauteous boundless vast.

VI.

And still thy panoramic picture charms,
And bids me try to touch the trembling string;
I fondly gaze—my withered bosom warms—
And seems to breathe the balmy sweets of SPRING!
I hear around the rocks and vallies ring,
With all the gladness of the vernal morn;
The skylark warbling on his viewless wing,
The linnet, on some slender spray upborne;
I see the blackbird, blithe, hop on the blossomed thorn.

VII.

Yes, it is pleasant in thy page to read
Of all the charms that deck the opening year,
The primrose bank, green hedge and daisied mead;
The scented birch, to youthful lovers dear,
That nods above the streamlet murmuring clear;
The whistling plowman at his blithe employ,
The ceaseless cawing in the rookery near,
Lambs leaping light, and cheerful harrow-boy—
All Nature seems alive to universal joy.

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VIII.

With thee again I brush the SUMMER dew,
That shines and sparkles in the morning ray,
When up the welkin, bright in cloudless blue,
On golden car ascends the lord of day;
Then o'er the fragrant clover field I stray,
Beneath the fervours of a sultry sky;
Or lay me, listless, on the new-made hay,
The cheerful lads and lasses toiling nigh,
Health on each maiden's cheek, love laughing in her eye.

IX.

How sweet, the Sun just sinking in the west,
When Zephyr breathes in aromatic sighs,
Expires upon the lily's spotless breast,
Or on the half-blown rose-bud's bosom dies!
When evening gilds the glowing twilight skies
With purple curtain fringed with burning gold,
What bliss, from Summer's flowery lap to rise,
Her sweets to taste, her splendours to behold,
Above, below, around,—rich glories manifold!

X.

Nor less delightful is the chaster grace,
The matron smile by beauteous AUTUMN worn;
When she, with gladness in her modest face,
Her treasures pours from Amalthea's horn;
Her blushing fruits the sunny walls adorn,
While every valley seems to laugh and sing,
When Plenty waves her fields of yellow corn;
Rejoicing wide her liberal stores to fling,
While swells the peasant's heart, a happy rural king.

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XI.

Again I see the joyous band at noon
Reap the rich treasure from the sloping dale;
And meet them blithe beneath the harvest moon,
When Labour's loud laugh echoes o'er the vale,
Or maiden's song floats on the evening gale;
Perhaps, beneath the hawthorn on the plain,
She fondly listens to the tender tale,
Or sighed, or whispered by some faithful swain,
Who long in love has pined, enamoured of the pain.

XII.

And WINTER, too, has pleasures to impart,
When Time, who ceaseless speeds his swift career,
With gloomy skies sheds sadness o'er the heart,
That, pondering, muses on the closing year:
His Christmas gambols and his varied cheer
With harmless mirth exhilarate the mind;
Each sigh suppressed, and checked each starting tear,
With chaplets fair the tyrant's brows we bind,
Leap lightly o'er the floor, and cast our cares behind.

XIII.

Such is the feast by Nature's hand prepared,
Around her board rich flowery garlands hung;
And such the sweets I have with rapture shared,
When rich in health, and life and love were young!
Ah me! they now but falter on my tongue,
Though thou hast waked them with thy witching pen;
Forgot the cares by which my heart is wrung,
While Fancy leads me to the rural glen,
And, for a moment blest, I live them o'er again.

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XIV.

Alas! it will not last—these lovely forms,
Gay fairy scenes, and halcyon skies are fled;
And withering blasts, wild as thy winter storms,
Are now, relentless, howling o'er my head!
Yet while I sigh o'er Summer blossoms shed,
Let me above such earth-born pleasures rise,
While, led by thee, a nobler path I tread,
For thou wilt, kindly, guide my wondering eyes
To yonder rolling orbs—the glories of the skies.

XV.

With thee I'll mark *Sun*, *Moon*, and twinkling *Star*;
And try each Planet's varying path to trace,
From Mercury to the Georgium Sidus, far
In widened orb, who runs his constant race:
With Fancy musing, range through boundless space,
Where other suns and systems roll unknown;
Till even Imagination, in the chase
Fatigued and lost, is vanquished and o'erthrown,
And bends with humble awe before the eternal throne.

XVI.

I then with thee will sagely moralize
O'er all this beauteous universal plan;
How great, how glorious, wondrous, good and wise,
THE ONE FIRST CAUSE!—how ignorant is man!
Blind and unskilled the ways of Heaven to scan;
An insect, sporting in the summer beam;
His breath a vapour, and his time a span—
A fading flower—the fleeting meteor's gleam;
And every earthly bliss an evanescent dream!

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XVII.

Yet though his day be short, his evening dark,
And deep the grave that closes life's sojourn,
There is a gem—a bright immortal spark,
Another SPRING shall yet to man return;
And he shall wake to triumph o'er the urn!
When seas are dry, and 'mountains melt away,'
When systems cease to roll, and suns to burn,
And TIME for ever has resigned his sway,
The renovated soul shall rise to lasting day!

XVIII.

Yet point thy TELESCOPE, and still unfold
New forms, rare objects to the gazer's sight;
And there, delighted, may they still behold
The whole reflected in translucent light,
Pure as the dews of morn, as noontide bright:
When VIRTUE is in Time's long vista viewed,
Still blend, for youth, instruction with delight;
For them be *Truth* in flowery paths pursued;
While helpless age, like mine, finds early joys renewed!

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Introduction.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF

ENGLISH SACRED POETRY,

BY RICHARD RYAN,

AUTHOR OF 'POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS,' &C.

IT is gratifying to observe, that, no sooner did England emerge from barbarism, and was removed from immediate oppression and want, than the faculties of her sons expanded, and, imbibing the influence of surrounding scenery and circumstances, their songs, which before expressed mere animal passions and superstitions of the lowest kind, assumed a more dignified character.—The following Brief Sketch is designed to show the rapid increase of these powers, which, while they refine the heart, enlarge the sphere of intellectual enjoyment.

CHAUCER—LYDGATE—SKELTON—EARL OF SURREY—SIR THOMAS WYAT.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, who has been appropriately termed 'The Morning Star of English Poetry,' although, in too many instances, polluting the stream of verse with gross indecencies, for which it must be confessed the manners of the times offer some excuse, composed two pieces of Sacred Poetry—*The Lamentacion of Mary Magdaleyne*, and *A Balade in Commendation of our Lady*. These, it is true, cannot compare with his Canterbury Tales and other less serious productions; yet they contain several pas-

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sages of considerable beauty, and prove that, although the former were more congenial to his taste, this railer at the monks and their delusions was no foe to religion, nor was he insensible to its claims upon Poetry, or to the charms which the Muse was capable of casting around it.

The three following Stanzas are selected from The Lamentacion of Mary Magdaleyne:—

Within myne herte is impressed ful sore
His royal forme, his shappe, his semelynesse,
His porte, his chere, his goodnesse evermore,
His noble persone with al gentylnesse;
He is the welle of al parfytenesse,
The very redemer of al mankynde;
Him love I best with hert, soule, and mynde.

In his absence my paynes ful bytter be,
Right wel I maye it fele nowe inwardly;
No wonder is though they hurte or slee me,
They cause me to crye so rewfully;
Myne herte oppressed is so wonderfully
Onely for him, whiche is so bright of blee:
Alas! I trowe I shal him neuer se.

My joye is translate ful farre in exile,
My myrthe is chaunged into paynes colde,
My lyfe I thynke endureth but awhyle,
Anguysshe and payne is that I beholde:
Wherfore my handes thus I wringe and folde,
Into this grave I loke, I cal, I pray;
Dethe remayneth, and lyfe is borne away.

To CHAUCER succeeded JOHN LYDGATE. He was a priest and a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury in Suffolk. He was an author of very varied powers, as he seems to have written ballads, hymns, ludicrous stories, legends, romances, and allegories, with equal facility, but not always (if we may judge from the following specimen) with equal felicity;—these verses are selected from his

CASTELL *of* LABOURE.

God knoweth playne and clerely
Mannes mynde, thought, and courage;
For he by his grace ineffably
Made hym like to his owne image.

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Sholdest thou not than do hym homage,
Wiche hath the gyven so grete a benefyce,
Passynge all other in accauntage,
That is, the realme of Paradyse?

* * * *
* * * *

The Aungelles shall theyr trumpettes blowe,
Callynge man to the Jugement;
Than every man full well shall knowe
How that he here his lyfe hath spent.
With an hygh voyce that Lorde omnipotent
Shall call my servauntes wt hym to dwell;
The badde all pensyf—woo—and dolent,
Perpetually shall be dampnied to hell.

JOHN SKELTON.—From the title of some of his works, we are led to infer that he was Poet Laureate (which, in those days, was an Academical Degree) to King Henry VIII[1].

He wrote three short Sacred Poems, entitled Prayers '*To the Father of Heauen—To the seconde Parsone—To the Holy Ghost*'—the first we present our readers with:—

A PRAYER *to the* FATHER *of* HEAUEN.

O radiant Luminary of light interminable,
Celestial Father, potenciall God of night,
O Heauen and Earthe, O Lorde incomperable,
Of all perfections the essenciall, most perfighte;
O Maker of mankind, that formd day and night,
Whose power imperial comprehendeth euery place,
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delight,
Is after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence is incomprehensible,
Al arguments of reason which far doth excede;
Whose deite doutles is indivisible,
From whom al goodnes and vertue doth procede;
Of thy support al creatures have nede.
Assist me, good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure in word, thought, and dede,
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

[1] Mr. Gifford is of opinion, that 'he was perhaps the best scholar of his day, and displays, on many occasions, strong powers of description, and a vein of poetry,' &c. &c.

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The unfortunate EARL OF SURREY, so celebrated as an Amatory Poet, translated *Ecclesiastes and certain Psalms*—but, as they are long and very unequal, we do not deem it worth while to present our readers with an extract from any portion of them.

SIR THOMAS WYAT, who also flourished at the same period, put into *'Englyshe Meter certayn Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David, commonlye called thee vii Penytentiall Psalmes.'* These we only make one brief extract from, by which the reader will be enabled to form a judgment of the execution of the whole.

PSALM CII.

Lord, heare my praier, and let my crye passe
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment;
Do not from me tourne thy mercyful face,
Unto myselfe leauynge my gouernment:
In time of trouble and adversytye,
Enclyne unto me thyne eare and thyne entente.

Such were the principal Poets who struck the Harp of Zion in England previous to the reign of Elizabeth: it will be perceived, by the extracts we have given from them, that their works were characterized by the defects of their age, and that the two hundred years which this period comprehends, offer but few poetic gems worthy of presenting to the admirers of Sacred Poesy.

SPENSER—ALEXANDER HUME—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE—SIR WALTER RALEIGH—SYLVESTER—DRAYTON—SIR JOHN DAVIES—SIR H. WOTTON—DR. JOSEPH HALL—DONNE—BEN JONSON.

EDMUND SPENSER, the most fanciful of English Poets, whose 'Fairy Queen' still reigns supreme in Fiction's wide domain, has however stronger and more pleasing claims on our attention as the author of some

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of the finest religious poetry we have met with in our language or in any other. His *Hymns of Heavenly Love* and of *Heavenly Beauty* abound with the most splendid thoughts and sublime imagery, clothed in language worthy of so ennobling a theme; and although it appears probable that they have not at any time excited so intense an interest as his imaginative verses, yet they deserve (if considered merely as Poems) an equal share of praise, and, we think, cannot fail to elicit from every reader the warmest feelings of admiration towards the lofty genius that composed them. We select the following stanzas from the superior poem, only regretting that our limited space precludes the possibility of our giving the whole.

An HYMNE *of* HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love! lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy Heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of love, high Heaven's King.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Before this world's great frame, in which al things
Are now contained, found any being, place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That High Eternal Powre which now doth move
In all these things, moved in it selfe by love.

It loved itselfe, because itselfe was faire,
(For faire is loved) and of itself begot,
Like to itselfe, his eldest Sonne and Heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of Loves dislikes or pride was to be found,
Whome He therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd before all time prescribed
In endlesse glory and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie spright;

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Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet O, most blessed Spirit! pure Lampe of Light,
Eternall Spring of Grace, and Wisedom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought
To tell thee marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

* * * * *
* * * * *

To them[1] the Heavens illimitable height
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold
Adornd with thousand Lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or His owne dread Presence to attend;
Where they behold the glorie of His Light,
And caroll hymnes of Love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For He His beames doth unto them extend;
The Darknesse there appeareth never none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end:
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dard their Lord to disobay.

* * *

In the same admirable strain the inspired poet goes on to depict the sufferings of our Redeemer, and concludes the Hymn by the following impressive adjuration to the reader:—

Then let thy flinty hart that feels no paine
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;

[1] The Angels.

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And let thy soule, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to His soveraine mercie doe appeale:
Learne Him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy breast His blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Though must Him love, and His beheastes embrace;
All other Loves with which the world doth blind,
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyselfe unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possessed,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with Love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee dye,
And all Earthe's Glorie on which men do gaze
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compard to that celestiall beauties blaze
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze[1]
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the sprite.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts faire above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th' Idee of His pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestiall Love,
Kindled thro' sight of those faire things above

ALEXANDER HUME, the first native of Scotland we have had occasion to mention, was a rigid Calvinist; but not even the gloomy influence of the times could entirely eradicate his poetic imaginings, as is amply proved by the following stanzas from his

[1] Dazzle.

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THANKS *for a* SUMMER'S DAY.

O Perfect Light, which [1]shaid away
The Darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the Day,
Another o'er the Night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
[2]Nor at Midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

* * *
* * *

Oh! sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With Trumpet and with Psalm.

Through all the Land great is the [3]gild
Of rustic folks that cry,
Of bleating sheep, fra they be filled;
Of calves and rowting kye.

All Labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
[4]Whilk sent this summer day!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, that true pattern of a perfect gentleman, who, to the accomplishments of a scholar and a courtier, and the romantic gallantry of a *Preux Chevalier*, united a fervency of devotion which the modern fine gentleman affects to consider derogatory to his rank and fashion, and whose example incontestably proves that religious feeling, so far from being incompatible with those qualities, is calculated to add to their lustre, and to confer on them a dignity which they could only derive from such a source, it is difficult to speak in measured terms.

His sister, whose name is associated with his own in all his literary productions, appears to have shared with him those qualities which were more pecu-

[1] Divided—[2] Than—[3] Throng—[4] Who.

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liarly suited to her sex, and to have been also endued with no common *genius*. A Version of the Psalms, the joint production of this noble pair, which had hitherto remained in manuscript, has been lately published; and so elegant and spirited are the tone and style in which it is written, that we cannot but wonder that it has been suffered to remain so long in obscurity. We have selected two of these Psalms in proof of the opinion which we have offered, and which we are satisfied that none of our readers will be inclined to controvert; and we have also added a third, in illustration of the quaint manner which in a greater or less degree infected all the compositions of the age.

Psalm XLVIII.

All people, to Jehovah bring
A glad applause of clapping hands;
To God a song of triumph sing,
Who high, and highlie feared, stands,
Of all the Earth sole ruling King.

From whose allmightie grace it growes
That nations, by our power oppresst,
On foote on humbled countries goes,
Who Jacob's honor loved best,
An heritage for us hath chose.

There past hee by: hark, how did ring
Harmonious aire with trumpett's sound;
Praise, praise our God: praise, praise our King,
Kings of the World, your Judgments sound,
With skilfull tunes his praises sing.

On sacred throne, not knowing end,
For God the King of Kingdoms raignes,
The folk of Abraham's God to frend;
Hee, greatest Prince, greate princes gaines,
Princes, the shields that earth defend.

Psalm XCIII.

Clothed with state, and girt with might,
Monarck-like Jehova raignes;
He who Earthes foundations pight[1],
Pight at first, and yet sustaines.

[1] Pitched.

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He whose stable throne disdaines
Motions shock and ages flight;
He who endles one remaines,
One, the same, in changelesse plight.

Rivers, yea, though rivers rore,
Roring though sea-billowes rise;
Vex the deepe, and breake the shore,
Stronger are thou, Lord of skies.
Firme and true thy promise lies,
Now and still as heretofore;
Holy worshipp never dies
In thy Howse, where we adore

The following affords an instance of an ACROSTIC PSALM, and we therefore give it as a curiosity.

PSALM CXVII.

P raise him that aye
R emaines the same:
A ll tongues display
J ehovah's fame.
S ing all that share
T his earthly ball,
H is mercies are
E xposed to all:
L ike as the word
O nce he doth give,
R old in record
D oth tyme outlyve.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—This distinguished adventurer seems to have inherited much of the gallant spirit and literary talent of Sidney; but the unfortunate circumstances of his life have cast a melancholy shade over his memory, which, however, serves only to deepen the interest naturally felt in whatever relates to so lamented a victim of state policy and intrigues. Many charming effusions of his Muse, which evince first-rate poetical talent, are to be met with scattered through the publications of his time; these have been lately collected and published, together with some choice selections from among the best productions of his less known contemporaries, in a neat little volume, entitled *Specimens of the Earlier English Poets*, from which we have extracted the fol-

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lowing beautiful Hymn, which is equally creditable to the piety and poetical powers of its author.

HYMN.

Rise, O my Soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
And with divinest Contemplation, use
Thy time, where Time's Eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!

And thou, my Soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardfull eye
That holy cross whence thy Salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu, I direct my eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees:
To thee myself, myself and all I give;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

The following elegant paraphrase of the well-known and universally admired Dialogue between Horace and Lydia is so beautifully and appropriately turned, that we cannot refrain from extracting it also from the same volume.

A DIALOGUE *betwixt* GOD *and the* SOUL.

SOUL.

Whilst my Soul's Eye beheld no light,
But what streamed from thy gracious sight,
To me the World's greatest King
Seemed but a little vulgar thing.

GOD.

Whilst thou provdst true, and that in thee
I could glass all my Deity;
How glad did I from Heaven depart,
To find a lodging in thy heart!

SOUL.

Now Fame and Greatness bear the sway,
('Tis they that hold my prison's key)
For whom my Soul would die, might she
Leave them her immortality.

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GOD.

I and some few pure souls conspire,
And burn both in a mutual fire,
For whom I'd die once more, ere they
Should miss of Heaven's eternal day.

SOUL.

But, Lord, what if I turn again,
And with an adamantine Chain
Lock me to thee? What if I chase
The World away to give thee place?

GOD.

Then though these Souls in whom I joy
Are Seraphim, thou but a toy,
A foolish toy, yet once more I
Would with thee live, and for thee die!

JOSHUA SILVESTER, surnamed by his contemporaries 'The Silver-tongued,' is well known as the translator of *Du Bartas's Weeks and Works*, and by the ridicule which Dryden cast upon him, which has condemned him to obscurity and contempt by no means merited; as the following stanzas from his Poem, entitled *All is not Gold that Glitters*, contain some good thoughts happily but quaintly expressed.

To RELIGION.

Religion, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that prophane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites!
How Princes, who their Power deny,
Pretend thee for their Tyranny,
And people, for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
The vicious all their vices cover,
The insolent their insolence,
The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
The impudent his impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
And Avarice under thee desires,
Sloth under thee her ease assumes,
Lux under thee all overflows,
Wrath under thee outrageous grows,
All Evil under thee presumes.

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Religion, not so venerable,
What art thou now but made a fable,
A holy Mask on Folly's brow,
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination;
Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the Church with Simony,
Not on the Bench with Bribery,
Nor in the Court with Machiavel,
Nor in the City with deceits,
Nor in the Country with debates;
For what has Heaven to do with Hell?

DRAYTON, the author of that celebrated Poem, *The Polyolbion*, wrote three *Divine Poems*, entitled *Noah's Flood—Moses his Birth and Miracles, in three Books*—and *David and Goliath*. There are very few lines in all three that are not to be greatly admired for their strength and sublimity; but as our space is limited, we must content ourselves with merely extracting the following beauteous invocation at the commencement of the first poem.

O let that glorious Angel which since kept
That gorgeous Eden where once Adam slept,
When tempting Eve was taken from his side,
Let him, great God, not only be my guide,
But with his fiery faulchion still be nigh
To keep affliction far from me, that I
With a free soul thy wondrous works may show,
When like that Deluge shall thy numbers flow,
Telling the state wherein this Earth then stood
The giant race, the universal flood.

It is worthy of remark, that DRAYTON was, as it were, born a poet; for we are informed by his Biographers that in his youth he discovered a propensity to read poetry, and was anxious to know 'what kind of creatures poets were;' and even on his coming to College, it is said he importuned his tutor if possible 'to make him a poet.'

SIR JOHN DAVIES's Poems are distinguished by great intellect and beauty; his longest, on '*The Im-*

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mortality of the Soul,' displays powers appropriated to the noblest purposes; it concludes thus:—

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with amorous eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
Thy Peacock's feet with thy gay Peacock's train;
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name;
Use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives thee power to be and use the same.

Mr. Thomas Campbell facetiously observes, that 'Sir John Davies wrote, at twenty-five years of age, a Poem on *The Immortality of the Soul;* and at fifty-two, when he was a Judge and a Statesman, another on *The Art of Dancing.*'

Contemporary with this celebrated individual was the accomplished SIR HENRY WOTTON, likewise a statesman, but who, towards the close of his life, took Deacon's Orders, and was nominated Provost of Eton. His mind appears, from many of his writings, to have been deeply imbued with religious feelings, as the pious strain of the following poetic effusion will evince:—

A MEDITATION,

[*From Sancroft's Collection.*]

O, thou great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy tears of love,
Whilst on this Couch of Tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire,
O, precious ransom, which once paid,
That *consummatum est* was said.

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And said by him that said no more,
But sealed it with his sacred breath,
Thou then that has dispurged our score,
And, dying, wert the death of death;
Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all.

DR. JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF EXETER AND NORWICH, better known to the world by his Satires than by his Sacred Poetry, wrote one or two anthems for his Cathedral of Exeter:—the following one, which we have selected, possesses great imaginative scope, and also much power of versification.

Lord, what am I? a worm, dust, vapour, nothing,
What is my life? a dream, a daily dying.
What is my flesh? my soul's uneasy clothing.
What is my time? a minute ever flying.
My time, my flesh, my life, and I,
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? downe in a vale of Death.
What is my trade? sin, my dear God offending,
My sport sin too—my stay, a puffe of breath;
What end of sin? Hell's horrour never ending.
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place,
Help up to make up my dolefull case.

Lord, what art Thou? pure life, power, beauty, bliss.
Where dwell'st Thou? up above in perfect light.
What is thy Time? Eternity it is.
What State? attendance of each glorious Sp'rit.
Thyself, thy place, thy dayes, thy state,
Pass all the thoughts of powers to create.

How shall I reach Thee, Lord? oh soar above,
Ambitious soul; but which way should I flie,
Thou, Lord, art way and end; what wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love,
Oh, let these wings that way alone
Present me to thy blissful Throne.

JOHN DONNE, that poet of this distinguished era, who combined beauty, fancy, and playfulness, penned many short sacred pieces, from which we select the following as peculiarly characteristic of his style and of the age in which he flourished.

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I am a little world made cunningly
Of Elements and an angelic spright,
But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
Thy world's both parts, and, oh, both parts must die.
You which beyond that Heav'n which was most high
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly;
Or wash it, if it must be drowned no more.
But, oh, it must be burnt, alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

He was the leading versifier of that metaphysical school, who contrived to bury the happiest thoughts beneath an obscurity, and laboured quaintness of expression which it is often difficult to penetrate.

Ben Jonson. This admirable dramatist, amid the varied stores of his literary acquisitions (in which he was inferior to none, even in this learned age), did not entirely neglect the cultivation of the Sacred Muse. Three of his pieces are distinguished in his works by the title of *Poems of Devotion;* they exhibit, however, but few traces of that vigorous genius which so pre-eminently characterizes his Plays, and of that ease and elegance which many of his Songs and Lyrical Effusions display in as high a degree as any that are to be found in our language. Pure strength of thought, clothed in simple but powerful language, and adorned with an unambitious rhyme, form the distinguished features of most of the compositions of this learned writer. The following specimen is by no means calculated to give that high opinion of his talents and judgment with which the reader of his other works cannot fail to be impressed; it is more in the manner of Donne (with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy), and appears not to have been intended for publication.

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An HYMN *on the* NATIVITY *of* MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished Shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take[1],
The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no no,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our Nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A Martyr born in our defence;
Can Man forget this story?

The brilliant succession of Geniuses which this age gave birth to, bears ample testimony to the beneficial influence exercised over the mind by the glorious light of the Reformation. Exalted by a religion, the doctrines of which were made known to the people in their own language, and divested of those mummeries which had formerly disgraced it, the latent powers of the mind were awakened—it burst through the trammels in which error and superstition had so long bound it,—and, drinking deep of the pure fountain of truth, poured forth its energies, and exhibited some of the noblest examples of manly intellect and cultivated taste.

[1] Contain.

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SANDYS — HERBERT — THE EARL OF STIRLING — DRUMMOND (OF HAWTHORNDEN)—GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER—SIR JOHN BEAUMONT—QUARLES—BAXTER—HABINGTON—HERRICK—CRASHAW—COWLEY—MILTON.

GEORGE SANDYS commences this period, so prolific in *Puritan Poetry*. He is known to the world as the translator of *Ovid's Metamorphoses:* his *Divine Poems* are in one volume, and consist of *A Paraphrase upon Job—A Paraphrase upon the Psalmes of David—A Paraphrase upon Ecclesiastes—A Paraphrase upon the Lamentations of Jeremiah;* together with several minor *Paraphrases*—and *Christ's Passion, a Tragedie,* which is accompanied with nearly as many pages of Annotations as the Tragedy consists of itself. The poetry of SANDYS is tinged very strongly with the affectation and out-of-the-way conceits so characteristic of the *Puritan Poets* of his time, notwithstanding many of his Paraphrases are highly poetic, and betoken a genius, though not capable of appreciating what was correct according to the rules of taste, yet deserving of considerable eminence among those names to whom we are indebted for Sacred Poesy. His Paraphrase of the one hundred and eighth Psalm we have selected as an illustration of his merits: the first and the last verse are decidedly poetic in the highest degree.

PSALME CVIII.

My thoughts the Lord their object make
Before the ruddy morning spring,
My glory of his praise shall sing:
Awake, my lute! my harp, awake!
While I to all the world rehearse
His praises in a living verse.

Thy mercy (O, how great!) extends
Above the starry firmament,
Still unto tender pity bent;
Thy truth the soaring cloud transcends;
Thy head, above the heavens erect,
Thy glory on the earth reflect.

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O heare us, who thy aide implore,
And with thy owne right hand defend;
To thy beloved succour send.
God, by his sanctitie, thus swore,
I, Succoth's valley will divide,
In Sichem's spoils be magnified.

Manasseh, Gilead, both are mine;
Ephraim, my strength, in battaile bold:
Thou, Judah, shalt my scepter hold.
I will triumph o're Palestine,
Base servitude shall Moab waste;
O're Edom I my shooe will cast.

Who will our forward troops direct
To Rabbah, strongly fortifi'd;
Or into sandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor would'st before our armies goe,
Now lead our host against the foe?

When death and horrour most affright,
Doe thou our troubled souls sustaine;
For, O, the helpe of man is vaine;
Lead, and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy feet our foes shall trample downe,
Thy hands our browes with conquest crowne.

Of precisely the same school was GEORGE HERBERT. According to Isaac Walton, he was so popular in his time, that no less than ten thousand copies of his Poems were sold; a fact which speaks more for the piety than the good taste of the age. From his *Temple,* which has lately been reprinted, we select the following specimen:—

DISCIPLINE.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
With thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

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Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep,
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed,
For with love
Strong hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot,
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far!

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod,
Though man frailties hath;
Thou art God,
Throw away thy wrath.

The EARL OF STIRLING, whose songs and madrigals have innumerable beauties scattered throughout them, wrote a long, heavy, religious poem, entitled *Doomesday*, in which there is but little to admire, and scarcely any portion of it worth extracting for the reader's gratification.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, one of the most beautiful poets that Scotland ever produced, whose exquisite feeling and tasteful imagery will cause his works to be read with delight, composed no inconsiderable portion of a magnificent poem, entitled *The Shadow of the Judgment;* together with many *Hymns* and *Minor Poems on Sacred Subjects*, fraught with sweetness and true piety. The following is one among those alluded to:—

HYMN *for* WEDNESDAY.

O holy God of heavenly frame,
Who mak'st the pole's wide center bright,

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And paint'st the same with shining flame,
Adorning it with beauteous light;

Who framing, on the fourth of days,
The fiery Chariot of the Sun,
Appoint'st the Moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run.

That thou might'st by a certain bound
'Twixt night and day division make;
And that some sure sign might be found
To show where months beginning take.

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots;
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER were two extraordinary brothers, to whose poetry there is little doubt that Milton was indebted for some of his finest passages. Headly, that amiable man and excellent commentator, who has bestowed more attention than any modern critic on the works of THE FLETCHERS', pronounces *The Christ's Victory* (written by GILES) to be 'a rich and picturesque poem.' In this opinion we conceive all who have read it will agree. It is divided thus: *Christ's Victory in Heaven—Christ's Triumph on Earth—Christ's Triumph over Death—Christ's Triumph after Death.* To give the reader a just idea of the poem would require a much larger space than we can afford; we therefore refer him to the volume, and pass on to PHINEAS, who is known to all by his magnificent and highly curious poem of *The Purple Island;* this, which is anatomy and poesy united, is but a small portion of his labours in the field of poetry: besides seven long *Piscatory Eclogues,* as he terms them, he paraphrased some of the Psalms, and the following commencing verse of the first Psalm will enable the reader to form a just idea of his merits:

Blessed who walk'st not in the worldling's way,
Blessed who with foul sinners will not stand;
Blessed who with proud mockers dar'st not stay,
Nor sit thee down among that scornful band.
Thrice blessed man, who, in that heavenly light,
Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoicing day and night.

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SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, brother of FRANCIS, the dramatic colleague of FLETCHER, is worthy of notice as having written some half dozen short Sacred Poems, which are deserving of being better known: at the conclusion of *An Ode of the Blessed Trinitie*, after mentioning 'the Three in One,' he thus beautifully concludes:

Stay, stay, Parnassian girle,
Hear thy descriptions faint,
Thou humane shapes can'st paint,
And can'st compare to pearle
White teeth, and speak of lips which rubies taint,
Resembling beauteous eies to orbs that swiftly whirl.

But now thou may'st perceiue
The weaknesse of thy wings,
And that thy noblest strings
To muddy objects cleaue;
Then praise with humble silence heavenly things,
And what is more than this, to still Devotion leaue.

That 'voluminous Saint,' as Campbell calls FRANCIS QUARLES, was one of the most popular writers of this period. His *Emblems* contain the best specimens of his Sacred Poetry, from which, as they cannot be clearly understood without the illustrative plates, and are, moreover, in the possession of every reader of religious verse, we conceive it would be needless to make any selections.

Equally voluminous was his successor, the celebrated RICHARD BAXTER, who formed himself confessedly on the model of HERBERT and SANDYS; he retains much of his popularity even to the present day—Drs. Barrow and Johnson were great admirers of his writings: his Poems, although disfigured with quaintness, bear considerable marks of that strong mind and fervent piety so visible throughout the pages of his other productions.

The EXIT.

My Soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;
What hath it beèn to thee
But pain and sorrow,
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

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Love not this darksome womb,
Nor yet a gilded tomb,
Though on it written be
Mortal men's story;
Look up by Faith, and see
Sure, joyful glory.

* * * *

Look up tow'rds Heaven, and see
How vast those regions be,
Where blessed spirits dwell,
How pure and lightful:
But earth is near to Hell;
How dark and frightful!

This fine poem, which consists of thirty-one stanzas, concludes thus beautifully:—

Lord Jesus, take my spirit,
I trust thy Love and Merit;
Take home this wand'ring sheep,
For thou hast sought it;
This soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

HABINGTON, the celebrated author of *The Castara*, which is a volume of poems filled with imagination, tenderness and elegance, has devoted the last portion of it to moral and religious contemplation: some of these effusions possess the simplicity and fervour of true piety in an eminent degree, and must have been the offspring of a mind highly cultivated and religious: the three last verses of the last Poem in his works we present the reader, whose admiration, we think, will equal ours.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this ayre,
My heart obeyes, joyed to retreate
From the false favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

When Thou shalt please this soul t' enthrowne
Above impure corruption,
What should I grieve or feare,
To think this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust,
And nere again appeare?

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For in the fire when ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Do we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

HERRICK,—The sweetest Song-writer of his age, and to whom the moderns are indebted as well for style as for ideas, both of which they have remorselessly pillaged from him, wrote but little Sacred Poesy, which we regret, although it is by no means equal to his lighter productions.

HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS GOING TO THE CROSS.

Have, have ye no regard, all ye
Who pass this way, to pity me,
Who am a man of misery?

A man both bruised, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for my own
But for my friends' transgression!

Ah, Sion's daughters! do not fear
The cross, the cords, the nail, the spear,
The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk of the wine of God's fierce wrath;
Only there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste than for to show
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had he not drunk them up for you.

CRASHAW united, in no common degree, a strength of thought and beauty of imagination with harshness of expression. 'Pope (says a contemporary) having purloined some of his best images, declared that poor Crashaw was unworthy of notice, hoping, no doubt, to prevent the detection of his little depredations on premises deserted and abandoned by his own contrivance.' He wrote *Steps to the Temple*, being, for the most part, Epigrams on several passages in the New Testament: he translated *Marno's Sospetto d'Herode;* and he composed a variety of *Hymns*, and other sacred poetry. Many of his pieces, although tinged with affectation, are still to be greatly

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admired, and deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which they have unjustly fallen. Of his Paraphrases, Pope prefers that of the 23d Psalm; but we confess that we deem that of the 137th to abound more in pathos and poetic beauty.

PSALM CXXXVII.

On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sat, and there we wept;
Our harps, that now no music understood,
Nodding, on the willows slept;
While unhappy captiv'd we,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee!

They, they that snatched us from our country's breast,
Would have a song carved to their ears
In Hebrew numbers, then; O cruel jest!
When harps and hearts were drowned in tears.
Come, they cried, come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.

Sing! Play! to whom, ah! shall we sing or play,
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah, thee, Jerusalem! Ah! sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory!

Which, when I lose, oh! may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy speaking art;
Unpercht, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest,
A withered leaf, and idle guest!

No, no; thy good, Sion, alone must crown
The head of all my hope-nurst joys;
But, Edom, cruel thou! thou cry'dst down, down;
Sink, Sion, down, and never rise:
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust.

Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
E'en such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes too late do rouse thy fears,
Laugh till thy children's bleeding bones
Weep precious tears upon the stones!

COWLEY, who in his day was thought a superior poet to Milton, and who mingled a mass of heteroge-

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neous imagery with a certain smoothness of versification wrote much Sacred Poesy, of which his *Davideis, a Sacred Poem on the Troubles of David, in four Books*, is the most considerable; he also composed a long Poem, entitled *The Plagues of Egypt, and paraphrased the 34th Chapter of Isaiah;* all of which contain the peculiar beauties and blemishes of his style; and although we think the latter in no inconsiderable degree balance the former, we present our readers with the following stanza from

An ODE *on* CHRIST'S PASSION.

Enough, my Muse, of earthly things
And inspirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and evelasting strings,
And on them play, and to them sing
The happy mournful stories,
The lamentable glories
Of the great crucified King.

Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise,
Till earth thou joinest with the skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half-seen by mortal eye!
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play? what shall I sing?
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed spirits above,
With all their comments can explain,
How all the whole world's Life to die did not disdain!

This era, so fertile in Sacred Poetry, closes with 'The Master Genius' of our Isle—the sublime, we had almost said the divine—MILTON; although such was the degenerate taste of the times in which he lived, that the crude and unequal compositions of several of his contemporaries completely eclipsed the fame that was justly due to his transcendent merits. Posterity, however, has done justice to the grandeur of his conceptions, and the sustained majesty of his language, which approaches, as nearly as we can conceive of any thing human, to the fervency of inspiration.

From such a poet it is difficult to select; we, how-

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ever, are compelled to venture upon the task, and thinking, as we do, that the following is one of the finest, if not actually the most beautiful, specimen of poetry the English language can boast, we present it to the reader.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move,
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called-up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,

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Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered ought of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

To the poetry of the age through which we have just conducted our readers it would be difficult to assign any general character. We meet throughout the most brilliant ideas clothed in affectation, quaintness, and obscurity; some few, however, rose superior to the vices of the age, and in return were doomed to remain almost unnoticed by their contemporaries, and to receive instead the applauses and homage of posterity,

The times were favourable to the production of genius, but the unsettled state of public affairs called it off to scenes of tumult, or the field of controversy, where these 'warring spirits' were so occupied with reply and rejoinder, that they were thus prevented from paying their court with becoming assiduity to the milder beauties of the Sacred Muse.

WALLER—DRYDEN—SHEFFIELD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM — WENTWORTH DILLON EARL OF ROSCOMMON — POMFRET — PRIOR—PARNELL—YALDEN—FENTON—BROOME—ADDISON—GAY—POPE.

WALLER, who will ever be admired for the sweetness of his numbers, in his declining years composed

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a few Sacred Poems; he then looked upon the time past with the sentiments which his great predecessor Petrarch bequeathed to posterity upon his review of the amatory poetry which has given him immortality. Six short cantos of a poem entitled '*Of Divine Love*,' two also '*Of the Fear of God*,' and two '*Of Divine Poesy*,' comprise nearly the whole of WALLER's attempts in this department. As might be guessed, they are greatly inferior to his amatory effusions, so much so, that we have declined presenting our readers with any extracts.

JOHN DRYDEN.—Of this great poet, whose works are in every hand, we have to regret that we can find but *one* sacred effusion proceeding from his pen which, without further preface, we present the reader with, observing at the same time that it possesses that majesty and harmony so distinguishable in Dryden's poetry.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Creator Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour the joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

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Chase from our minds the' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

The accomplished SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, a man more distinguished for wit than serious thought, wrote but *one* short Sacred Poem, *On the Deity:* it is very feeble, and not worth inserting here.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON, was decidedly a man of great poetic genius. It is not saying too much to affirm, that Lord Roscommon's *Paraphrase of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Psalm* is the finest paraphrase that ever was written on any of the Psalms: but the reader shall judge for himself.

O azure vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know
With what contempt ye look on things below.

Winged squadrons of the God of war,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense
By God's command your influence,
Resign to him, as your Creator, due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

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Fairest as well as first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
O praise th' Almighty ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his imperial robe.

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the wide chaos draw,
And whose command is th' universal law.

Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep,
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground
With heav'nly nectar yearly crowned;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast,
And you tame beasts of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crown be vain,
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

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Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives;
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time!
O praise him in your youthful prime.
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense,
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heaven and earth, and all is past;
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee
But inconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace,
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

Having given the whole of the Paraphrase, we have left ourselves no room to extract any portion of a short poem *On the Day of Judgment*, which is equally to be admired with the foregoing. The death of the poet we have so highly eulogized deserves to be mentioned here: at the moment in which he expired, it is recorded that he uttered, with an energy of voice which expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own Version of *Dies Iræ:*

My God, my Father and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

POMFRET, who possessed a pleasing and equal style of verse, wrote a few *Pindaric Essays* on sacred subjects, which contain many elevated ideas and glowing sentiments: in one of the Essays alluded to, entitled *A Prospect of Death*, is the following verse, which will give the reader a fair idea of the whole:

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And scarce have one black painful hour to live,
No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;

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How moving and how mournful is the sight,
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort to be had,
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest,
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die;
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains opprest.

Soon after this period, SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE flourished; he is known to the poetic world, as being the eternal butt of all the wits of his day, on account of the heaviness of his lengthy productions, among which his poem of *The Creation* stands pre-eminent: his universally acknowledged dulness, we feel, will justify us in not inserting any extract from his works.

Of a very opposite character to the preceding was his contemporary MATTHEW PRIOR: light, gay, and vivacious, it was not to be expected that he should pay his court with much assiduity to the sacred Muse. He has, however, left us a *Paraphrase on the thirteenth Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians*, which is eminently beautiful; it commences thus:—

CHARITY.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced or angels sung,
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define,
And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire,
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them Miracles and Law;
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice,
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

* * *

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DR. THOMAS PARNELL, the well-known author of *The Hermit*, wrote several beautiful *Paraphrases*, and other *Sacred Poems:* they are, for the most part, too long to insert entire; we must therefore content ourselves with an extract from his Version of

PSALM LI.

My God! whose anger is appeased by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my sins for justice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
And in full streams let soft compassion glide;
There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,
O throughly cleanse it from the guilty stain!
For I my life with inward anguish see,
And all its wretchedness confess to thee.
The large inditement stands before my view,
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true,
And filled with secrets hid from human eye,
When, foolish Man! thy God stood witness by.
Then, oh, thou Majesty divinely great!
Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
Which clear thy justice to the world below,
Shou'd dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.
When in the silent womb my shape was made,
And from the womb to lightsome life conveyed,
Cursed Sin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres shoot;
And then what goodness didst thou show, to kill
The rising weeds and principles of ill!
When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wisdom came,
Bright gift, by simple Nature never got,
But here revealed to change the antient blot:
This wondrous help, which Mercy pleased to grant,
Continue still, for still thine aid I want:
And as the men whom leprosies invade,
Or they that touch the carcass of the dead,
With hyssop sprinkled, and by water cleaned,
Their former pureness in the law regained,
So purge my soul, diseased, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of sin.

Some of YALDEN'S Poems possess merit. *His Hymn to the Morning*, and *Paraphrase of the thirteenth Chapter of Isaiah*, are the only ones which

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come within the scope of this Brief Sketch. We regret that we can give no more than *one* verse of the former; we therefore present our readers with the *last*, which we conceive to be the most effective.

'Let there be light!' the great Creator said,
His word the active child obeyed:
Night did her teeming womb disclose,
And then the blushing Morn, its brightest offspring, rose.
Awhile th' Almighty wondering viewed,
And then himself pronounced it good;
'With Night,' said he, 'divide th' imperial sway;
'Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the Day.'

FENTON and BROOME.—Among the works of these two assistants of Pope are to be found many Sacred Poems, some of which possess considerable merit. Of the former we have only to notice *A Paraphrase of the fourteenth Chapter of Isaiah*, in blank verse, which is splendid and poetic.

BROOME *paraphrased sundry Chapters in Habbakkuk, Job, and Ecclesiastes*, but our very limited space precludes our giving any extracts. Of BROOME, Dr. Johnson says—'that, although it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier.'

Of that celebrated poet and exemplary Christian, JOSEPH ADDISON, it is unnecessary to speak in terms of panegyric. His two most celebrated *Paraphrases* we present our readers with, without any further comment than merely expressing our regret that our language has not been enriched with a complete series of those divine poems from the same sublime pen.

PSALM XIX.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their GREAT ORIGINAL proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

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Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.'

—

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOHN GAY, the moral and instructive author of THE FABLES, deserves mention, on account of two

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of his poems—*A Contemplation on Night*—and *A Thought on Eternity;* the former of which concludes with the following beautiful lines:—

When the pure Soul is from the Body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The Sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The Stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his flame;
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

Contemporary with these beautiful Poets, but as a versifier, superior to them all, was ALEXANDER POPE: to descant on his merits is perfectly unnecessary. We therefore present our readers with his *Universal Prayer*, with which it is possible many of them are familiar, but which, in a 'Chronicle of Sacred Poesy,' we could not well pass over.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill,
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

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Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since, quickened by thy breath,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

This period embraces many of the most distinguished names in that bright galaxy of genius which procured for the age (whether justly or not it is not for us to determine) the proud title of 'Augustan.' Waller, Dryden, Addison, Pope, and many others, contributed to smooth the numbers and language of our country to a degree that has hardly been excelled by the most elegant of modern versifiers; although, it must be confessed, that they lost much of the energy and strength which characterize the less laboured but more forcible productions of their immediate precursors, and, we will add also, of many of their successors.

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Dr. WATTS—Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE—PITT—THOMSON—YOUNG—HARTE—BYROM—BOYSE—SAMUEL WESLEY—Dr. DODDRIDGE—FAWKES—SMART—MERRICK—BROOKE—COTTON—SCOTT of AMWELL.

Dr. Watts, whose name occupies a high station among the writers of religious poetry, was equally celebrated as a Philosopher and a Divine. His works are too numerous and too well known to need either enumeration or eulogy here. His *Psalms* and *Hymns* still deservedly maintain their popularity; they are equally suitable to youth, manhood, and old age. Abounding in sweetness, simplicity, and pathos, they will, we have no doubt, descend to succeeding generations, who will as justly as the present age appreciate these fruits of genuine piety and exalted talent.

Psalm L:—*The* Last Judgment,

The God of Glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north:
From east to west the sov'reign order spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall ath'ists mock his long delay;
His veng'ance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

'Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: let all things come
'To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;
'But gather first my saints' (the Judge commands)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.'
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

'Behold! my cov'nant stands for ever good,
'Sealed by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the antient worship or the new.'

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There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

'Here' (saith the Lord) 'ye angels, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;
'Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
'Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward.'
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

'I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God;
'I am the Judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.'
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

'Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
'Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain!
'Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
'I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire.'
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

'Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
'Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
'Without the flames of love: in vain the store
'Of brutal off'rings that were mine before.'
Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

'If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
'When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks' blood?
'Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
'Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.'
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners veng'ance, and the saints salvation.

'Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
'Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
'Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
'Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?'
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.

'Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
'A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
'While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
'Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?'
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

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'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
'Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends;
'While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
'His hardened soul divine instruction hates.'
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.

'Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within,
'That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?'
See God appears, all nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

'Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
'Now, like a lion, shall my veng'ance tear
'Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.'
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

'Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
'Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
'Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
'Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.'
Then join, ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

HYMN VI:—*A* MORNING SONG.

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But Mercy held thine hand.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

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Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN LXV:—*The* HOPES *of* HEAVEN *our* SUPPORT *under* TRIALS *on* EARTH.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI:—*A* PROSPECT *of* HEAVEN *makes* DEATH EASY.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

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Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

The pious MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE possessed considerable talents, which she devoted to the best of all purposes—the promotion of religion and virtue: the longest of her Poetical Works is *The History of Joseph*, besides which she wrote several *Hymns*, with one of which we present our readers.

Thou didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space:

Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed,
Before the Ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed:

Ere through the gloom of antient night
The streaks of light appeared;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were reared:

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heaven
Were measured by the Sun:

Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the Sons of Light
Ecstatic anthems sung:

Ere men adored, or angels knew
Or praised thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O Sacred Spring of Life!
Thy glory was the same.

And when the Pillars of the World
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the Moon shall start,
Th' astonished Sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their antient course forsake;

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For ever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years
Shall Thy existence be.

PITT, the celebrated translator of *Virgil*, wrote many *Paraphrases:* they possess considerable spirit and piety, but, each being too long for insertion here, we must refer the reader to Pitt's Works, should he be desirous of perusing what our limited space compels us to exclude.

JAMES THOMSON, the poet of Nature, whose beautiful descriptive poem, *The Seasons*, contains many passages which mark a mind imbued with pious as well as poetic feeling, wrote *A Hymn to the Deity*, which is generally subjoined to his larger work, and the following

PARAPHRASE *on the* LATTER PART *of the* SIXTH CHAPTER *of* ST. MATTHEW.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart:
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What further shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

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Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise; or are ye less than they?

Contemporary with THOMSON was the most celebrated of modern Sacred Poets, DR. YOUNG. His *Night Thoughts* are too well known to our readers to need either extract or comment. Among his minor religious poems are to be found many beauties. His *Paraphrase* upon part of *The Book of Job* teems with the magnificent imagery of the original. His *Last Day* is also extremely fine, and contains many high-wrought passages, of which the following may be taken as a specimen. It is indeed the offspring of a mind which, in many of its conceptions, approaches very nearly to the sublime.

And is there a LAST DAY? and must there come
A sure, a fixed, inexorable doom?
Ambition, swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach as India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne like Elijah on a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involved!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolved!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this?* and shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh, joys unmixed, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation ought but God and my own soul.

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HARTE, the biographer of *Gustavus Adolphus*, wrote many *Divine Poems;* also a *Collection of Religious Poems*, entitled *The Amaranth:* they are for the most part long and very unequal, and but few parts are worth extracting for the reader's perusal. As our space is limited, we must on the present occasion decline the task.

BYROM, the author of that celebrated Pastoral *My Time, oh ye Muses, was happily spent*, wrote many devotional pieces, the whole of which possess considerable ability; some indeed (a contemporary critic thinks) would not suffer by comparison with Dr. Watts. We insert for our readers' gratification one of his best poems, entitled

A PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

What! tho' no objects strike upon the sight,
Thy sacred presence is an inward light;
What! tho' no sounds shall penetrate the ear,
To list'ning thought the voice of truth is clear;
Sincere devotion needs no outward shrine,
The centre of an humble soul is thine.

There may I worship, and there may'st thou place
Thy seat of mercy and thy throne of grace;
Yea fix, if Christ my advocate appear,
The dread tribunal of thy justice there;
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire,
Meet in thy wrath with a consuming fire.

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom
All deadly filth of selfish pride consume,
Thou, Lord, canst raise, tho' punishing for sin,
The joys of peaceful penitence within;
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,
That make our sufferings and salvation meet.

Befall me then whatever God shall please,
His wounds are healing and his griefs give ease;
He, like a true physician of the soul,
Applies the med'cine that may make it whole;
I'll do, I'll suffer whatsoe'er he wills,
I see his aim thro' all these transient ills.

'Tis to infuse a salutary grief,
To fit the mind for absolute relief;

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That, purged from ev'ry false and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above,
The soul may rise as in its first-formed youth,
And worship God in spirit and in truth.

The unfortunate and imprudent BOYSE'S POEM of THE DEITY was highly praised by some of his contemporaries, especially by Fielding; 'To write piously on such a theme' (says Southey) 'may expiate the presumption of the attempt, but cannot palliate the folly.' The perfect absurdity of this criticism must be obvious to all, and the extract which we shall proceed to make, will convince our readers that there is no foundation for the assertion of the same critic, that 'Boyse's Poems excite little pleasure, and impart no instruction.'

WISDOM *of the* DEITY.

O Thou, who, when the' Almighty formed this all,
Upheld the scale and weighed each balanced ball;
And as His hand completed each design,
Numbered the work, and fixed the seal divine!
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongues shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What though in Nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Awed must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand diff'rent models wrought,
Now fixed to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See how, associate, round their central Sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the Moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the Sun her monthly light renews,

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Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crowned,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to th' enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confessed the same:
As proper organs to the least assigned,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!

To the pen of SAMUEL WESLEY, brother to the celebrated JOHN WESLEY, we are indebted for one of the sweetest pieces of Sacred Lyrical Poetry our language can boast.

ISAIAH XL, 6-8.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
And fearless of the evening cold,

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the new-blown rose.

But worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
(If goodness in the life did bloom)
Safe from diseases and decline.

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Let sickness blast, let death devour,
So Heaven but recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of GOD remains.

The pious and exemplary DODDRIDGE, author of so many works which have acquired and still retain a high and well merited popularity, and have benefitted, and will benefit so many generations, composed a volume of *Hymns;* they abound in true piety and heavenly aspirations, and are clothed in language partaking both of elevation and simplicity.

ISAIAH XL, 15-17.

Ye weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.

With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

Yet Lebanon her cedars bring,
To blaze before the sov'reign King;
And all the beasts that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

Joined with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

—

ISAIAH LX, 19-20.

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale empress of the night.

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And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

FAWKES, the celebrated translator, who was a clergyman, penned a few religious pieces, which are so excellent, that we regret he did not pay his devotions oftener to the Sacred Muse.

The PICTURE *of* OLD AGE,

Paraphrased from the seven first verses of the xiith Chapter of Ecclesiastes.

My Son, attentive hear the voice of truth,
Remember thy Creator in thy youth,
Ere days of pale adversity appear,
And age and sorrow fill the gloomy year;
When, wearied with vexation, thou shalt say,
'No rest by night I know, no joy by day.'
Ere the bright soul's enlightened power was frail,
Ere reason, memory, and fancy fail,
But care succeeds to care, and pain to pain,
As clouds urge clouds returning after rain.
Ere yet the arms unnerved and feeble grow,
The weak legs tremble, and the loose knees bow;
Ere yet the grinding of the teeth is o'er,
And the dim eyes behold the Sun no more;
Ere yet the pallid lips forget to speak,
The gums are toothless, and the voice is weak,
Restless he rises when the lark he hears,
Yet sweetest music fails to charm his ears;

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A stone or hillock turns his giddy brain,
Appalled with fear he totters o'er the plain,
And, as the almond-tree white flowers displays,
His head grows hoary with the length of days;
As leanness in the grasshopper prevails,
So shrinks his body and his stomach fails,
Doomed to the grave, his last long home, to go,
The mourners march along with solemn woe:
Ere yet life's silver cord be snapt in twain,
Ere broke the golden bowl that holds the brain;
Ere broke the pitcher at the fountful heart,
Or life's wheel shivered, and the soul depart,
Then shall the dust to native Earth be given,
The Soul shall soar sublime, and wing its way to Heaven.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, who four times gained *The Seatonian Prize*, at one period of his life had the misfortune to be the inmate of a madhouse, where he composed his *Song to David*, and, being debarred pen and ink, wrote it with a coal, or any thing that came in his way, on the wainscot: after his recovery, he wrote *The Parables of our Saviour, in familiar Verse*. It is said that SMART was so impressed with the importance of the subjects of his religious poems, that he frequently wrote them on his knees. He possesses great command of imagery, and at times rises to sublimity, as the following passage, descriptive of *The Last Day*, will evince:—

A Day shall come, when all this Earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves; and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph: it shall come
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crowned tops the cedars

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Are lessened into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where;
Where, Teneriffe's, thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden Sun.
Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country! Thou must join,
In vain dissevered from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon
With all her bright retinue must be lost;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the World, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

JAMES MERRICK, a divine and poet, wrote much Sacred Poetry; amongst which may be found many clever *Paraphrases of the Psalms*, and several other portions of the Scripture: from these we select

The 'NUNC DIMITTIS.'

'Tis enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of Truth and God of Love!

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Since at length my aged eye
Sees the Day-spring from on high,
Sun of Righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom Death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favoured head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of Truth and God of Love!

NATHANIEL COTTON, the author of *The Fables* and many moral poems, which will be admired while simplicity of thought and harmony of versification shall excite praise, wrote several very pleasing short pieces of religious poetry: our limited space precludes our giving more than one specimen to the reader, otherwise the whole is well worthy of extracting.

A SUNDAY HYMN.

[In Imitation of Dr. Watts.]

This is the day the Lord of Life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts pursue the lofty scheme,
And to the Heavens arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road,
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the Saints,
To Heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race
As Father and as Friend.

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Oh, may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And Death shall call me hence!

SCOTT OF AMWELL, as he is generally called, was a Quaker by birth. Among his miscellaneous compositions are to be found several Sacred Poems, two of which obtained *Seatonian Prizes:* there being nothing remarkable either in their style or composition, our readers must excuse us from presenting them with any extract.

In this age Sacred Poetry assumed a new form, from the labours of Watts, Doddridge, and other pious and enlightened men; it ceased to be disfigured by the poor conceits and metaphysical doctrines which had previously been its almost universal accompaniments; and, instead of being addressed to the head alone, appealed more forcibly to the heart, which it roused to devotion by means at once the most simple and the most powerful.

The character of the times was vastly improved; the dissolute manners and unsettled principles of the former age had been gradually corrected by the writings of the eminent Moralists and Divines by whom this was adorned, and a brighter era was now opening upon our country.

DR. JOHNSON—MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER—CHATTERTON—LOGAN—BLACKLOCK—ROBERTS—MASON—DR. BLAIR—DR. GLYNN—BISHOP LOWTH—BISHOP PORTEUS—DR. OGILVIE—COWPER—NEWTON—BURNS—GRAHAME—HENRY KIRKE WHITE—LORD BYRON—MATURIN.

That great philosopher and moralist DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in his varied and multitudinous writings,

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has, we lament to say, left us but one slight specimen of Sacred Poesy—it is as follows:—

PROVERBS XI, 6-11.

Turn to the prudent Ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day:
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambushed foe.

Contemporary and intimate with Dr. Johnson was that learned and highly-gifted lady, MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER. Much of her poetry is of a moral and didactic nature; but the following partakes, in an eminent degree, of the religious feelings which uniformly characterized her, through a long and well-spent life.

THOUGHTS *at* MIDNIGHT.

While Night in solemn shade invests the Pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
While Reason undisturbed asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away:
To Thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence Thine.
If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from Virtue's path has strayed;
If by example snared, by passion warmed,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charmed,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are centered in Thy love.
Deprived of this, can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

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But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy gracious Spirit's guardian care
Warned my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid represt,
And checked the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
Stilled his soft voice, and quenched his sacred fires.
With grief opprest, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But, oh, thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From rigorous Justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of power;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey,
Lest lurking Folly with insidious art
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Or rather while thy hopes and fears controul
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great Archangel's potent sound
Shall echo through Creation's ample round,
Waked from the sleep of Death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendours of eternal day.

That child of genius and misfortune, THOMAS CHATTERTON, who, perhaps, has a better claim to the title of Prodigy than any on whom it has been lavished, claims our attention as the author of a beautiful *Hymn*, written at the age of *eleven*. When we take a review of the *early* poetical productions of the greatest poets of any age, we are struck with astonishment to observe how vastly superior what

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we now present the reader with, is to all the precocious emanations with which it can be put in competition.

HYMN *for* CHRISTMAS DAY.

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly;
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When th' Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

Almighty form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own!

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bad his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groaned beneath a life of shame,
In all afflictions tried?
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth which being must believe,—
The God Eternal died!

My soul, exert thy powers, adore;
Upon devotion's plumage soar,
To celebrate the day,
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue,
From him I'll catch the lay.

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The beautiful Scotch poet JOHN LOGAN, besides many other religious poems, composed *nine Hymns*, all of which partake greatly of the feeling and good taste so distinguishable throughout his poetic effusions. They are so equally written, that we as willingly present our readers with the *first*, as any other, by which they will form an accurate judgment of the whole.

The PRAYER *of* JACOB.

O God of Abraham, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Had all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us this day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore,
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

BLACKLOCK, the fellow countryman of the preceding, who lost his sight before he was six months old, and has consequently been extolled as a prodigy on account of his descriptive powers, was a writer also of Sacred Poetry, much of which is deserving of considerable admiration, especially if we take into consideration the melancholy deprivation under which he suffered. We insert the commencement of a long *Paraphrase on the* 104*th* PSALM, by which the reader will be enabled to judge of his powers.

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Arise, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.

When darkness ruled with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment clothed its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffused the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumbered hosts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfined,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

* * *

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS wrote *A Poetical Essay on the Attributes and Providence of the Deity,* and several other pieces of Sacred Poetry. Many passages of these possess considerable merit, but we regret that our limits preclude us from quoting them.

Among the productions of that elegant poet and profound scholar WILLIAM MASON, we find the following, which is remarkable for its simplicity and harmony of versification:—

HYMN *for* YORK CATHEDRAL.

Again the day returns of holy rest,
Which when he made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, he bade his labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise Thy sage decree,
From vain deceit and false philosophy,
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure Religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

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So shall the God of Mercy pleased receive
That only tribute man has power to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till Time shall end!

DR. HUGH BLAIR.—The merits of this pious divine and elegant prose writer must, we imagine, be known to all our readers, and by them doubtless his poem of THE GRAVE is prized as it deserves to be. The nature, feeling, and pathos displayed throughout this poem, entitle him to a high rank among modern sacred poets. We select from the poem in question the admirable passage in which the author dissuades from suicide, as a specimen of the splendid talents and force of reasoning with which it is enriched.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drained,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being, when he pleased,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel;
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able—But if there's an *hereafter;*
(And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced
And suffered to speak out, tells every man;)
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Hide it, Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,

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The shameless hand be foully crimsoned o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And mattered not his wrath!—Unheard of tortures
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;
The common damned shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fixed, and all our days are numbered!
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ill, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

A Seatonian Prize Poem, by DR. GLYNN, entitled *The Day of Judgment,* obtained in its day, and still retains, considerable popularity: the style and manner in which the subject is treated, remind us very forcibly of the poetry of Dr. Blair. Having just made a copious extract from the latter, we can afford but a few lines from the poem before us.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be checked, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!——
——————— 'Pow'r Supreme!
O everlasting King! to Thee I kneel,
To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heaven,
Shrink like a shrivelled scroll! But think, O Lord,

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Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
Think on thy own bright image! Think on Him
Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
And 'midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!'

The learned and exemplary BISHOP LOWTH, whose *Translation of Isaiah*, and *Treatise on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews*, will ever be read and admired, wrote numerous pieces of Sacred Poetry of a very superior cast. They are chiefly distinguishable by grasp of thought and vigorous imagination, nor are they deficient in that smooth and easy flow of numbers which adds a charm to the finest conceptions, and gives additional grace to the most sublime ideas.

DAVID'S ELEGY *for* SAUL *and* JONATHAN.

Thy glory, Israel, droops its languid head,
On Gilboa's heights thy rising beauty dies;
In sordid piles there sleep th' illustrious dead,
The mighty victor fall'n and vanquished lies.

Yet dumb be Grief—Hushed be her clam'rous voice!
Tell not in Gath the tidings of our shame!
Lest proud Philistia in our woes rejoice,
And rude barbarians blast fair Israel's fame.

No more, O Gilboa! heaven's reviving dew
With rising verdure crown thy fated head!
No victim's blood thine altar dire imbrue!
For there the blood of heav'n's elect was shed.

The sword of Saul ne'er spent its force in air;
The shaft of Jonathan brought low the brave;
In life united equal fates they share,
In death united share one common grave.

Swift as the eagle cleaves the aerial way,
Through hosts of foes they bent their rapid course;
Strong as the lion darts upon his prey,
They crushed the nations with resistless force.

Daughters of Judah, mourn the fatal day,
In sable grief attend your monarch's urn;
To solemn notes attune the pensive lay,
And weep those joys that never shall return:

With various wealth he made your tents o'erflow,
In princely pride your charms profusely drest;
Bade the rich robe with ardent purple glow,
And sparkling gems adorn the tissued vest.

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On Gilboa's heights the mighty vanquished lies,
The son of Saul, the generous and the just;
Let streaming sorrows ever fill these eyes,
In sacred tears bedew a brother's dust!

Thy firm regard revered thy David's name,
And kindest thoughts in kindest acts expressed;
Not brighter glows the pure and gen'rous flame
That lives within the tender virgin's breast.

But vain the tear, and vain the bursting sigh,
Though Sion's echoes with our griefs resound;
The mighty victors fall'n and vanquished lie,
And war's refulgent weapons strew the ground.

Psalm XLII.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;
So pants my soul for thee, Great King of Kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred resting-place.

On briny tears my famished soul has fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
'Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled?
'Thy mighty God—Deserted wanderer, where?'

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days
When to thy fane I led the jocund throng;
Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
And festal joys still closed with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my sad'ning soul?
Why droop to earth with various woes oppress?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And joy be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts drear:
E'en there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
There, thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And dash my shattered bark from shore to shore.

Yet thy soft mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee I'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope! great Solace of my heart!
Why, why desert the offspring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point th' invidious dart?
'Where's now thy God! abandoned wanderer, where?'

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Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove!
In his bright fane thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be his pity and his love!

BISHOP PORTEUS, the successor of LOWTH in the See of London, in addition to his other religious works, composed a *Seatonian Prize Poem on* DEATH, which has many beauties—throughout may be found many noble and glowing sentiments, of which the following is one of the most striking:—

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhorred, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrours for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great GOD of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

DR. OGILVIE was distinguished for his learning, genius, and piety, but his poetry by no means equals the expectations which his numerous and excellent prose works would induce us to entertain: we do not, therefore, feel disposed to present the reader with any extract.

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On WILLIAM COWPER, one of the most descriptive of modern poets, and perhaps the most effective of modern satirists, it is needless to comment: the gentler affections of his heart were blighted by a morbid sensibility; and the greater part of his hours, which might have been rendered highly useful to mankind, were passed in a cheerless state of gloomy apprehension. Some glimpses of sun-shine, however, darted across the melancholy clouds which enveloped him, and to these we are indebted for some of the finest pieces of poetry that adorn our language.

THE SOWER, *Matthew*, chap. xiii, 3.

Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow-ground;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to baulk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and pow'r
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place.

—

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err[1],
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

That extraordinary and indefatigable divine, the REV. JOHN NEWTON, deservedly occupies a station contiguous to COWPER, with whom he continued for years on terms of the closest intimacy. His prose works (which consist of several volumes) are terse, powerful, and imaginative; and his poetry (consisting of his *Olney Hymns*) partake in a great degree of the same qualities.

A PRAYER *for* POWER *on the* MEANS *of* GRACE.

O THOU, at whose almighty word
The glorious light from darkness sprung,
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to speak,
He cannot give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.

As when of old the water flowed
Forth from the rock at thy command[2];
Moses in vain had waved his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand:

[1] John xiii, 7. [2] Numbers xx, 11.

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As when the walls of Jericho[1]
Down to the earth at once were cast;
It was thy pow'r that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blast.

Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone depend;
To make the gospel's joyful sound
Effectual to the promised end.

Now, while we hear thy word of grace,
Let self and pride before it fall;
And rocky hearts dissolve apace,
In streams of sorrow at thy call.

On all our youth assembled here,
The unction of thy Spirit pour;
Nor let them lose another year,
Lest thou should'st strive and call no more.

Scotia's most imaginative child, ROBERT BURNS, who is the only one of those 'poets of nature,' as they are called, who may be fairly said to have obtained the highest rank in poesy, seems, in spite of his generally dissipated character, to have been impressed at times with serious thoughts and religious feelings: these, it is true, were evanescent; yet while they lasted they gave birth to the following effusions, which are fraught with genuine poetry and piety, apparently the most sincere and unaffected.

A PRAYER WRITTEN, *and* LEFT, *in the* ROOM *in which the* AUTHOR SLEPT *for a* NIGHT *at the* HOUSE *of a* FRIEND[2].

O thou dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
And spare a mother's tears!

[1] Joshua vi, 20.
[2] Dr. Laurie, then minister of the parish of Loudon.

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Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

—

A PRAYER *under the* PRESSURE *of* VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine.

—

A PRAYER *in the* PROSPECT *of* DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear;

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice,
Has often led me wrong.

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Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

When with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

From 'the Land of the North' also came the REVEREND JAMES GRAHAME, well known to the public as the author of *The Sabbath*, a *Poem;* in which may be found many pleasing passages. The following short extract strikes us as one of the most poetic in the volume:—

But chiefly Man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board; screened from the winter's cold,
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye,
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,
While, wand'ring slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
That Heav'n may be one Sabbath without end.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE is a name that will be imperishable in the records of precocious talent: pious, amiable, and learned, yet struggling against numerous evils which his limited means could not fail to entail on him; his fate awakens our regret, while the

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variety and (if we may be allowed the expression) the solidity of his acquirements excites exhaustless admiration for his genius, and the profoundest respect for his unwearied application and moral virtues. Many of his poems are sacred, and eminently distinguished by fervent piety. He contemplated, and indeed commenced, a long *Divine Poem*, entitled *The Christiad*, in the Spencerian stanza; and from the specimen before us, we regret he did not live to conclude what he so well began. His *Hymns* (of which there are but few) are perhaps the most highly finished of any of his productions; the two we now submit to the reader's notice appear to us to be at once unaffectedly pious, and beautifully poetic.

A HYMN *for* FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

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The STAR *of* BETHLEHEM.

When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawned,—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored!—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

The Hebrew Melodies, by the late LORD BYRON, are characterised by that magnificent assemblage of imagery so distinguishable throughout almost every production of the noble Bard's. The one, which we deem the most scriptural, we present the reader with: it displays, from the first line to the last, that degree of poetic excellence which has elevated the name of BYRON so high above his compeers.

The DESTRUCTION *of* SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

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For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

The Rev. C. R. Maturin was an author who may be said to have been brought before the public eye by Lord Byron; for, although he had written two novels, and they had been praised in various ephemeral publications, they were still on their march towards oblivion, and had gone many stages of the journey, when his tragedy of *Bertram* was presented, and performed at Drury Lane through the influence of the noble Lord:—its success was great, and its author obtained so considerable a share of popularity, that he resumed his literary labours with spirit, and, in 1821, produced his poem, *The Universe*, which entitles him to a notice here; it is written in blank verse, and the following extract is a fair specimen of the style in which the whole is executed.

We reason darkly, while the unseen God,
—Whate'er we judge, the same—in changeless power,
And dread reality,—sits viewing near,
Above us, and beneath us, and around!
And in our privacy of inmost thought
The motive, action, and event, in one
Fixed glance unerringly!—and still,
Wrapt in his deep omniscience, and dread
Invisible power, disposing, equally,
Matter and mind, to work his purposed end;
Shaping alike the secret phantasies

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Of men who know not him—or with a thought
Wielding the elements, earth, air, and fire,—
The earthquake, and the tempest, and the loud
And terrible volcano, that explodes
Its underground artillery to Heaven
Over affrighted cities!—Nor less dread,
Bidding the Angel of his wrath go forth
To scour the dark wild sea, at dead of night—
With sable wing upreared, and hideous cry,
That calls pale Terror from the yawning gulphs,
Beneath his footstep's thunder!

Having now passed in review the Poets of past ages, who have struck the harp of Zion, we should next advert to those of the present, the living representatives of the Sacred Muse; we have, however, to regret that our limits restrict us from including them in the present Sketch, insomuch as many of them are deserving of the highest commendation. These the author must reserve for a more extended work on the same subject, on which he is at present engaged, and in which he proposes to incorporate not only the Sacred Poets of the present age, but also to give a much more full and complete account, and far more copious extracts from the works of the earlier ones, than his present limited space has enabled him to accomplish here.

The gems so lavishly scattered throughout the Works of our English Sacred Poets fully deserve to be collected and presented to the lovers of poetry, and to the religious world; and the forthcoming volume is designed to supply this *hiatus* in our literature. It will be ready the first week in the ensuing year; and the compiler respectfully assures his readers that no pains on his part shall be spared to render it deserving of public patronage.

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For God pervades the whole, both earth and air
And Ocean's bounds; and hence all nature lives,
And teems with various forms of man, of beast,
Of fowl, and creeping thing. VIRGIL, *Georg. IV.*

We should always view the visible System with an Evangelical *Telescope* (if I may be allowed the expression), and with an Evangelical *Microscope*; regarding CHRIST JESUS as the great Projector and Architect, who planned and executed the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable, tremendous or amiable, should ever be ascribed to the Redeemer: this is the Christian's *Natural Philosophy*. With regard to this method of considering the things that are seen, we have an inspired Apostle for our preceptor and precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, he says—"Thou, Lord, in the Beginning, hast laid the Foundation of the Earth; and the Heavens are the work of thy Hands."—Did we carefully attend to this leading principle in all our examinations of Nature, it would, doubtless, be a most powerful means of *enkindling* our love and *strengthening* our faith. When I look round upon millions of noble substances, and carry with me this transporting reflection, "The Maker of them all expired on a cross for me," how can I remain any longer indifferent? Must not the *coldest* heart begin to glow with gratitude?—When I survey an immensity of the finest productions imaginable, and remember that the Author of them all is my "Righteousness and my Redemption," how can I choose but repose the most *cheerful* confidence in such a Mediator?" HERVEY.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great CREATOR own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing,
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

MERRICK.

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TIME'S TELESCOPE

FOR

1825.

JANUARY.

THE name given to this month by the Romans was taken from JANUS, who stood between the two years, and was provided with a double face, 'looking before and after;' that by gazing as steadfastly upon past as future time, he might inculcate upon his worshippers the wisdom of being *retrospective* as well as provident.—When the palm of merit is to be awarded among the months, it is usual to assign it to May by acclamation. But if the claim depends on the sum of delight which each witnesses or brings with her, we doubt if January would not bear the bell from her more blooming sister, if it were only in virtue of her share in the festivities of the Christmas holidays: Christmas-Day—which *was;* New Year's Day—which *is;* and Twelfth-Day—which *is to be;* let us compel them all three into our presence—with a whisk of our imaginative wand convert them into one, as the conjuror does his three glittering balls—and then enjoy them all together,—with their dressings, and coachings, and visitings, and greetings, and gifts, and 'many happy returns!' with their plum-puddings and mince-pies and twelfth-cakes and negguses! with their forfeits and fortune-tellings and blindman's buffs and snap-dragons and sittings up to

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supper! with their pantomimes and panoramas and new penknives and pastry-cooks' shops! in short, with their endless round of ever new nothings, the absence of a relish for which is but ill supplied in after-life by that feverish hungering and th rsting after excitements which usurp without filling their place. And then, what a happy influence does not this month exercise on all the rest of the year, by the family meetings she brings about, and by the kindling and renewing of the social affections that grow out of and are chiefly dependent on these! And what sweet remembrances and associations does she not scatter before her, through all the time to come, by her gifts—the 'new year's gifts!'[1]

Remarkable Days

In JANUARY 1825.

1.—CIRCUMCISION.

THIS festival was instituted in the sixth century, to commemorate the circumcision of our Saviour: it is also *New Year's Day*.—Every age and nation has marked the coming of the New Year in a peculiar manner, whether that coming was in the depth of winter, as we commemorate ours, or in the more genial moments of advancing spring, as used to be the case with the nations of antiquity. A festival it always was, a period of rejoicing, and of giving and receiving gifts; and happy is it for those whose minds are sufficiently at ease to enjoy it as such, instead of being so overwhelmed with the cares and the sorrows of this life, as to feel the period only as one of keener misery: when the bells ring out—the *merry* bells as they are called—their sounds fall in bitterness on the ears of many!

The year that is past is now become 'stale, flat, and unprofitable'—and even while in the vigour of

[1] 'The Months,' No. I. New Monthly Magazine for January 1824.

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his youth and freshness, he was treated very slightingly by many of those who ought to have set a greater value upon him; proving, that

> We know not a treasure's worth,
> Till Time has stol'n the slighted good away.

In our former volumes (T.T. for 1821, p. 2, and for 1824, p. 2) we have given an account of Scottish customs on New Year's Eve and Day, particularly as observed in Edinburgh; we will now travel to the Highlands, with MR. GRANT STEWART[1] for our guide, and explore some of the ceremonies and superstitions yet extant among the original and interesting inhabitants of these districts.

The Highlander's morning cheer this day is far less palatable than that with which he is served so comfortably on Christmas Day. The first course, consisting of the *Usque-Cashrichd*, or water from the *dead and living ford*, by its sacred virtues, preserves the Highlander, until the next anniversary, from all those direful calamities proceeding from the agency of infernal spirits, witchcraft, evil eyes, and the like. And the second course, consisting of the fumes of juniper, not only removes whatever diseases may affect the human frame at the time, but it likewise fortifies the constitution against their future attacks. These courses of medicine are administered in the following manner: Light and fire being kindled, and the necessary arrangements having been effected, the high priest of the ceremonies for the day proceeds with the hallowed water to the several beds in the house, and, by means of a large brush, sprinkles upon their occupants a profuse shower of the precious preservative, which, notwithstanding its salutary properties, they sometimes receive with jarring ingratitude.

[1] See a pleasing little volume entitled, 'Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland,' 12mo. *Edinburgh*, 1823, p. 250.

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The first course being thus served, the second is about to be administered—preliminary to which, it is necessary to stuff all the crevices and windows in the house, even to the key-hole. This done, piles of *juniper* are kindled into a conflagration in the different apartments in the house. Rising in fantastic curls, the fumes of the blazing juniper spread along the roof, and gradually condense themselves into an opaque cloud, filling the apartment with an odoriferous fumigation altogether overpowering. Penetrating into the inmost recesses of the patients' system (for *patients* they may well be called), it brings on an incessant shower of hiccupping, sneezing, wheezing, and coughing, highly demonstrative of its expectorating qualities. But it not unfrequently happens, that young and thoughtless urchins, not relishing such *physic*, and unmindful of the important benefits they reap from it, diversify the scene by cries of suffocation and the like, which never fail to call forth from the more reflecting part of the family, if able to speak, a very severe reproof. Well knowing, however, that the more intense the '*smuchdan*,' the more propitious are its effects, the high priest, with dripping eyes and distorted mouth, continues his operations, regardless of the feelings of his flock, until he considers the dose fully sufficient—upon which he opens the *vent*, and the other crevices, to admit the genial fluid, to recover the spirits of the exhausted patients. He then proceeds to gratify the horses, cattle, and other bestial stock in the town, with the same entertainment in their turn.

Meanwhile, the gudewife gets up, venting the most latent embryo of disease in a copious expectoration; and clapping her hand upon the bottle *dhu*, she administers a renovating cordial to the sufferers around her. The painful ordeal is therefore soon forgotten, and nothing is heard but the salutations of the season. All the family now get up, to wash their besmeared faces, and prepare themselves for the festivities of

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the day, and for receiving the visits of their neighbours. These last soon arrive in bodies, venting upon the family broadsides of salutation peculiar to the day. Breakfast being served up, consisting of all the luxuries that can be procured, those of the neighbours not engaged are invited to partake of it; and the day is terminated with balls, drinking, card parties, and other sports too tedious to be mentioned.

To a FRIEND, *on the* NEW YEAR.

My worthy Friend,
A gude new year,
To you, an' a' your heart hauds dear,
At hame or far awa'!
Though Fortune scrimpet favours yield,
Hale be your hearts, at hame, a-field;
Nor ever lack a cozie bield,
Frae a' the storms that blaw.

Wi' milk an' meal, for bread an' brose;
Aye gude clean sarks, hale coats and hose;
Content in ilka e'e;
When years on years have rowed around,
An' you wi' age an' honours crowned,
May you lie down to slumber sound,
An' blythe your wakin' be! B.

*5. 1798.—DAVID MACBETH MOIR BORN,

At Musselburgh, in the county of Midlothian. After having received the elementary branches of education, he was entered at the same grammar school there at the age of eight, in which Logan the theologian and poet was partly educated. As a scholar at this seminary, which was at the time one of the most reputed and extensive in Scotland, the boarders amounting sometimes to ninety, and the day scholars to fifty and sixty, he remained for nearly six years, having acquired the elements of geometry and algebra, and an acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, and French languages, during all which time he bore the reputation of being one of the best and most assiduous pupils at the seminary.

At the early age of thirteen, he commenced his studies in medicine under Mr. Stewart, a surgeon

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in his native place, with whom he remained until the expiration of his indentures, which was in force during four years, with the stipulation of the last winter of it being allowed for entry at some one of the Universities. Of this gentleman, Mr. M. always speaks in terms of gratitude and respect, having received from him all the attentions of a parent and guardian. It was during this time that the poetical talent began to display itself; some pieces of Mr. M.'s being still extant, which were written at the age of fourteen. Here is another evidence to the truth of the old maxim, 'Poeta nascitur.' Towards the end of the year 1813, Mr. M. removed to the College of Edinburgh, where he matriculated as student of medicine, and attended for two sessions the various professors and lecturers on the different branches of the healing art. Among these, his decided favourite was Dr. John Gordon, one of the writers in the Edinburgh Review, and the first opponent of Spurzheim. On the death of this lamented person, a few years afterwards, Mr. M. published a letter in Blackwood's Magazine, which is the first of his compositions under the signature of Delta, and which is said to have had some effect in inducing the ingenious Mr. Ellis to attempt the biography of one, who died too young for science and the honour of his country.

At the age of eighteen, the earliest at which a diploma can be granted, Mr. M. obtained the degree of Surgeon at the end of the shortest specified time at which the College will admit candidates for examination. It was Mr. M.'s intention to enter into the medical department of the army, but the battle of Waterloo having by this time put things on a different footing, these intentions were necessarily frustrated. During the ensuing summer, Mr. M. retired to Musselburgh, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits, having, however, before this time, contributed to the Scots' Magazine; and it was at this

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period, that, along with several larger and better poems, which have never yet seen the light, many of those smaller effusions, which have been so generally esteemed, were composed.

The general peace in 1816 having allowed a great proportion of naval and military officers to return to their homes, towards the approach of winter, Mr. M., in concert with about eighteen of these gentlemen and others, formed themselves into a Literary Debating Society, of which he was constituted secretary; and, at the end of their session, so pleased were they with his exertions, that a handsome silver medal, with a suitable inscription, was unanimously voted to him. In the November of the same year, he published anonymously, a pamphlet entitled, the 'Bombardment of Algiers, and other Poems,' an edition of which was distributed, almost entirely, among his friends, without exciting any public attention.

From considerable contributions to Constable's Magazine, which was at this time remodelled, and published on an improved plan, Mr. M. acquired the friendship of Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of 'The Autumnal Excursion.' Besides a series of essays on subjects connected with general literature, the whole of the poems under the signature M. were contributed by him. The 'Ode on the Death of Kosciusko,' 'The Mossy Seat,' 'Melancholy,' &c. have been many times republished in collections; and the stanzas commencing, "When thou at eventide art roaming,"[1] having been copied over by the late Mrs. Brunton, were printed as her's by her hus-

[1] When thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
Where, past, the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract,—
Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

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band, in the posthumous novel of Emmeline. Dr. Brunton, however, on being informed of his mistake, wrote a handsome apology to the author, and the piece was withdrawn from the second edition.

About the time when the Rev. Mr. Morehead undertook the management of the Edinburgh Magazine, Mr. M. began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine*, but in a strictly anonymous manner; and it was not till after the publication of the splendid but whimsical articles entitled, the 'Tête-à-tête' and 'Change of Administration,' in which he is so much praised, that he became known to the conductors of that extraordinary work. Besides the large collection of poems published there, under the signature Δ, Mr. M. is supposed to have contributed a considerable number of valuable prose articles. The poetry has, at various times, and in various publications, been attributed to Mr. Wilson, to Mr. Lockhart, to Mr. Hogg, to Mr. Doubleday, and to Mr. Dale[1]; a suffi-

---

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I proved
With thee, beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
—Think—for that hour to thought is dear!
And then her flight remembrance wings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest;
In every scene—by day, by night,
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star—for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea,
I think of thee!

[1] In our last volume, p. 214, we echoed this report as to Mr. Dale's being the author of the pieces in question, not doubting, at that time, the correctness of our information: it affords us, however, the high-

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cient testimony, without doubt, to the intrinsic merit of these compositions.

About five years ago, Mr. M. formed a connection in Musselburgh with Mr. Brown, a practitioner there, which still remains undissolved. Whether the attention which his professional duties require may altogether withdraw him from the paths of general literature, we know not, but would fain hope, that he may now and then find a leisure hour, which he may harmlessly devote to an art, in which he is no mean proficient. On his private life it were superfluous to dilate. Possessed of a rarely cultivated mind, united with the most unassuming suavity of manners, and that unobtrusive modesty so peculiar to truly gifted genius, his friendship is courted by all. In the domestic circle, he is a social and affable companion; and the general tenour of his conversation, whether engaged in the lively or soothed into the more sober paths of instruction, bespeaks the overflowings of a pure and generous heart. In his public capacity, the mildness and delicacy which ever attend him, classed with great skill in the profession, endear him to all within the extensive range of his practice.

Of Mr. Moir's poetical talents several specimens will be found in the course of the present volume; yet we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of plucking the 'fresh floweret' while it blooms before us, and of enwreathing our memoir with a sweet-scented bud or two from Mr. Ebony's 'Gulistan,' or Bed of Roses:—

YOUTH.

How beautiful the scenes of youth
  Awaken to the mind!
Scenes, like the summer ocean smooth,
Serener—fairer far, than Truth
  On earth shall ever find!

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est gratification in being enabled to make the *amende honorable* to MR. MOIR, whose beautiful effusions under the signature of Δ, or with a reference to *Blackwood's Magazine*, have so often enriched our pages.

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Time is a tyrant—months and years
Pass onward like the sea, that leaves
A solitary isle, which rears
Its passive bosom, and appears
Between the rolling waves.

In life there is no second spring—
The past is gone—for ever gone!
We cannot check a moment's wing;
Pierce thro' futurity; or bring
The heart its vanished tone!

Resplendent as a summer sky,
When daylight lingers in the west,
To Retrospection's loving eye
The blooming fields of childhood lie,
By Fancy's finger drest.

A greener foliage decks the grove;
A brighter tint pervades the flower;
More azure seems the heaven above;
The earth a very bower of love,
And man within that bower!

And ever, when the storms of Fate
Come darkening o'er the star of life,
We backward turn to renovate
Our thoughts with freshness, and create
An antidote to strife.

Thus dead and silent are the strings,
As legends say, of Memnon's lyre;
Till from the orient, Phœbus flings
His smiles of golden light, and brings
Life, harmony, and fire!

The INVITATION.

Oh come, with thy blue eyes of beaming,
Thou nameless one, whom I love best;
When the sun-beam of crimson is streaming
Through the lattice that looks to the west:
Oh come, when the birds with their singing
Fill every recess of the grove,—
And such thoughts in the bosom are springing,
As kindle the spirit to love!

Oh come, where the elm-tree incloses
The mossy green seat in its shade,—
And the perfume of blossoming roses
Is borne on the breeze of the glade;

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The streamlet is sparkling beneath us,
The briar-covered banks are above,—
Around are young lilies, and with us
Soft thoughts that speak to us of love!

Oh come, for afflictions are thronging
To darken my life to a waste;
Oh come, for my spirit is longing
The bliss of thy presence to taste!
Though dark disappointments have wrung me,
And though with my fate I have strove,
Whate'er were the arrows that stung me,
I have found a resource in thy love!

Oh come, for thy smiling has cheated
The woes of my breast, and so well
The darkness of sorrows defeated,
That nought else on earth could dispel:
Without thee my being would wither,
And pleasure a bauble would prove,—
Forget not, my sweet, to come hither,
And solace my heart by thy love[1]!

But why, our readers will ask, are these charming flowers suffered to 'blush unseen' and 'waste their sweetness' among the by-gone tomes of Maga? Why are they not collected and printed in a cabinet volume, that they may be the companions of our walks as well as the denizens of our library? Surely, their intrinsic merit fully entitles them to this honourable distinction; and now that Mr. Moir has acknowledged these bantlings of the Muse to be his 'true and lawful children,' they may safely 'come out' into the wide world of criticism, with every prospect of being favourably received.

6.—EPIPHANY *or* TWELFTH DAY.

In Cumberland, and other parts of the north of England, on *Twelfth* night, which finishes their Christmas holidays, the rustics meet in a large room, begin dancing at seven o'clock, and finish at twelve,

[1] We had marked for insertion a beautiful little poem in blank verse, entitled 'REMEMBERED BEAUTY;' but were obliged to omit it, from want of space. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. viii, p. 686.

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when they sit down to *lobscouse*, and *ponsondie*; the former is made of beef, potatoes and onions fried together; and in ponsondie we recognise the wassail or waes-hael drink made of ale, boiled with sugar and nutmeg, into which are put roasted apples,—the antiently admired *lambs-wool*.

The feast is paid for by subscription, and the method of raising it is as follows: two women are chosen, who with two wooden bowls placed one within the other, so as to leave an opening and a space between them, go round to the female part of the society in succession, and what one puts into the uppermost bowl the attendant collectress slips into the bowl beneath it. All are expected to contribute something, but not more than a shilling, and they are best esteemed who give most. The men choose two in like manner from themselves, and follow the same custom, except that as the *gentlemen* are not supposed to be altogether so fair in their dealings as the *ladies*, one of the collectors is furnished with pen, ink, and paper, to set down the subscriptions as soon as received.—Twelfth Night *as it is* in the metropolis is pleasingly pourtrayed by a lively writer in our last volume, p. 5; and its observation in France and Italy is described in T. T. for 1823, pp. 5, 6.

The *Carnival* commences on Twelfth Day, and holds till Lent. An account of carnival sports in *Spain* will be found in our last volume, pp. 63-66.

During the Carnival in *Peru*, as in Old Spain, bull-baiting forms the principal diversion of the people. The bulls are dressed in the most gaudy manner, and one is always *covered with dollars*, which are strung on cords, and hung around the body of the animal. To this diversion succeed sumptuous entertainments and splendid balls.

8.—SAINT LUCIAN.

Lucian, a native of Syria, was celebrated in his youth for his eloquence, and intimate acquaintance

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with polite literature. He was a proficient in Hebrew, and revised the Septuagint version of the Bible. After having undergone various torments at the instigation of Maximinus II, he was martyred in the year 312.

10.—PLOUGH MONDAY.

Some curious ceremonies are still observed on this day in the northern counties, particularly in Yorkshire.—See T. T. for 1822, p. 9.

*10. 1824.—T. E. BOWDICH DIED, ÆT. 31.

By unceasing exposure in making a survey of the river Gambia, this indefatigable African traveller contracted a fever, which was increased by his constant practice of taking nightly observations, and he has thus fallen a martyr to his thirst for discovery and his unconquerable love of science. Mrs. Bowdich was the companion of his travels, the sharer of all his perils, nor less the ardent participator of all his hopes, and in her affectionate arms he breathed his last. She entered with enthusiasm into all his views, and assisted with her talents many of the most scientific of his operations: to her, therefore, may be safely committed the details of the progress of an inquiry so fatally interrupted; and we sincerely trust that the profits to arise from the sale of the work, together with the amount of the subscription which has been set on foot for herself and three infant children, will place them beyond the reach of the chilling hand of penury, and of those miseries and insults which are the never-failing companions of a state of poverty and dependence. Besides his well-known work, the Mission to Ashantee, Mr. Bowdich published 'An Analysis of the Natural Classification of the Mammalia,' 'An Introduction to the Ornithology of Cuvier,' Elements of Conchology, &c. &c.

13.—SAINT HILARY.

Hilary was born at Poictiers in France, of an illustrious family; and of this place he was chosen

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bishop in the year 353. He died at Poictiers in 368. Hilary was an excellent orator and poet; his style abounds with rhetorical figures.

*13. 1824.—EDWARD GRAINGER DIRD, ÆT. 27.

At the early age of twenty-two he commenced a Course of Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology in the Borough, and, his class rapidly increasing, he was compelled to erect a commodious theatre near Guy's Hospital. His pupils however still continuing to increase, he converted the first theatre into a museum, and built a much larger one, which he opened in October 1823, surrounded by nearly three hundred pupils. But amid all this prosperity, an insidious disease, the result of excessive application, displayed itself, and, in despite of the attention of his friends and the endeavours of the faculty, it terminated his earthly career.

*15. 1823.—MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE BRITISH NATION.

The following letter records one of those Royal Acts which make kings known with honour to posterity,—a literary gift, 'greater than has been bestowed by any sovereign upon any nation since the library of the Ptolemies was founded at Alexandria.'

'Dear Lord Liverpool,

'THE King my late revered and excellent Father having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive Library, consisting of about One hundred and twenty thousand Volumes, I have resolved to present this Collection to the British Nation.

'Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the Literature of my Country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a Parent, whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue.

'I desire to add, that I have great pleasure, My Lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard,

'Your sincere Friend,

'*Pavilion, Brighton, Jan.* 15, 1823. (Signed) G. R.'

The Lord of Liverpool, K.G., &c. &c. &c.

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This patriotic and generous letter was communicated to the House of Commons on the 10th of February, and the cheers of the House expressed the popular sentiment on the subject, and the grateful feeling of the literary world. It affords us much pleasure to find that this SPLENDID LIBRARY has been very appropriately confided to the direction of the Trustees of the British Museum, and that a separate building has already been commenced to receive this National Treasure.

18.—SAINT PRISCA.

Prisca, a Roman lady, was early converted to Christianity; but refusing to abjure her religion, and to offer sacrifice when she was commanded, was horribly tortured, and afterwards beheaded, under the Emperor Claudius, in the year 275.

20.—SAINT FABIAN.

St. Fabian succeeded St. Anterus in the pontificate, in the year 236. He was martyred in the persecution of Decius in 250, as St. Cyprian and St. Jerom bear witness.

21.—SAINT AGNES.

She suffered not long after the beginning of the persecution of Dioclesian, whose bloody edicts appeared in March in the year of our Lord 303. She was only thirteen years of age at the time of her glorious death.—See T. T. for 1822, pp. 12, 13, for some beautiful lines on this subject by Mr. Keats.

22.—SAINT VINCENT.

Vincent, a deacon of the church in Spain, suffered martyrdom in the Dioclesian persecution, about the year 303.

25.—CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

St. Paul was about twenty-four years of age when converted. The Scripture history of Saint Paul ends with his release from his two years' imprisonment at Rome. Little is known of his proceedings afterward. There have been attempts to show that he travelled into Spain and our own island, and

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planted Christianity in both; but it is the unanimous tradition of the church, that he returned to Rome; underwent a second imprisonment there; and was put to death by Nero, in the persecution which followed the burning of that city. The immediate cause of his death is said to have been, his having converted Poppœa Sabina, one of that emperor's mistresses, whom Josephus styles, a 'pious woman, and friend of Jews.' An eminent Pagan author also says, that 'she wanted nothing to render her one of the most accomplished ladies in the world, but a chaste and virtuous mind.' St. Paul converted, likewise, Tarpes, Nero's cup-bearer, and three of the guards who attended him to execution. These last, a few days afterward, suffered martyrdom. The privilege of a Roman citizen secured St. Paul from the ignominy of the cross. He was beheaded with a sword. Tradition, supported by some of the Fathers, relates, that a liquor, more like milk than blood, flowed from his veins and sprinkled the clothes of his executioner; whom, with many others, it converted to Christianity. His body was buried in the *Via Ostiensis*, and Constantine the Great built a church over his grave.

In respect of his ministry, Dr. Sparke fancifully observes, 'If without presumption I might be his Herald, I should adventure thus to emblazon his coat of arms. He beareth a white cross in a bloody field, with a wolf for his crest, that badge of his own tribe of Benjamin.'—*Protestant Beadsman*, p. 2.

*28. 1824.—L. M. LANGLES DIED,

The celebrated oriental scholar, and keeper of the oriental MSS. in the Library of the King of France. Fortunately for M. Langlès, he survived the storm of revolution in which thousands perished. It being determined to preserve the royal Library under a national denomination, the literary reputation and the known probity of M. Langlès obtained him the place of keeper of the MSS. He had not

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long enjoyed this post before the rage for destroying every vestige of royalty and nobility extended the hand of desolation to the national library. Citizen Langlès was summoned to render an account of all books and MSS. in the library relative to genealogy, and whatever tended to the illustration of one class of society over another; the anathema pronounced included all charters, titles, genealogies of the noble families, heraldic biography, and even books on other subjects with the insignia of royalty on the binding. Citizen Langlès asked for delay, on account of the immensity of the collection, there being no exact catalogue of its contents. Resolved, at the peril of his life, to save so many precious documents from destruction, he fresh labeled some, tore the bindings off others, and concealed an immense number in the attics of the library; but, as a holocaust was necessary, he selected volumes of minor interest, duplicate copies, and a great number of ponderous tomes on polemical divinity, in which those of the sectaries of Molina figured largely: this was a kind of retributive justice on the society which had condemned so many victims to the flames. The agents of Government, seeing an immense pile of books doomed to destruction, were satisfied with the zeal of citizen Langlès, and they were carried away, without examination, by waggon-loads, to the Place Vendome, to be burned; and by this means many most important documents for the illustration of national history were preserved, at the risk of the life of M. Langlès, who concealed five thousand volumes which but for him would have perished.

*28. 1824.—GEORGE MILLS, MEDALLIST, DIED, ÆT. 31.

His genius in his profession will be acknowledged by all admirers of the art who have seen the medals executed of his present Majesty, the late Mr. President West, Mr. Watt, Admiral Duckworth, Mr. Chantrey, and other eminent men. Mr. West pro-

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nounced him to be, in his opinion, the first medallist in England. He obtained from the Society of Arts the three gold medals presented by that body as the reward of merit.

29. 1820.—K. GEORGE THE FOURTH'S ACCESSION.

30.—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The words Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, when the season of Lent was extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals.

30.—KING CHARLES I, MARTYR.

In a truly valuable and important work[1], lately published, illustrative of English history, during an eventful period of more than three hundred years, there are some *original letters* of the unfortunate Charles, which, it is justly observed by the learned Editor, 'do him honour; not merely by the style in which they are written; in the choice of words and the clearness of expression; but as displaying the firmness of his mind under the severest trials, and its benevolence toward those who served him, even when precipitation and mistake had caused not only failure to them, but ruin to him.'

The king's chief hope was in the justice of his

[1] 'ORIGINAL LETTERS, illustrative of English History; including numerous ROYAL Letters: from Autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other Collections. With Notes and Illustrations by HENRY ELLIS, F. R. S. Sec. S. A. Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, 8vo, 3 vols. 1824.' Of this indispensable companion to the History of England, its title and the name of the Editor were a sufficient recommendation; it is but justice, however, to Mr. Ellis to state that his three volumes are, indeed, a treasure of literary curiosities; selected with his accustomed taste and judgment, and accompanied with copious notes at once acute and erudite, displaying an intimate acquaintance with the most valuable sources of English history; such notes as might be expected from the antiquary and the topographer, the Editor of Fabyan's and Harding's Chronicles, and the Illustrator of our Popular Antiquities.—The book is beautifully printed, and is from the classic press of MR. WOODFALL.

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cause, which probably would have fared better if he had been without Prince Rupert. To the last he knew that though a powerful faction was arrayed against him, he still really retained the love of the larger portion of his subjects. And this love followed him even to the close of his existence. A stronger proof of this cannot be adduced, than in a passage from the life of Philip Henry, an eminent divine, written by his son Matthew Henry.

'At the end of the year 1648, he' (Philip Henry) 'had leave given him' (from college) 'to make a visit to his father at Whitehall, with whom he stayed some time; there he was Jan. 30th, where the king was beheaded, and with a very sad heart saw that tragical blow given. Two things he used to speak of, that he took notice of himself that day, which I know not whether any of the historians mention. One was, at the instant when the blow was given, there was *such a dismal, universal* GROAN among the thousands *of people that were within sight of it (as it were with* ONE CONSENT*) as he never heard before;* and desired that he might never hear the like again, nor see such a cause for it. The other was, that immediately after the stroke was struck, there was, according to order, one troop marching from Charing Cross towards King Street, and another from King Street towards Charing Cross, purposely to disperse and scatter the people, and to divert the dismal thoughts, which they could not but be filled with, by driving them to a shift, every one for his own safety[1].'

Considerable doubts existed respecting the place of interment of the martyred sovereign; some supposing that his body was put into sand only at Whitehall, and the coffin filled with brick-bats, and taken to Windsor; while others maintained that the corpse was buried at the latter place. Sir Henry Halford's

[1] This anecdote is singularly corroborated in the London Journal of Dec. 26, 1730. See 'Mr. Ellis's Letters,' vol. iii, p. 323, *note*.

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'Account,' however, of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I at Windsor, on the 1st April, 1813, has set this question perfectly at rest.—See a narrative of this interesting discovery in T. T. for 1814, *second edition*, pp. 8, 9.

In the Journals of the House of Commons of the 30th January 167⅞, a vote of supply (SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) will be found to King Charles II, for defraying the expenses of the solemn interment of the king his father, and of the *erecting a monument* to his memory; and among Sir Christopher Wren's drawings still preserved in the library of All Souls' College, Oxford, (vol. ii, No. 89) are the designs made at that time both for a mausoleum and a tomb. The design for the latter was approved by his Majesty, and it was proposed to have been erected at the east end of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The estimate of the expense was £43,663..2..0. King Charles II RECEIVED the SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS: but, as Lord Clarendon says, 'the thought of the remove of his father's body was laid aside, and *the reason communicated to very few*, FOR THE BETTER DISCOUNTENANCING FURTHER ENQUIRY'. Eachard even says, 'it was thought that King Charles the Second NEVER SENT TO ENQUIRE after the body'.—See Mr. Ellis's Original and Royal Letters, vol. iii, pp. 323, 324.

31. 1820.—KING GEORGE IV PROCLAIMED.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JANUARY 1825.

IT is with pleasure we once more meet our youthful readers in the delightful walks of contemplation, and again point them to the starry heavens, which most visibly display the wonders of creative power; but while they employ TIME'S TELESCOPE in surveying this glorious scene, may their minds be suf-

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fered to dwell with increasing rapture on the GREAT AUTHOR of all this incomprehensible magnificence—adoring the wisdom that planned, the power that created, and the beneficence which still sustains this universal fabric,

> Where glory with supreme dominion sails
> Through the azure deeps of air.

Obliquity of the Ecliptic.

In our volumes for 1816 and 1817, we have explained the nature and variation of this *obliquity*, to which we must refer such of our readers as are not already acquainted with the subject. The following is its quantity at five different epochs during the present year, viz.

January .. 1st, the obliquity is	23°	27′	44·7″
April .... 1st,.....	23	27	44·7
July..... 1st,.....	23	27	42·9
October .. 1st,.....	23	27	42·8
December 31st,.....	23	27	41·2

The equation of the equinoctial points, for the same eras of the present year, or are those for which they are usually calculated, is as follows, viz.

January .. 1st, the equation is	18·0″
April..... 1st, ...	18·0
July..... 1st, ...	17·7
October... 1st, ...	17·5
December 31st, ...	17·0

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Aquarius at 26 m. after 6 in the morning of the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets for the respective days specified below, as in the following table. For the information of our young readers it may be useful to observe, that the times of the occurrences, mentioned in this volume, are computed for the first meridian, as that which passes through the Royal Observatory at Greenwich; but they may easily be reduced to any other meridian by proportion, at the rate of 15 degrees to an hour. The rising and setting on any intermediate days must

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also be found in the same manner; for an example of which, see p. 22 of T. T. for 1824.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

January 1st, Sun rises	5	m. after	8.	Sets	55	m. after	3
6th, ...	1	.....	8	.....	59	.....	3
11th, ...	57	.....	7	.....	3	.....	4
16th, ...	51	.....	7	.....	9	.....	4
21st, ...	44	.....	7	.....	16	.....	4
26th, ...	37	.....	7	.....	23	.....	4
31st, ...	29	.....	7	.....	31	.....	4

Equation of Time.

Whenever it is required to find true time from apparent, or the real time of the day from that which is indicated by a good sun dial, it is requisite to employ the equation of time. On this subject our readers will find some useful information in p. 60 of T. T. for 1814; p. 19 for 1816; p. 18 for 1823; and p. 23 for 1824; besides other places. The equation for any intermediate periods is to be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Saturday, Jan.	1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	3	57
Thursday	6th,	.....	6	13
Tuesday.....	11th,	.....	8	18
Sunday	16th,	.....	10	9
Friday	21st,	.....	11	43
Wednesday ..	26th,	.....	12	57
Monday.....	31st,	.....	13	50

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon .	4th day, at 39 m. after	11	at night
Last Quarter	11th 53	3	in the afternoon
New Moon .	19th 43	3	in the morning
First Quarter	27th 24	8	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following Table exhibits the passages of the Moon over the first meridian of Great Britain, which have been selected as those that are best adapted to afford our young readers the means of observing

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her in that position. The times will, therefore, require a slight reduction for any other meridian, but this may be found by proportion, from the quantities given in the Nautical Almanac, as in the preceding corrections for the Sun's rising and setting.

TABLE

Of the Moon's Passage over the first Meridian.

January	1st, at	6 m. after	9 in the evening
	2d	3	10 .....
	3d	1	11 .....
	11th, ..	18	5 in the morning
	12th, ..	9	6 .....
	13th, ..	1	7 .....
	14th, ..	55	7 .....
	15th, ..	49	8 .....
	16th, ..	43	9 .....
	25th, ..	24	4 in the afternoon
	26th, ..	7	5 .....
	27th, ..	54	5 .....
	28th, ..	44	6 in the evening
	29th, ..	37	7 .....
	30th, ..	35	8 .....
	31st, ...	32	9 .....

Time of High Water at London.

As the Moon is the chief agent in producing, and regulating the Tides, it has been thought useful to introduce here the time of High Water at London, for both morning and afternoon of every fifth day. Local circumstances sometimes cause slight variations; but these numbers are generally very near the truth:—

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
January	1st, at	39 m. after 10	13 m. after	11
	6th, ..	9 3	27	3
	11th, ..	29 6	57	6
	16th, ..	0 0	1	0
	21st, ..	23 3	37	3
	26th, ..	57 5	19	6
	31st, ..	10 11	47	11

The time of high water for any of the intermediate days must be found by proportion, as in the former cases. As it may also be desirable to know the hour of high tide at other noted ports, the following statement is given for that purpose, viz.

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To the Time, as given for London, *add*	*h.*	*m.*
For Tinmouth Haven, Hartlepool, and Amsterdam	0	50
Brest, Rochelle, and Rochford	1	0
Scilly, Cape Clear, and Leith	1	45
Mount's Bay, Edystone, and Falmouth	1	55
Bridlington Pier, Humber, and Antwerp	2	0
Fowey, Looe, Plymouth, and Waterford	3	10
Dartmouth, Harborough, Hull, and Sidmouth	3	30
Torbay, Teignmouth, and Cork	3	40
Exmouth, Topsham, and Lyme	3	50
Bridgewater, Texel, and Cherburgh	4	5
Boston, Bristol, Lynn, and Weymouth	4	20
Harfleur, and without the Vlie	5	40
New York, New London, George Town, Savannah	6	30
For the following places, *subtract*, viz.		
For Leigh, Maes, and Gouries' Gut	0	15
Gravesend, Rochester, and Rammekins	1	0
Buoy of the Nore, Flushing, Cadiz, and Yarmouth	1	20
Portsmouth, Ostend, Shoe Beacon, and Redsand	2	30
Calais, Dover, Harwich, Liverpool, and Spithead	3	10
Orfordness, Gunfleet, Shoreham, and Dieppe	4	0
Brighton, Dunkirk, and Boulogne	4	15
Needles, Cowes, Yarmouth (Isle of Wight)	4	40
St. Helens, Havre-de-Grace, and Dunnose	5	30
Poole, Dublin, and Caen	5	45

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of this queen of the night are subject to change like those of the Moon, and, like them, are therefore susceptible of calculation. The method of performing this we have already explained at p. 17 of T. T. for 1819. These calculations we shall leave for our young friends to perform, and only insert the results for each month.

Jan. 1st, { Illuminated part = 9·31308
Dark part..... = 2·68692

The illuminated part of this disk is now decreasing, but, as her distance from us varies, our readers should be reminded that she is not always brightest when she presents the broadest illuminated disk. The greatest brilliancy will take place in April.

VENUS will be an *evening star* till the 19th of May, and then a *morning star* to the end of the year.

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JUPITER will also be a *morning star* till the 28th of January, an *evening star* from that time to the 17th of August, and then a *morning star* again to the close of the year.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Our volume for 1818, p. 169, affords some necessary information respecting these phenomena; and we shall here only select such of them as are visible this month at the Royal Observatory, to present opportunities of observing them as they occur.

Immersions.

First Satellite, ..	1st day, at	16 m.	57 s.	after	8	in the evening
	7th	42 ..	6	.....	3	in the morning
	8th	10 ..	30	.....	10	at night
	14th	35 ..	41	.....	5	in the morning
	15th	4 ..	8	.....	0	midnight
	17th	41 ..	52	.....	6	in the evening
	23d	57 ..	52	.....	1	in the morning
	24th	26 ..	19	.....	8	in the evening

Emersions.

	30th	6 ..	51	.....	6	in the morning
	31st	35 ..	19	.....	0	midnight

Immersions.

Second Satellite,	7th	47 ..	13	.....	0	in the morning
	14th	23 ..	41	.....	3	.....
	21st	0 ..	21	.....	6	.....
	24th	19 ..	18	.....	7	in the evening

Form of Saturn's Ring.

As this phenomenon varies but slowly, we shall merely insert the results of these nariations for every third month, and refer our readers to p. 52 of T. T. for 1819, for the rules by which they are calculated.

January 1st, { Transverse axis .. 1·000
Conjugate axis — 0·474

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars[1].

January 5th, with	♃ in Gemini, at	0 m.	after	3	in the morning
14th, ...	♃ in Scorpio, ..	0	.....	1	in the afternoon
18th, ...	G. Sidus.....	0	.....	4	in the morning
18th, ...	Venus.....	0	.....	6	in the evening

[1] These conjunctions are restricted to stars of the first *four* magnitudes.

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Georgium Sidus will be in conjunction at 15 m. past 9 in the morning of the 6th of this month. Mercury will be stationary on the 7th, and in his inferior conjunction at a quarter past 8 in the morning of the 16th. He will also be stationary again on the 28th. Jupiter will be in opposition at 5 in the evening of the same day. Saturn will likewise be stationary on the 31st.

How resplendent the nights of this month sometimes appear! The air often seems to be refined by the intensity of the frost; and when the silvery lamp of heaven withdraws her shining, the whole firmament appears to be thickly studded with brilliant spangles, which excite the desire, and baffle the attempt, to enumerate them. Some are either dignified by superior magnitude, or distinguished by approximate distance, while others seem almost lost in the depths of ether. But who can state, or even surmise, the different circumstances under which they exist? Here the poet may inquire, but the philosopher cannot answer—a specimen of which we have in the following lines:—

To the STARS.

Ye are fair—ye are fair—and your pensive rays
Steal down like the light of parted days;
But have sin and sorrow ne'er wandered o'er
The green abodes of each sunny shore?
Hath no frost been there, and no withering blast,
Cold—cold o'er the flower and the forest past?
Does the playful leaf never fall nor fade,
The rose ne'er droop in the silent shade?
Say, comes there no cloud on your morning beam,
On your night of beauty no troubled dream?
Have ye no tear the eye to annoy,
No grief to shadow its light of joy?
No bleeding breasts that are doomed to part,
No blighted bower, and no broken heart?
Hath death ne'er saddened your scenes of bloom,
Your suns ne'er shone on the silent tomb?
Did their sportive radiance never fall
On the cypress tree, or ruined wall?

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'Twere vain to guess, for no eye hath seen
O'er the gulph eternally fixed between.
We hear not the songs of your early hours;
We hear not the hymn of your evening bowers.
The strains that gladden each radiant sphere
Ne'er poured their sweets on a mortal ear,
Though such I could deem, on the evening's sigh,
The air harp's unearthly melody!
Farewell! farewell! I go to my rest,
For the shades are passing into the west,
And the beacon pales on its lonely height—
Isles of the Blest—good night!—good night!

New Monthly Magazine.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JANUARY 1825.

Throughout the watches of the night,
The feathery snow, in silent flight,
Has left the regions of its birth,
And, falling, sought the realms of earth:
The mantled mountain heaves on high
Its forehead to the morning sky,
On which the distant lord of day
Shoots forth a horizontal ray;—
The fields that lately bloomed and smiled
Are flow'rless, desolate, and wild,
Cold as Despair's unceasing tears,
And silent as departed years.

With bending branches hangs the wood,
A lonely, leafless solitude;
The Spirits of the North have swept
Its pride away, the snows have leapt
On every dark outstretching bough;
And if the passing bird alight,
With fearful, fluttering pinions, lo!
Comes down a frequent shower of white,
Which falls within the roaring stream,
That rushes on, and hears the call
That urges to yon waterfall,
Down, from the inland mountains, down,
With swelling tide, and waves of brown.

D. M. MOIR.

ONE of the most beautiful sights on which the eye can open, occasionally presents itself to our notice in this month: we saw the shades of evening fall upon a waste expanse of brown earth, shorn hedge-rows,

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bare branches, and miry roads, interspersed here and there with a patch of dull melancholy green; but when we are awakened by the late dawning of the morning, and think to look forth upon the same, what a bright pomp greets us! what a white pageantry! It is as if the fleecy clouds, that float about the sun at Midsummer, had descended upon the earth and clothed it in their beauty! Every object we look upon is strange and yet familiar to us—'another yet the same.' And the whole affects us like a vision of the night, which we are half-conscious *is* a vision; —we know that it is *there*—and yet we know not how long it may remain there; since a motion may change it, or a breath melt it away. And what a mysterious stilness reigns over all! a white silence! Even the 'clouted shoon' of the early peasant is not heard, and the robin, as he hops from twig to twig with undecided wing, and shakes down a feathery shower as he goes, hushes his low whistle, in wonder at the unaccustomed scene.

The throstle is now seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pursuit of *snails*, which he destroys in abundance, particularly in hard winters; he delights also in chrysalids and worms. Other birds now quit their retreats in search of food. The nuthatch is heard, and larks congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter.

Ah! bleak and barren are the fields,
Undecked with aught of summer's dye;
The naked plain no shelter yields
To screen them from the stormy sky;

But soon they'll meet the vernal morn,
When crystal dew-drops deck the plain;
When fragrance breathes from brake and thorn,
Sweet as their wild notes' native strain.

ALEX. BALFOUR.

The shell-less snail or slug makes its appearance, and commences its depredations on garden plants and green wheat.

The hedge-sparrow and the thrush now begin to

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sing. The wren also 'pipes her perennial lay,' even among the flakes of snow. The titmouse pulls straw out of the thatch, in search of insects; linnets congregate; and rooks resort to their nest trees. Pullets begin to lay; young lambs are dropped now. Spiders shoot out their webs; and the blackbird whistles. The field-fares, red-wings, skylarks, and titlarks, resort to watered meadows for food, and are, in part, supported by the *gnats* which are on the snow, near the water[1]. The tops of tender turnips and ivy-berries afford food for the graminivorous birds, as the ring-dove, &c. Earth-worms lie out on the ground, and the shell-snail appears.

The house-sparrow chirps, and the bat is now seen. Bats are very useful animals; destroying great numbers of the large white moths which fly abroad by night.—See T. T. for 1823, p. 31.

Though the gardener can find little to do in the *garden* this month, NATURE is ever at work there, and ever with a wise hand, and graceful as wise. 'The wintry winds of December (observes the elegant and entertaining chronicler of the 'MONTHS') having shaken down the last lingering leaves from the trees, the final labour of the gardener was employed in making all trim and clean; in turning up the dark earth to give it air—pruning off the superfluous produce of summer—and gathering away the worn out attire that the perennial flowers leave behind them when they sink into the earth to seek their winter home,—as harlequin and columbine in the pantomimes sometimes slip down through a trap-door, and cheat their silly pursuers by leaving their vacant dresses standing erect behind them.—All being left trim and orderly for the coming on of the new year. The various processes of Nature for the renewal of

[1] Some pretty lines 'To fifteen Gnats seen dancing in the Sunbeams on Jan. 3,' will be found in the very interesting '*Remains of Robert Bloomfield*,' vol. i, p. 31, lately published for the exclusive benefit of his widow and family.

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her favoured race, the flowers, may be more aptly observed than at any other period. Still, therefore, however desolate a scene the garden may present to the *general* gaze, a particular examination of it is full of interest,—an interest that is not the less valuable for its depending chiefly on the imagination. Now, the bloom-buds of the fruit-trees,—which the late leaves of autumn had concealed from the view,—stand confessed, upon the otherwise bare branches; and, dressed in their patent wind and water-proof coats, brave the utmost severity of the season;—their hard unpromising outsides, compared with the forms of beauty which they contain, reminding us of their friends the butterflies when in the chrysalis state.—Now the *perennials*,—having slipped off their summer robes, and retired to their subterranean sleeping-rooms,—just permit the tops of their naked heads to peep above the ground, to warn the labourer from disturbing their annual repose.—Now the smooth-leaved and tender-stemmed *rose of China* hangs its pale, scentless, artificial-looking flowers upon the cheek of winter—reminding us of the last faint bloom upon the face of a fading beauty, or the hectic of disease on that of a dying one; and a few *chrysanthemums* still linger—the wreck of the past year—their various-coloured stars looking like faded imitations of the gay glaring China-aster.

'Now, too,—first evidences of the revivifying principle of the new-born year—for all that we have hitherto noticed are but lingering remnants of the old—now the *golden* and *blue crocuses* peep up their pointed coronals from amidst their guarding palisades of green and grey leaves, that they may be ready to come forth at the call of the first *February* sun that looks warmly upon them; and perchance one here and there, bolder than the rest, has started fairly out of the earth already, and half opened her trim form, pretending to have mistaken the true time: as a forward school-miss will occasionally be seen co-

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quetting with a smart cornet, before she has been regularly produced—as if she didn't know that there was 'any harm in it.'

In the absence of other flowers, the golden saxifrage, called also golden *moss*, and stonecrop (*chrysoplenium*), affords its little aid to give life and beauty to the garden. The bramble (*rubus fruticosus*) still retains its leaves, and gives a thin scattering of green in the otherwise leafless hedges; while the berries of the hawthorn, the wild rose, and the spindle-tree, afford their brilliant touches of red. The twigs of the red dog-wood, too, give a richness amid the general brown of the other shrubs. *Ivy* now casts its leaves.

The *helleborus niger*, or Christmas rose, shows its pretty flowers at this season, and, towards the close of the month,

> The *snow-drop* blooms,
> Ere winter's wild storms are past,
> As she shrinks below
> Her mantle of snow,
> And, trembling, shuns the blast.

In *mild* seasons, such as that of 1823-24, the garden is quite gay with *flowers*, and carnations, roses, chrysanthemums, auriculas, ten-week stocks, daisies, mignionette, marigolds, sweet peas, polyanthuses, hepaticas, primroses, violets, periwinkle, hearts' ease, and the sweet smelling *wall-flower*, may be gathered in abundance.

The WALL FLOWER.

> Where the wall flower lives on high
> O'er the sculptured oriel stone,
> Steals a perfume on the sky
> With the night wind's hollow moan.
>
> Thus 'tis o'er the waste of years
> Comes an undistinguished throng,
> Ruined hopes, and mingled tears,
> And gentle wishes cherished long.

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Hopes though ruined, lovely yet;
Tears for one though dead to me;
Thoughts I may not e'er forget;
Wishes that can never be.

Ask not if they're good or ill—
All are sad, yet pleasing all;—
Nor how many haunt me still—
Count the rain drops as they fall.

New Monthly Magazine.

The weather in January 1824 was so mild, that premature *blossoms* of fruit and other trees were met with in several places, and the season of different culinary vegetables and flowers was prolonged in an unusual degree. Late crops of peas continued in bearing on some dry, sandy soils, till the second week of the month, and cauliflowers were cut in the open garden. Myrtles, acacias, and other hardy green-house plants, remained uninjured in the open air; and green-houses, dry-stoves, and plant-pits, had fires only once or twice to dry up the damp.—It is also worthy of remark, observes our intelligent correspondent from the banks of the Severn, that the last winter proved a most complete refutation (if such a proof were needed) of the idea once entertained, that a plentiful or scanty proportion of fruit on the white thorn (called haws) intimated a severe or mild season, being a bountiful provision for the wants of those birds that annually migrate to our island from severer regions; as the crimson berries of our May-bushes, though in profusion, remained untouched throughout the winter, and perished from the sprays by a natural decay, many even remaining until the ensuing blossom was preparing to expand. The flocks of field-fares and red-wings, which commonly consume them, in consequence of the mildness of the winter, remained almost entirely in the meadows and low-lands, feeding upon worms and insects, which they always prefer to the mealy fruit of our white thorn, and their visits to our enclosures were only

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partial and transient. The field-fare (*turdus pilaris*) is, generally, a gregarious bird; but we observe every year, that one or two of them separate from the main flock, and retire to lonely hedge-rows and quiet pastures, associating with the black-bird and the throstle, as if they had attached themselves to some female of that congenerous race, and were inclined to remain throughout the summer, lingering with them until late in the spring; but at length they take their departure with the last flight of the season—they do not appear to be wounded or injured birds, and for this reason to have sought quiet and concealment.

We cannot better conclude this month's Diary than by drawing upon the stores of an artist, with the productions of whose palette our readers are well acquainted:—it is a 'WINTER LANDSCAPE,' sketched, after Nature, by BERNARD BARTON, and betrays at once the hand of the painter, the poet, and the christian.

The flowret's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sere;
The landscape round is shaded
By Winter's frown austere.

The dew, once sparkling lightly
On grass of freshest green,
In heavier drops unsightly
On matted weeds is seen.

No songs of joy to gladden
From leafy woods emerge;
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge.

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling
Seem now departed hence.

But not with such is banished
The bliss that life can lend;
Nor with such things hath vanished
Its truest, noblest end.

The toys that charm, and leave us,
Are fancy's fleeting elves;

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All that should glad, or grieve us,
Exists within ourselves.

Enjoyment's genuine essence
Is virtue's godlike dower;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour [1].

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown our numerous gardens, and
Invite to health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unpoisoned with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the *bulbous esculents* their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The *green herb* spreads its leaves; and opening *buds*
And *flowers* and *seeds*, with various flavours.

DODSLEY.

Spread your gardens wide, and let the cool,
The moist, relaxing, vegetable store
Prevail in each repast. ARMSTRONG.

We have already described the principal British Forest and Fruit Trees (T. T. for 1816 and 1819); and in continuation of our plan we shall now proceed to notice the chief products of the Kitchen Garden, an interesting and useful branch of horticulture. The importance of those vegetables which constitute so considerable a portion of our daily food is quite obvious. Without them we should soon become the victims of disease; and hence, a knowledge of their respective properties and appearances, with the best methods of cultivation, is indispensable in domestic economy. Their great value as the preservatives of health, and as additions to our comfort, may be seen in the privations and sufferings of our gallant seamen, who often lose their lives during long voyages, merely through the want of these salutary necessaries. The above observations will suffice to intimate our object in laying

[1] See a prettily printed pocketable little volume just published; entitled 'Poetic Vigils,' by Bernard Barton (Baldwin). We are pleased to find that the *second edition* of his 'Napoleon and other Poems has been printed in an equally *companionable* form.

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the following account before the readers of this annual publication, which is briefly to describe the best kinds of kitchen garden produce; and thereby to assist the horticulturist in growing them under his own direction.

ARTICHOKE (*cynara scolymus*)—This plant is a native of the south of Europe, but arrives at its greatest perfection in this country. When wild, it rises to six feet high, but seldom exceeds four feet when cultivated. It may be easily known, as no other herb has double leaves, one belonging to its stalk, and another to its seed or fruit. There are three varieties cultivated, the conical, *French* or oval artichoke, with a green head; the *globe*, or largest, with a dusky, purplish head; and the *dwarfish globe*, a prolific variety and valuable, as occupying little room with its head. The *globe* sort is generally preferred for the main crop; but the *French* is considered to possess more flavour, as the flower heads are cut off for use when in an immature state; both sorts continue producing them from July to November[1]. They are propagated from slips or suckers taken from the old roots in February, March, or at the beginning of April; when, if planted in a good dry soil, they will produce large heads in the following autumn. This vegetable is known by the same name in nearly all the European languages. Artichoke bottoms are dried in the sun for winter use, and are esteemed either plain, fricasseed, fried, or pickled; but the whole plant, if covered with sand, may be preserved for a long time, and the young ones may be pickled whole. The field mouse is very

[1] *Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening, second edition*, No. 3919, 3920, an indispensable, and the *only complete* guide to the professional or amateur horticulturist. It contains in a comparatively small compass, an immense mass of valuable information, gleaned with incalculable industry and great judgment, from every accessible source. The whole work, indeed, displays the hand of a master in this fascinating art; and the author evinces, in every page, a perfect acquaintance with the subject on which he writes.

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partial to the roots of this plant; but as the animal prefers the beet roots, it is recommended by Mr. Phillips[1] to plant them round the artichokes, which he will not touch while any beet remains. Artichokes are generally boiled in water, though *gourmands* think them 'much preferable' boiled in oil or butter!

The elegant and facetious author of *Tabella Cibaria*[2], or the 'Bill of Fare', observes, that the artichoke is really a *thistle*, which by cultivation has acquired first rate qualities. The bottom of a good artichoke (he says) is, perhaps, one of the best substances which the kitchen garden can offer to the table of its master. The culinary art possessed itself of this valuable article, and admits it either fresh or preserved in fricassees, ragouts, pies, &c. with eminent success. The fruit, if we may call it so, grows at the top of the stem. Each branch has also its own fruit, but being secondary, it is smaller. Eaten raw at breakfast in foreign countries with pepper and salt, under the name of '*Artichauds à la poivrade*,' it gives an uncommon relish to a glass of 'champagne', and exhilarates the mind for the rest of the day. This regimen, we are convinced, would not prove wholesome in this latitude. It appears that the Venetians were indebted to the French for this excellent vegetable in the year 1473. Theophrastus knew and described it under the name of *Carduus Esculentus*, the esculent thistle. It is of a heating nature, as appears by the name *artichoke*, which may be resolved into *artus* limbs, and *calidus* warm; as if warming the limbs of the body. The cultivation of it originated in

[1] See his 'History of Cultivated Vegetables,' vol. i, p. 25, *second edition*; an exceedingly useful and pleasant book on this subject: the same author has also published a '*Pomarium*, or Account of Fruit Trees;'—'*Sylva Florifera*, or the Shrubbery;'—and '*Flora Historica*, or the Three Seasons of the British Flower Garden.'

[2] The *Abbé Mc Quin*, of whom a biographical sketch will be found in our last volume, pp. 189, 190.

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Cynara, an island of the Archipelago, to which it probably gave, or from it may have received, its generic name.

The *Jerusalem artichoke* is merely a species of *helianthus* or sun-flower, and was much esteemed before the potatoe was known; it is now, comparatively, of little value; its roots, however, are occasionally eaten boiled, mashed with butter, or baked in pies. When set in rows from east to west, this plant affords a useful shade to such culinary vegetables as require it in the midsummer months. The season for planting is from February to April.

ASPARAGUS (*asparagus officinalis*).—This plant in its native state is of so diminutive an appearance, that few persons would consider it of the same species as the cultivated asparagus; it is, generally, found in stony or gravelly situations near the sea. Asparagus is very extensively cultivated in the vicinity of London, particularly in the parishes of Mortlake and Deptford; and the greenstalls of the metropolis are heaped with it for nearly three months in the year. It should be propagated by seeds sown broad cast on a level bed of good rich earth at the beginning of March. A very prevalent error is, that many people will not dung their asparagus beds, because they think the dung communicates a strong rank taste to the asparagus. This is a great mistake, for the sweetest grows upon the richest ground, the rank taste complained of being produced solely by the poverty of the soil. The best ground for planting asparagus, to have large roots for hot beds, is a moist, rich soil; but for those intended for a natural produce, a middling soil, neither very wet nor very dry; or a well dunged sandy loam should be preferred. Mr. Phillips directs that males only should be selected for new beds; which may be done by suffering them to flower before they are removed from the seed beds. When the plants are a year

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old, they may be transplanted, a few inches apart, into fresh beds. In these beds they will most of them flower during the second year, which will afford an opportunity for separating the males, either by marks, or by pulling up the females. This vegetable may now be obtained all the year round; as the same plants will yield two crops by proper treatment. At the end of July, cut down the stalks, and fork up and rake the beds, especially in wet weather: in dry, water them with dunghill drainings, and shape the beds so as to retain the moisture. In about a fortnight the fresh plants will make their appearance, and must be watered at least twice a week in dry seasons. This plan will afford asparagus till Michaelmas, and then the hot beds will supply it for the remainder of the year. It is said that cutting twice a year will exhaust the beds, which can only be remedied by preparing others.

This vegetable improves the appetite, but it is not esteemed nourishing. There seems to be reason to believe that it has a favourable operation upon the organs of digestion; and, as it generally gratifies the palate, it may be very serviceable as a part of the diet of valetudinarians. It is of so tender a contexture, that a very few minutes of boiling render it perfectly eatable, particularly when just cut and brought from the garden. Asparagus was a favourite with the Romans, and they seem to have possessed a very strong-growing variety; as Pliny mentions, that, about Ravenna, three shoots would weigh a pound. To express that a thing was to be done quickly, the Romans used this saying: *Velocius quàm asparagi coquuntur;* Quicker than asparagus is boiled.—Some amusing anecdotes relative to asparagus are narrated in the *Tabella Cibaria*, pp. 78-81.; but as they have been lately copied into the newspapers, we forbear to repeat them.

[To be continued.]

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FEBRUARY.

SOME etymologists derive February from *Februa*, an epithet given to Juno, as the goddess of purification; while others attribute the origin of the name to *Februa*, a feast held by the Romans in this month, in behalf of the manes of the deceased.—' Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than *black* in the home-loving eyes of little school-boys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but straight before them; and sobs are heard and sorrowful faces are seen to issue from sundry post-chaises that carry sixteen inside, including cakes and boxes; and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *éclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether, if it move at all."—*En revanche*,—Now newspaper editors begin to think of disporting themselves; for the great national school for "children of a larger growth" is met in Saint Stephen's Chapel, "for the *despatch* of business" and of time, and consequently newspapers have become a nonentity, and those writers who sign themselves "constant readers" find their occupation gone.—Now, the stones of Bond-street dance for joy, while they "prate of the whereabout" of innumerable wheels; which latter are so happy to meet again after a long absence, that they rush into each other's embraces—"wheel within wheel"—and there's no getting them asunder. Now, the Italian opera is open, and the house is full; but if asked on the subject, you may safely say that "nobody was there;"—for the opera-hats that you meet with in the pit evidently indicate that the wearers appertain to certain counters and counting houses in the city, or serve those that do—having "received orders" for the opera in the way of

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their business.—Now, a sudden thaw after a week's frost puts the pedestrians of Cheapside into a pretty pickle.—The *trottoir* of Saint James's-street begins to know itself again; the steps of Raggett's are proud of being pressed by right-honourable feet; and *the dandies' watch-tower* is once more peopled with playful peers peering after beautiful ladies in furred pelisses.—Now, on fine Sundays, the citizens and their wives begin to hie them to Hyde Park, and having attained Wellington-walk, fancy that there is not more than two pins to choose between them and their betters on the other side the rail; while these latter,—having come abroad to take the air (of the insides of their carriages) and kill the time and cure the vapours,—permit inquisitive equestrians to gaze at them through plate-glass, and fancy, not without reason, that they look like flowers seen through flowing water: Lady O——, for example, like an overblown rose; Lady H—— like a painted lady-pea; the Countess of B—— like a newly-opened apple-blossom; and her demure-looking little sister beside her like a *primrose*.'—*The Months*, No. II, before quoted.

Remarkable Days

In FEBRUARY 1825.

*1. 1824.—REV. JOHN LEMPRIERE, D.D. DIED, AUTHOR of the 'Classical Dictionary,' in 4to and 8vo; the 'Universal Biography,' in 4to and 8vo; and the first volume of a translation of Herodotus, the continuation of which was suspended on account of the appearance of Mr. Beloe's elegant and faithful translation.

2.—PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY. This festival is of high antiquity, and the antient christians observed it by using a great number of lights; in remembrance, as it is supposed, of our

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blessed Saviour's being declared by *Simeon* to be a light to lighten the Gentiles; hence the name of Candlemas-day.—A pleasing illustration of this day, being an account of the *Rosario del Aurora,* with some poetical translations from the Spanish, will be found in our last volume, pp. 41-43.

3.—SAINT BLASE.

He was Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, and suffered martyrdom in 316, under the persecution of Licinius, by command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia and the Lesser Armenia.—Saint Blase is the patron saint of the woolcombers, and some account of the processions made on this day will be found in our former volumes. In Mr. Malcolm's 'Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century' (vol. i, p. 288), it is related, that on the anniversary of the Queen's Birthday (March 3, 1730), *one hundred woolcombers* assembled, with their shirts over their clothes, and various coloured woollen caps on their heads, in Bishopsgate, whence they went in procession to *St. James's Palace,* preceded by the steward of their company, and a person on horseback representing BISHOP BLASE, in wigs of wool, neatly curled; the bishop carried a woolcomb in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other. They arranged themselves in the park facing the palace, and their leader addressed the king and queen, who appeared at a window, thanking his majesty for the encouragement they had received, and entreating his future protection.

The order of St. Blase and the Virgin Mary was ecclesiastical as well as military; and it took place soon after that of the Knights Templars. The badge of the order was a red cross, and in the centre was a medallion with the image of St. Blase enamelled. When the knights of this order assembled in chapter, or set out on any military expedition, they wore

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on their breast the same badge embroidered on a white habit.

5.—SAINT AGATHA.

She suffered martyrdom under Decius, in the year 251.—See an account of the fête of St. Agatha, in Sicily, in T. T. for 1823, p. 37.

6.—SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* SEPTUAGESIMA, p. 18.

*6. 1684.—KING CHARLES II DIED.

See '*Mr. Ellis's Original and Royal Letters from Autographs in the British Museum*' (vol. iii, p. 333), for an interesting letter describing the last moments of King Charles II, which differs materially, in some points, from the account of that event described by Bishop Burnet. We regret that want of space prevents us from transferring it to our pages.

13.—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. *See* SEPTUAGESIMA, p. 18.

14.—SAINT VALENTINE.

Valentine was an antient presbyter of the church: after a year's imprisonment at Rome, he was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, in the Via Flaminia, about the year 270, under Claudius II. The modern celebration of this day is well known: see our former volumes, particularly T. T. for 1823, pp. 41-43, where some 'elegant Valentines' are given: we now add

The VALENTINE WREATH. *By* MR. MONTGOMERY.

Rosy red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in æther clear,
All the East adorning;
White through mist the meadows shine:
Wake, my Love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers of hoar frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With Mezereon sprigs combine:
Rise, my Love, my Valentine!

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O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy peeping;
Through the covert of the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little Celandine,
Crown, my Love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scattered o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows,
Tufted moss and ivy-twine,
Deck, my Love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these;
Yet to me less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees!
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
O my Love, my Valentine.

Now (says an elegant modern writer, while describing February in London) the fashionable shops are shorn of their beams, and none can show wares that are strictly in season, except the stationer's. But *his*, which for all the rest of the year is dullest of the dull, is now, for the first fourteen days, gayest of the gay—for here the poetry of love and the love of poetry are displayed under all possible and impossible forms and metaphors,—from little cupids creeping out of cabbage roses, to large overgrown hearts stuffed with double-headed arrows, and uttering piteous complaints in verse while they fry in their own flames. On good Saint Valentine's eve, all the rising generation of this metropolis, who feel that they have reached the age of *in*discretion, think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins,

And those *rhyme* now who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more.

*14. 1823.—MARGARET EGLANTINE PEARSON DIED. Her works in Stained Glass will long remain as splendid memorials of her genius and indefatigable

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industry. She was the daughter of the celebrated Paterson the book auctioneer, and at an early age married Mr. James Pearson, the first glass-stainer this or any other country ever produced: from him she imbibed a passion for the art, which expired only with her life. She executed *two* sets of the 'Cartoons of Raphael,' *one* of which was purchased by Sir Gregory Page Turner, for £1500—the other is in the possession of her husband. Every effort of her pencil was vitrified, by which process the colours became a part of the glass; and her paintings are, at this moment, as brilliant as when they first issued from the furnace, and will shine with undiminished lustre for years to come.

15.—SHROVE TUESDAY.

The Scottish designation of this day, *Fasterns-e'en* (called also *Fastens e'en* in the North of England and Border), is much more antient than the English. *Shrove Tuesday* is not to be found in the Anglo-Saxon; nor does it appear that there is any particular name for this day in that language. The Scottish language retains not only *Fasterns-e'en*, but *Yule-e'en*, and *Hallow-e'en*. They were thus designed, because all the feasts commenced and ended with the evening. The northern nations, even in the time of Tacitus, began their computation of the day in this manner; this, indeed, was the original mode. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.' We have a remnant of the same antient customs in the English words *se'ennight* and *fortnight*, instead of seven or fourteen days.

The barbarous amusement of cock-fighting, the pastime of cowards and the disgrace of modern times, was permitted in some schools in Scotland, on *Fasterns-e'en*, not very many years ago!

16.—ASH WEDNESDAY.

To the 36 fasting days of the *Old Lent*, Gregory added four days more, to render it equal to the time

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of our Saviour's fasting, causing it to begin on *Ash Wednesday*, three days after *Quinquagesima*; and thus it has remained ever since. Lent is not of apostolic institution, nor was it known in the earlier ages of the Christian church.—For an account of the three last days of the *Carnival in Spain*, see our last volume, p. 63.

*17. 1824.—STATIRA, A BLACK WOMAN, DIED, ÆT. 134!

She was a slave at Antigua, and was hired as a day-labourer during the building of the gaol, and was present at the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, which took place 116 years ago.

*22. 1824.—JOHN DAVY, MUSICAL COMPOSER, DIED,

In penury, 'without a friend to close his eyes.'—Many of his pieces will never cease to be recollected and admired, particularly his 'Just like Love'—'May we ne'er want a Friend'—'The Death of the Smuggler,'—and 'The Bay of Biscay:' he also wrote several Operas; the latest were 'Rob Roy Macgregor,' and 'Woman's Will.'

23, 25, 26.—EMBER DAYS.

There are *four* Ember Weeks in the year, namely, after the first Sunday in Lent, after the feast of Pentecost, after the 14th of September, and after the 13th of December. It is enjoined by a canon of the church, 'that Deacons and Ministers be ordained, or made, but only on the Sundays immediately following these Ember feasts.'

24.—SAINT MATTHIAS.

It appears from the qualification required by St. Peter, that Matthias had been a continual attendant on our Saviour during the whole of his ministry, from his baptism by John till his assumption into heaven. He was probably one of the seventy

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disciples, and had been a witness of Christ's resurrection, and of the most considerable passages of his life: so that he was as well able as the other Apostles to proclaim abroad the matters of fact, which concerned the new religion. St. Matthias continued at Jerusalem till the powers of the Holy Ghost were conferred on the Apostles, to enable them to discharge their difficult employment; and then he is thought 'to have made the first fruits of his ministry in Judæa with great success.' Tradition affirms, that he afterward travelled into the rude countries of the east, where he was treated with great inhumanity by barbarous people; and, having converted numbers to Christianity, he at last obtained the crown of martyrdom. An old martyrology reports him to have been first stoned for blasphemy, and then beheaded; but a hymn in the Greek offices, quoted by Dr. Cave, and seconded by several antient Breviaries, intimates, that the mode of his death was crucifixion.—*Protestant Beadsman*, p. 18.

Astronomical Occurrences

In FEBRUARY 1825.

How formidable is the aspect of the heavens, when they appear covered with clouds and storms! But, what majesty, what beauty, what simplicity in the colour of the sky, when the weather is fair! The apartments of kings, decorated with the pencil of the most eminent painter, are nothing in comparison with the majestic simplicity of the celestial arch. When the eye has for a long time contemplated terrestrial beauties, it gets tired; but the more we behold the celestial azure, the more charms and beauties we discover. Yet who that views this goodly scene independently of Revelation, might not adopt the poet's language, and with his feeling exclaim,

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Between two worlds life hovers like a *star*,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of tide and time rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Pisces at 7 m. past 9 in the evening of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

February 1st,	Sun rises	27 m. after	7.	Sets	33 m. after 4
6th,	.....	18	7	42	4
11th,	.....	9	7	51	4
16th,	.....	0	7	0	4
21st,	.....	51	6	9	5
26th,	.....	41	6	19	5

Equation of Time.

In the common occurrences of life it is frequently necessary to convert time, as shown by a good sun-dial, to that which ought to be indicated at the same moment by a well regulated clock; to accomplish which the numbers in the following table must be employed, viz.:

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Tuesday,	Feb. 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	13	58
Sunday,	6th,	.....	14	27
Friday,	11th,	.....	14	35
Wednesday,	16th,	.....	14	25
Monday,	21st,	.....	13	57
Saturday,	26th,	.....	13	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	3d day,	at 15 m. after	11	in the morning
Last Quarter,	10th	..... 56	1	.....
New Moon,	17th	..... 5	10	in the evening
First Quarter,	26th	..... 42	1	in the morning.

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Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

We select the following transits of the Moon as affording the best opportunity of observing her in that position during this month, viz.:

February	11th, at	41 m. after	6	in the morning
	12th, ..	35	7	.....
	13th, ..	28	8	.....
	14th, ..	19	9	.....
	23d, ..	48	3	in the afternoon
	24th, ..	36	4	.....
	25th, ..	27	5	.....
	26th, ..	21	6	in the evening
	27th, ..	17	7	.....
	28th, ..	14	8	.....

Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

The Tide will be at its height at London Bridge at the following times, and the time for any intermediate days may be found nearly by proportion. The time for other places may also be obtained as inserted under the head of last month.

TABLE.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
February	1st, at	0 m. after	0	20 m. after	0
	6th, ..	56	3	15	4
	11th, ..	3	8	39	8
	16th, ..	52	0	17	1
	21st, ..	48	3	1	3
	26th, ..	10	7	40	7

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet now begins to shine with great lustre on a clear evening, and the proportions of her illuminated and dark phases are as follow:

February 1st, { Illuminated part = 8·10288
Dark part ..... = 3·89712

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following eclipses of the first and second of these Satellites will be visible this month; and our young readers may be reminded that the times specified in the following Table are recorded in *mean time,* answering to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

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Emersions.

First Satellite,	2d	day, at	3 m.	50 s.	after 7 in the evening
	8th	..... 29 ..	22	.....	2 in the morning
	9th	..... 57 ..	53	.....	8 in the evening
	15th	..... 23 ..	33	.....	4 in the morning
	16th	..... 52 ..	5	.....	10 in the evening
	24th	..... 46 ..	24	.....	0 in the morning
	25th	..... 15 ..	1	.....	7 in the evening
Second Satellite,	8th	..... 26 ..	14	.....	3 in the morning
	18th	..... 21 ..	31	.....	7 in the evening
	25th	..... 58 ..	49	.....	9 .....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

February	10th	with ♑ in Scorpio	0 m.	after 6 in the evening
	14th	.... G. Sidus at	0	1 in the afternoon
	15th	.... Mercury	0	4 .....

Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 10th; and Saturn will be in quadrature at half past 2 in the morning of the 20th. The other phenomena of this month are less remarkable.

The following reflections are not inapplicable to many of the moonlight nights of this month.

REFLECTIONS *on a* MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

'Tis night——the beams of parting day
Have long since shed their latest ray
Among the shades of even;
Yet still a gleam of western light
Defrauds the lovely queen of night
Of half her rightful heaven.

Yet, as unconscious of the sight,
She sheds a mild unchanging light
Upon this chequered scene;
Though clouds obscure her radiant crest,
And roll their billows o'er her breast,
Her orb is still serene.

So may I smile on others' joy,
Nor let *their* happiness alloy
My share of earthly bliss;
But may sweet friendship's smile serene
Shed its mild sunshine o'er each scene
Of earthly happiness.

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And, when clouds flit o'er life's rough main,
May I as soon emerge again
To calm serenity;
The passing storms we meet below
Will lend that breast a brighter glow
Whose rest is in the sky!

Select Magazine.

The Naturalist's Diary

For FEBRUARY 1825.

As birds flying he scattereth the snow; *and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers: the eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof; and the heart is astonished at the raining of it. The* hoar frost *also as salt, he poureth upon the earth; it lieth on the top of sharp stakes. When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water as with a breast-plate.*—ECCLESIASTICUS, chap. xliii, v. 17-20.

THIS beautiful description of the 'magnificence of winter' is not often realised, for any length of time, in our changeable climate; it is more applicable, however, to February, than to any other month in the year: a hoar frost seldom sets in till the middle or latter end of January, and in this case it generally continues for six or seven weeks. There are few persons, we hope, who are insensible to the 'beauties of winter:' the phenomenon of hoar-frost, the curious figures of snow, as seen by the magnifying glass, the pendent icicles, the never-ending forms assumed by the frozen vapour on our windows, and all the other countless wonders of this season, cannot fail to interest and instruct the least observant spectator of the 'fairy frost-work' of Nature. But it is not the *day* alone which spreads before us these attractive objects for our consideration;—what can be more delightful than

A SERENE WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night!—the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,

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Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the Moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow,
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the Moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where Silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

Although February occasionally shower down its *snows*[1], and give out 'a damp and clinging' or a 'bitter, eager and shrewd air,' this month can boast of its days of 'soft air and sunshine and unbroken blue sky,' transporting us into the very heart of May, and causing us to look about and wonder what is become of the green leaves and the *flowers!* Yet some of *these* even were to be seen in February 1824,—as mezereons, pyrus japonica, Bengal roses, stocks, wall-flowers, &c. Bees also were tempted by the warmth to leave their hives. The mild weather, however, did not continue so long as prematurely to excite vegetation, and call forth buds and blossoms to be destroyed by April frosts.

About the beginning of the month, the woodlark,

[1] *The* SNOWY EVE.

'Tis night, and Darkness o'er the land and sea
Outstretches gloomily her ebon wings;
Downward, with biting breath, the tempest flings
The whirling snow-flake, dancing giddily.
What is my thought?—the traveller on the moor,
Benighted, lonely, urging on his steed,
Where all is solitude, and none to heed.
What is my thought?—the ocean's awful roar
Recals the wandering mariner, afar
Upon the rayless deep, whose flashing gun,
The signal of distress, is heard by none,
Save HIM, who placed in heaven the evening star.
What is my thought?—that feeling is distress,
And human life a wintry wilderness.

D. M. MOIR.

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one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note:—

No tree's lofty foliage embowereth his nest,
But lowly it lies on the earth's trodden breast;
And he flits through the wintry scene
With a silent, but strong and unmurmuring wing,
Till he marks the first glimpse of the green-vested spring;

Then away—away—through the splendours of day,
To heaven he carries his praise:
Ah! who does not love that delectable lay,
As o'er mountain and forest it plays?
Though lowlier he build than each musical bird,
Yet longer and louder his carols are heard,
And heaven his glad anthem repays:
As, day after day, to its portals he towers,
More sweet grows his nest midst deep verdure and flowers[1].

The *thrush* now commences his song, and tom-tits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks now revisit their breeding trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel thrush is now heard.—See our last volume, p. 58.—The yellow hammer and chaffinch are heard towards the end of the month.—About this time also, or the beginning of March, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow commences its chirping note, as indicative of the approach of the pairing season.—See T. T. for 1823, pp. 54, 55.

Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-crickets open their holes; and wood-owls hoot: gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. Moles commence their subterraneous operations. About this time the green

[1] 'The Forest Minstrel,' by *William* and *Mary Howitt*, another delightful poem, from two persons belonging to the '*Society of Friends*;'—we know not whether it be 'brother and sister,' or 'man and wife;'—at any rate, the two aspirants to Parnassian laurels are *married*—to '*immortal* verse.'—For so *we* ordain it, maugre the critics!—See other specimens in the course of our volume.

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woodpecker is heard in the woods, making a loud noise.

In mild seasons there is much going on in the *garden* now that may be seen by the 'naked eye' of those who carefully look for it. The bloom buds of the shrubs and fruit-trees are obviously swelling; and the leaves of the *lilac* are ready to burst forth at the first favourable call. The *laurustinus* still braves the winds and the frosts, and blooms in blithe defiance of them. So does the *China rose;* but meekly, and like a maiden who *will* not droop though her lover *be* away,—because she knows that he is true to her, and will soon return.—Now, too, the visible heralds of spring appear; but they have not yet put on their gorgeous tabards or surcoats of many colours. The chief of these are the *tulips;* who are now just showing themselves, shrouded closely in their sheltering alcoves of dull green. The *hyacinths* too have sent up their trim fences of green, and are just peeping up from the midst of them in their green veils—the cheek of each flower-bud pressed and clustering against that of its fellow, like a host of little heads peeping out from the porch of an ivy-bound cottage, as the London coach passes. Now, too, those pretty orphans, the crocuses and *snowdrops*[1]—those foundlings, that belong neither to Winter nor Spring—that are neither lingering remnants of the one, nor early heralds of

[1] *To the* SNOWDROP.

Beneath the changeful skies of early spring,
Emblem of human life and frail as fair,
Pale visitant of earth,
I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,
When the sweet lark, enamoured of the dawn,
Above the cottage roof
Shall pour his melting lay;

Though surly winter passing from the plain
Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,
Stern desolation marks
His long and lonely track)

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the other—show their modest faces scarcely an inch above the dark earth, as if they were afraid to rise from it, lest a stray 'March wind' should whistle them away.—*The Months*, No. II.

The hyacinth, narcissus, polyanthus, Persian iris, mignionette, and sweet briar, compose and diffuse a delightful and luxurious odour for the drawing room, at this season of the year.

The days are now visibly longer, and we are busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of observing the *renovation of nature*. Every tree and every shrub presents something new; and to those who are fond of botany, the present season of the year is peculiarly interesting. What can be more delightful to an intelligent mind than to view the opening bud—the expanded leaf—the first appearance of the flower bud—its perfection—and, last of all, its wonderful fructification!

What lore with tranquil pleasure better fills
The mind, fair BOTANY! than thine!
Thy paths
Retired, with thy own flowers are ever strewed,
Thy own fresh garlands ever grace thy brow.
Where'er thy votaries thou leadest, whether
Along the silent vale, or verdant lane,
By hedge-row sheltered, or o'er the lone heath,
Whether to rushy pool, green-mantled, or
Through the wild forest's thick-entangled maze,
Whether by softly murm'ring brook, that bright
Reflects its gay-enamelled bank; or 'long

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,
And gems with icicles that faintly shine
Below with imaged beam
Thy cold but lovely brow;

I see thee smile like innocence at fate,
Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,
Secure of happier hours
And skies without a cloud.

So piety, upheld by faith and hope,
Endures serene the passing storms of life,
With eye intent on Heaven,
And thought already there.

Oxford. J. W. S.

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The rocky shore, dashed by the foaming waves
Of Ocean wide; or up the steep ascent
Of rugged mountain, rising to the clouds;
Still pleasure, profit, health, thy steps attend[1].

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES,

[Continued from p. 38.]

BEANS.—Crops of beans are very ornamental to the kitchen garden, from the delightful odour they dispense when in flower. What can be more agreeable or more conducive to health, than

To lift the early latch, and try betimes
The garden's walk delicious, where the *bean*
Gives forth its fragrant treasures?

or to stray through the open champaign, 'brushing with hasty steps the dew away,' and observe how

Neat lies the surface of the weedless *field*,
Where springs the *bean-top* martially disposed
File within file, a lusty brotherhood.

The common garden bean *(vicia faba)* is said to have been brought originally from Egypt; and has been for many ages cultivated not only throughout Europe, but even in China and Japan. The first and best sort of early beans is brought from a Portuguese settlement on the coast of Africa, just without the Straits of Gibraltar: it is called the *Mazagan* bean. If it be sown in October under a warm hedge, pale, or wall, and carefully earthed up when the plants are advanced, they will be fit for the table by the middle of May. The stems are very slender; if therefore they be supported by strings close to the hedge or pale, that will preserve them from breaking down, and shelter them from the morning frosts in the spring. Both this and the sort called *horse bean* bear plentifully and ripen nearly together. That called the *early Lisbon bean*, is merely the Mazagan bean

[1] SPRING; a Poem, by the Classical Tutor at Clarence House Academy, Chelsea.

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sowed in Portugal; but it is not so well tasted, and should never be preferred, though the gardeners plant it for their first crop. The small *Spanish bean* is better, and that called the *broad Spanish*, which is a little later than the other, but comes in before the common sort, and being a good sort is frequently planted. This is succeeded by the *Sandwich*, which is almost as large as the Windsor bean, but being hardier is generally sown a month sooner; it is a plentiful bearer, but not very delicate eating. About the same time as the Sandwich comes the *Toker*, which is a coarse kind, though much planted, merely because it is a great bearer. The white and the black blossoms are by some much esteemed. The former when boiled are almost as green as peas, and, being tolerably sweet, are more valuable; but both are very apt to degenerate, unless their seeds be preserved with great care.

The *white blossomed bean* as it repects the flowers is an anomaly, having none of the black marks on their wings. The seed is semi-transparent, and having less of the peculiar bean flavour when young than any of the others, it is on that account much esteemed. The *Windsor* sort, when planted on a good soil with sufficient room, will produce plenty of large seeds, which if gathered young will be the sweetest and best tasted of all the sorts. It should be carefully preserved by pulling out such of the plants as are imperfectly formed, and sorting out all the good from the bad seed. It is seldom planted before Christmas, because it will not bear the frost so well as many other kinds. The best way is to plant it for the great crop to come in June and July.

The *long-podded* bean is a yard or more in height, and a great bearer. There are several varieties of this kind, as the *early tall Turkey, &c.* The *dwarf Fan* or cluster bean is chiefly planted for curiosity: the branches spread like a fan, and the flowers are succeeded by small pods, both in clusters. All the

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early beans are generally planted on warm borders under walls, pales and hedges; those which are designed to come up first being usually planted in a single row, pretty close to the fence. Those which are planted early in October, will come up by the beginning of November; and as soon as they are an inch above ground, the earth must be carefully drawn up to their stems with a hoe: this must be several times repeated as they advance in height, which will protect them from the frost and increase their strength. In severe winters cover them with peas holm, fern, or similar light covering, which will secure them from the injury of the frost; but constantly take off the covering in mild weather, otherwise they will draw up tall and weak, and come to little: if the surface of the border be covered with tanners' bark, that will effectually defend the roots from frost and other injuries. Mr. Phillips states that he found it an excellent plan, in procuring late beans, to cut down the stalks after the crop is gathered for the kitchen; they then soon sprout up again, and, if showery weather succeeds, yield a better supply than is obtained by late planting.

This pulse is generally dished up in foreign countries without the outer coat, and in that undress proves a most delicate food. The green pods boiled, after the beans are taken out, is a dish that some persons prefer to the beans themselves; and the young bean leaves boiled in broth are said to be very emollient. Why Pythagoras should have forbidden the use of beans to his disciples, has been a mighty subject for the ingenuity of commentators. Some have asserted that it was on account of their causing indigestion and flatulency; others, because they were sacred to Isis and Osiris, Egyptian deities, of whom the Samian sage had heard and believed much from the priests of Memphis. Some take the prohibition allegorically, and hold that to abstain from them only meant to shun public assemblies,

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where the suffrages were given by casts of beans. There is still prevalent among the vulgar, a belief, that, when beans are in blossom, mad people become intractable, and wise men nearly mad. Horace styles the bean akin to Pythagoras, *Faba Pythagoræ cognata*, as if the promulgator of the metempsychosical system had been afraid lest, in eating beans, he should have devoured some of his departed relations. There is a very antient and singular custom in many parts of the continent which takes place on the eve of the Epiphany, relating to the above-mentioned sacredness of the bean.—See T.T. for 1822, p. 4.

The classical reader knows that most of the antient Roman families derived their names from agricultural or horticultural pursuits. *Fabæ*, beans, named the great house of the *Fabii*; *Pisum*, peas, that of the *Pisones*, &c. &c.

Bean flour, called *Lomentum*, was used by the Roman ladies as a cosmetic, to smooth the skin and remove wrinkles. Bean flowers very much resemble butterflies' wings; they also emit a most agreeable perfume.

> Long let us walk
> Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
> Of *blossomed beans*. Arabia cannot boast
> A fuller gale of joy than liberal thence
> Breathes through the sense and takes the ravished soul.
>
> THOMSON.

> And there, that breeze
> Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
> That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
> Of *beans* it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.
>
> SOUTHEY'S *Pig*.

The *kidney bean* is so called from the shape of the seed. It is a native of the East Indies, introduced into England from the Netherlands. The varieties of this species are very numerous: the principal are the small white dwarf, the black dwarf or negro, and the liver-coloured bean for early crops. There are also the Battersea and Canterbury, and the large

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Dutch, which last grows very tall; also the *scarlet bean*, the twining stalks of which will rise to the height of twelve or fourteen feet when supported. Its leaves are smaller than those of the common garden bean. The flowers grow in large spikes, and are of a deep scarlet colour. The pods are large and rough, the seeds generally purple marked with black, though sometimes pure white. The three sorts of kidney bean usually cultivated for early crops, are the *small white dwarf;* the *dwarf black*, which is called the negro bean; and the *liver-coloured* bean. They are planted in hot beds under frames, or in pots to be placed in stoves, to come early in the spring, but they are inferior in quality to many others which yet cannot be obtained at the same time.—The best sorts for culinary purposes are the *scarlet-blossom* bean, above-mentioned, and a *white bean* of the same size and shape, which is only a variety in colour, but the same in size and flavour. The seeds must not be sown in the open air before the middle of April. They require a warm situation and a dry soil. The second crop should be sown about the middle of May. It will come into bearing before the early kinds are over, and will continue yielding good fruit until the frost destroys the plants.

The pea, bean, and kidney-bean, are liable to the attacks of various insects, especially the *aphides* in dry seasons. The *bruchus pisi* is particularly destructive to the pea, and its larva is often found in the ripe pod. In gardens, the only mode of keeping them under is to cut off the part infested, and remove it with the insects attached.

This pulse is eaten at two different periods. In summer with the enwrapping pod, which is still green and tender; in autumn and winter, when the bean in full maturity is taken out and boiled without the pod, which, on account of its form, gave its name to a kind of skiff used in the Mediterranean, especially

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about the mouth of the Nile. In antient English authors it is called 'Beans of Rome,' a mistranslation of 'Fêres de Rame,' from *ramus*, the twig or pole around which the plant loves to climb.

The green legumens of the large white-flowered variety of kidney bean, often called Dutch runner, were observed to be in great plenty in August, in the market at Amsterdam, under the name of *snyboonentjes*. For the most part the legumens were so old as to be considered tough and stringy in England; but in Holland they are nicely shredded down, so as to render them, when cooked, extremely palatable. In France, in the month of September, great numbers of women are employed in shelling kidney-beans, which are dried and stored up in large quantities against winter, when they are sold under the name of *haricots blancs*.—*Horticultural Tour*, pp. 129, 434.

[To be continued.]

MARCH.

AMONG the Romans, March, from Mars, was the first month; and marriages made in this month were accounted unhappy.

Remarkable Days

In MARCH 1825.

1.—SAINT DAVID.

SAINT DAVID was the great ornament and pattern of his age. He continued in the see of St. David's many years; and having founded several monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints, both British and Irish, he died about the year 544, at a very advanced age.—The custom among the Cambrians of wearing a leek in their hats on this day, has been explained in our former volumes.

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*1. 1767.—ALEXANDER BALFOUR BORN,

Author of 'CONTEMPLATION, and other Poems,' and of the 'Address' prefixed to our present volume. He was born in the parish of Monikie, county of Forfar, in Scotland. He was for fifteen years a manufacturer of sail-cloth and a linen merchant, and had realized a considerable portion of the good things of this life, with a fair prospect of worldly prosperity before him, when in the disastrous year 1815, so fatal to the commerce of Britain, by the failure of a commercial house in London with which he was deeply concerned, he was involved in bankruptcy and ruin. This stroke of misfortune preyed upon his health and spirits, but left him still capable of bodily exertion, and he for three years had the charge of a respectable and extensive spinning establishment; after which he removed to Edinburgh, with the view of establishing his family in some way of business; but there he was doomed to drink deeply of a more bitter cup of adversity, being seized with paralysis which has totally deprived him of the use of his limbs; his articulation, also, has gradually failed, and now he has almost entirely lost the power of speech. Yet his intellectual faculties are not in the slightest degree impaired, as is evident from the productions of his pen, which he is still capable of wielding, although with less *manual* dexterity than formerly. He has now been from four to five years deprived of his locomotive powers, and the writer of this article has frequently seen him confined in his wheeled chair, incapable of communicating his ideas except by his pen, yet not only resigned to his fate, but always cheerful, although evidently struggling with the accumulated privations arising from worldly misfortune and incurable debility. Having always possessed a taste for elegant literature, he had written many poetical pieces as the amusement of his leisure hours in his happier

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days; and when incapable of bodily exertion, he published a volume of these, entitled 'Contemplation, and other Poems,' which was well received by the public, and had an extensive circulation, chiefly on account of its own merits,—partly perhaps from a general sympathy felt for the author's situation. This volume was noticed with much approbation in the Monthly Magazine, Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, and several other periodical publications.

We annex his 'Conclusion,' being the last piece in the volume, as descriptive of his privations and feelings. Although he there takes leave of the muse, we are happy to say that she still continues to beguile the brooding cares of his languid hours, and are of opinion that some of her most felicitous favours have been bestowed since his days of adversity. Although Mr. Balfour has affixed his name to no publication except the volume mentioned, it consists with our knowledge to state that he has published at least three Novels, and that he continues a regular contributor, in prose and verse, to some very respectable periodical works.

A sad, a long farewell—dear, artless lyre!
My trembling hand now vainly strikes thy strings:
The frost of age has chilled my wonted fire;
No longer glides the stream from Fancy's springs:
And waving wide her raven-coloured wings,
Dull Melancholy hovers o'er my head;
Parent of phantom shapes; and shadowy things,
That crowd the path my weary feet must tread,
With visionary forms, of joys for ever fled.

For Memory still with fond regret will rove
By sea-beat shore, gray rock, or winding stream;
Again she guides me to the woodland grove,
Where Fancy whispered many a youthful dream;
But, ah! it is the meteor's fleeting gleam,
Portentous, shooting o'er a stormy sky;
Where no kind star displays its cheering beam,
To glad the weary wanderer's hopeless eye,
Or point his trackless way, where dreary desserts lie.

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For, ah! no more to me the boon is given
To mark the varied charms of Nature's face;
Abroad, to breathe the balmy air of heaven,
My fond eye gazing over ample space:
From virgin Spring, to Autumn's matron grace,
To me, alas! each blossom blows in vain;
No more my feet the mountain path can trace,
Nor brush the dew-drops from the daisied plain;
My trembling limbs fast locked in adamantine chain!

And yet these limbs, in chilling torpor bound,
A shade can startle, and a breath can shake;
The throbbing heart heaves at a passing sound,
As ruffling winds disturb the glassy lake:
At trivial ills the shattered frame will quake,
Each quivering nerve with keen sensation thrill,
And feelings exquisite to anguish wake
The sigh, the tear; triumphing o'er the will,
While Reason vainly tries to hush the tempest still.

Yet, kind companion of my happier days,
Thou hast not scorned me in this evil hour;
Thy song has soothed me in the wildering maze,
And strewed my tiresome couch with many a flower.
Enchantress! stay—haply, thy magic power
Again may chase my lingering hours of care;
May show my sorrows, like an April shower,
A passing cloud, the pilgrim to prepare
For scenes of endless day, and skies for ever fair.

Yes, thou the song of heaven-born Hope canst weave:
Thy bright eye beaming with celestial day;
Thy whispers, softer than the breath of eve,
When setting sun-beams on the waters play;
Then touch the chord can soothe a child of clay,
Who, struggling, seeks above his griefs to rise,
Set fair in sight that pure ethereal ray,
Which guides the drooping mourner's downcast eyes
To that calm haven of rest prepared above the skies!

2.—SAINT CHAD.

St. *Ceadda* or Chad was educated in the monastery of Lindisfarne, under St. Aidan; was afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and died in the great pestilence of 673.

7.—PERPETUA.

Perpetua, a noble lady of Carthage, only twenty-two years of age, suffered martyrdom in 203, by order of Minutius Firmianus, under the persecution of the Emperor Severus.

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12.—SAINT GREGORY.

Saint Gregory, surnamed the Great, was born about the year 540. He was consecrated Pope about the year 590, and died in 604. Before his advancement to the see, Gregory projected the conversion of the English nation, but did not accomplish his wishes until he had assumed the papal chair.

13.—MIDLENT SUNDAY.

The middle or fourth Sunday in Lent was formerly called the Sunday of the Five Loaves, the Sunday of Bread, and the Sunday of Refreshment, in allusion to the gospel appointed for this day. It was also named *Rose Sunday*, from the Pope's carrying a *golden rose* in his hand, which he exhibited to the people in the streets as he went to celebrate the eucharist, and at his return.—Some curious ceremonies on this day, in the *South of Spain*, are described in our last volume, p. 75.

*13. 1824.—SOPHIA LEE DIED,

Authoress of the 'Recess,' the first romance in the English language which blended history with fiction, and enriched both by pathos and descriptive scenery. Miss Lee also wrote 'The Life of a Lover,' in six volumes; some Dramatic Pieces—and, in conjunction with her sister Harriet, the 'Canterbury Tales,' of which the Young Lady's Tale and the Clergyman's alone were her's.

17.—SAINT PATRICK.

The tutelar saint of Ireland was born in the year 371, in a village called *Bonaven Taberniæ*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbarton and Glasgow. He died at the good old age of 123, and was buried at Down, in Ulster.—See our last volume, p. 68, for some curious particulars in the life of this Saint.

18.—EDWARD, KING OF THE WEST SAXONS.

He was stabbed in the back, by order of his mother-in-law, Elfrida, at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire.—See our last volume, p. 69, and *Morell's Studies in History*, vol. i, p. 91.

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20.—FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Dominica in Passione, or Passion Sunday, was the name given to this day in missals; as the church now began to advert to the sufferings of Christ. In the north, it is called *Carling* Sunday, and grey peas, first steeped a night in water, and fried with butter, form the usual repast.

21.—SAINT BENEDICT.

Benedict, or *Bennet*, founded the monastery of Cassino, in 529: it was built on the brow of a very high mountain, on the top of which there was an old temple of Apollo, surrounded with a grove. The Benedictine order of monks, first instituted by our saint, was, in the ninth century, at its height of glory.

*23. 1824.—MR. ANGERSTEIN'S GALLERY OF PICTURES PURCHASED BY GOVERNMENT.

We cannot but hail with pleasure this first step towards forming a 'NATIONAL GALLERY OF PICTURES,' so long a desideratum in this country. This gallery is now open to the public, in the house of the late Mr. Angerstein, in Pall Mall, where it is understood it will remain for the present.

In reference to this national collection, we subjoin the following lines descriptive of the productions of some master-painters, which will ever be the theme of our admiration.

There rose a *Carlo Dolce* or a *Titian*,
Or wilder group of savage *Salvatore's*;
Here danced *Alfano's* boys, and here the sea shore
In *Vernet's* ocean lights; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, by *Spagnoletto*——

* * *

Here sweetly spread a landscape of *Lorraine*;
There *Rembrandt* made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy *Caravaggio's* gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic Anchorite:—
But, lo! a *Teniers* woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a lovelier sight:
His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish
Or Dutch with thirst—What ho! a flask of Rhenish.

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25.—ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, *or* LADY-DAY.

This day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting our Blessed Lord. She was, probably, an only child, and but fifteen years of age when espoused to Joseph. She died A.D. 48, being about sixty years old.—For an interesting account of the *festa* of the Annunciation as observed at Rome on this day, see T. T. for 1823, p. 63, and a description of some *Spanish* customs, in our last volume, p. 71.

27.—PALM SUNDAY.

In the missals, this day is denominated *Dominica in ramis Palmarum*, or Palm Sunday, and was so called from the palm branches and green boughs formerly distributed on that day, in commemoration of our Lord's riding to Jerusalem[1].

On *Palm Sunday*, observes a lively writer in the New Monthly Magazine, boys and girls (youths and maidens have now-a-days got above so childish a practice) may be met early in the morning, in blithe, but breakfastless companies, sallying forth towards the pretty outlets about Hampstead and Highgate, on the one side the water, and Camberwell and Clapham on the other—all of which they innocently imagine to be 'the country'—there to sport away the pleasant hours till dinner-time, and then return home with joy in their hearts, endless appetites in their stomachs, and bunches of the sallow willow with its silken bloom-buds in their hands, as trophies of their travels.—*The Months*, No. IV.

[1] The ceremonies observed at Rome on this day are fully described in T. T. for 1822, pp. 69-71; see also T. T. for 1821, p. 96, for a custom in Lincolnshire; and T. T. for 1822, p. 68, for the usual observance of this day in Yorkshire. A description of the ceremonies observed by the Latin Church at *Jerusalem* on this day, may be seen in T. T. for 1823, p. 62.—For an account of Palm Sunday in *Spain*, and the ceremonies on Wednesday in Passion Week, see our last volume, pp. 92-94.

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*30. 1824.—REV. T. MAURICE DIED, ÆT. 70.

He was Assistant-Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum: in this national establishment he received the appointment of Assistant Librarian in the year 1798. His 'Indian Antiquities,' and 'Ancient and Modern History of Hindoostan,' are lasting monuments of his fame as a historian; while his translation of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' his 'Westminster Abbey,' 'Grove Hill,' 'Netherby,' and various other poems, place him in an equally exalted situation among the votaries of the Muse. Of the works of this voluminous, but acute and learned writer, we have not space even to give a list; we shall refer our readers, therefore, (as Mr. Maurice has been his own biographer) to his well-written and very amusing 'Memoirs,' the first part of which was printed in the year 1819, and the second in 1820.

31.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

This day is called, in Latin, *dies Mandati*, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson. This practice was long kept up in the monasteries. After the ceremony, liberal donations were made to the poor, of clothing and of silver money; and refreshment was given them to mitigate the severity of the fast.—On this day, called *Shere* or *Maundy* Thursday, it was a custom, both in this and other countries, for the king and queen, persons of high estate, and the abbots of religious houses, to perform their Maundy—that is, to *wash the feet* of a certain number of poor people, originally *twelve*, in imitation of our Saviour's washing the feet of his disciples. The kings and queens of England, indeed, increased the number, and usually washed the feet of as many persons as they themselves were years old, or had reigned. They afterwards gave them meat, clothing, and a little bag of small money. A relic of this custom is still preserved at St. James's on this day:—See T. T. for 1821, pp. 96-98.

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King James was the last of our kings who washed the feet of the poor people in person; and King William III, the first of our sovereigns who deputed this ceremony to his almoner.

From the Earl of Northumberland's household book, begun in 1512, we find that he kept his Maundy, if at home, for as many poor men as he was years of age. Wolsey, also, in 1530, performed the same ceremony at the abbey of Peterborough, while on a journey to the North. 'Upon Palme Sunday,' says Cavendish, 'he bare his palme, and went in procession, with the monks setting forth the divine service right honorably, with such singing men as he then had there of his own. And upon Maundy Thursday, he made his Maundy there, in our Lady's chapel, having *fifty-nine* poor men whose feet he washed and kissed; and, after he had wiped them, he gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings[1].'

Maundy is likewise used at the present day in the Greek church. See T. T. for 1815, p. 87. The modern ceremonies at *Rome* on this day are described in T. T. for 1822, pp. 91-94; and a very interesting account of the catholic ordinances at *Seville* will be found in our last volume, pp. 95-100.

* MARCH 1746. JAMES PEARSON BORN,

The celebrated glass-stainer. By dint of chemical discoveries which had defied the most universally acknowledged geniuses in the art of glass-staining, he discovered a series of colours the most beautiful imagination can conceive, the effect of which may be witnessed in many public works he has scattered

[1] See *Mr. Ellis's Original and Royal Letters from Autographs in the British Museum*, vol. ii, p. 25; and a curious letter respecting Queen Catherine of Arragon 'keeping her Maundy,' in p. 27 of the same volume.

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throughout England. His principal paintings are—The windows of Salisbury Cathedral; Brazen-nose College, Oxford; Whitechapel Church; and St. Botolph's Church, Little Britain. The miscellaneous subjects he has painted are innumerable, which he occasionally exhibits in London; together with a superb set of *The Cartoons of Raffaelle*, painted on glass by his late wife. Their beauties are likely to last as long as Time itself, as every effort of his pencil is *vitrified*.

Astronomical Occurrences

In MARCH 1825.

OH, that our youthful readers would *early* direct their eyes to the spangled canopy of heaven, and, as the orient beams of morning first gild the mountain tops, in the ardour of true devotion, exclaim with the poet—

> Oh! to be pure as morning light,
> First issuing from the solar spring,
> Ere it is sullied in its flight
> By touch of any earthly thing.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Aries at 19 m. after 9 on the evening of the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets during the same period as in the following Table. The times for any intermediate days must be found by proportion as already directed.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

March	1st,	Sun rises	35 m. after	6.	Sets 25 m. past 5
	6th,	.....	25	6	..... 35 5
	11th,	.....	15	6	..... 45 5
	16th,	.....	5	6	..... 55 5
	21st,	.....	55	5	..... 5 6
	26th,	.....	45	5	..... 15 6
	31st,	.....	35	5	..... 25 6

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Equation of Time.

When the true or mean time is required at any place, and that indicated by a good sun dial is known, the latter must be corrected as specified in the following Table; employing proportion to find the corrections for the intermediate days.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

	m.	*s.*
Tuesday, March 1st, to the time by the dial *add*	12	39
Sunday, ... 6th, ...	11	33
Friday, ... 11th, ...	10	16
Wednesday, ... 16th, ...	8	52
Monday, ... 21st, ...	7	23
Saturday, ... 26th, ...	5	51
Thursday ..... 31st, ...	4	18

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon,	4th day, at	21 m. after	9 in the evening
Last Quarter,	11th, ...	26	2 in the afternoon
New Moon, ..	19th, ...	23	4 .....
First Quarter,	27th, ...	10	3 .....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon will afford opportunities for observation this month, should the weather at the respective times prove favourable; viz.

March	1st, at	12 m. after	9 in the evening
	2d, ..	8	10 .....
	3d, ..	4	11 .....
	11th, ..	34	5 in the morning
	12th, ..	28	6 .....
	13th, ..	21	7 .....
	14th, ..	10	8 .....
	15th, ..	56	8 .....
	26th, ..	16	5 in the evening
	27th, ..	11	6 .....
	28th, ..	6	7 .....
	29th, ..	1	8 .....
	30th, ..	55	8 .....
	31st, ..	49	9 .....

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TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
March 1st, at	45 m. after	10	12 m. after	11
6th, ..	5	3	25	3
11th, ..	47	6	18	7
16th, ..	57	11	0	0
21st, ..	1	3	16	3
26th, ..	2	6	28	6
31st, ..	4	11	0	0

The time of high water at several other places may be found as directed at page 24 of the present volume.—One of the most remarkable high tides which happen this year will take place about the 6th of the present month; and if assisted by a strong wind which favours the accumulation of the waters, it may do considerable damage on some parts of the coast.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The phases of this beautiful planet bear the following proportion to each other, and to the whole disk; and her brightness is now rapidly increasing.

March 1st, { Illuminated part = 6·59071
Dark part ..... = 5·40929

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies will be visible at the Royal Observatory this month, and are recorded in *mean* time corresponding to that place.

Emersions.

First Satellite,	3d day, at	40 m. 50 s. after	2 in the morning
	4th	9 .. 29	9 in the evening
	11th	4 .. 2	11 night
	19th	58 .. 42	0 morning
	20th	27 .. 22	7 in the evening
	26th	53 .. 27	2 in the morning
	27th	22 .. 8	8 in the evening
Second Satellite,	4th	36 .. 10	0 in the morning
	12th	13 .. 33	3 .....
	22d	10 .. 4	7 in the evening
	29th	47 .. 22	9 .....

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Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

March 10th,	with ☽ in Scorpio, at	0 m. after	1 in the morning
13th,	.... G. Sidus.....	0	9 in the evening
23d,	.... Venus.....	0	7 .....
23d,	.... ☽ in Aries.....	0	8 .....

Venus will attain her greatest elongation on the 8th of the present month; Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at a quarter past 6 in the morning of the 27th; and Jupiter will be stationary on the 30th.

The planet Jupiter is a prominent feature in the aspect of the starry heavens during this month; and, therefore. the introduction of the following beautiful lines on this subject needs no apology.

To the PLANET JUPITER.

I looked on thee, JOVE, till my gaze
Sank, smote from the pomp of thy blaze;
For in heaven, from the sunset's red throne
To the zenith—thy rival was none.

From thy orb rushed a torrent of light,
That made the stars dim in thy sight,
And the half-risen moon seemed to die,
And leave thee the realm of the sky.

I looked on the ocean's broad breast—
The purple was pale in the west;
But down shot thy long silver spire,
And the waves were like arrows of fire.

I turned from the infinite main,
And thy light was the light of the plain;
'Twas the beacon that blazed on the hill—
Thou wert proud, pure, magnificent still.

A cloud spread its wing over heaven,
By the shaft of thy splendour 'twas riven,
And I saw thy bright front through it shine,
Like a god from the depth of his shrine.

But, planet of glory and awe,
It was not thy lustre I saw,
For my soul was absorbed in the night
When last I had gazed on thy light.

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I thought of the hand I had held,
Of the heart by that soft hand revealed,
Of the eye fixed with mine on thy beam,
And the world was forgot in my dream.

Flame on then, thou king of the sky,
For thy brightness is joy to my eye;
For this hour thou art beaming above
The home of my wife and my love.

REV. G. CROLY.

The Naturalist's Diary

For MARCH 1825.

There is a stir abroad in earth and sky.
The busy clouds, now huddling, now dispersing,
Seem with the windy messengers conversing.
The landscape is alive; the shadows fly,
Coursed o'er the uplands by the hunter breeze.
The shifting lights are colour to the eye,
Clothing with warmth the sober scenery,
The russet corn-lands and the crisp, bare trees.
A dotting scarce perceptible, thrown out
In tints of livelier brown, on hedge and bough,
Gives mystic signs. A spirit is about,
Felt through all Nature's veins; and all things now,
Swelling with vernal hope, are ready quite,
Waiting His word, who said, Let there be light[1].

THE winds of March, which come careering over our fields and roads and pathways, although 'cutting winds' to the invalid, are highly beneficial, as they tend to dry up the damps that the thaws had let loose, and the previous frosts had prevented from sinking into the earth;—and they 'pipe to the spirit ditties,' the words of which tell tales of the forthcoming flowers. The general face of Nature is not much changed in appearance since we left it in February; though its internal economy has made an important step in advance. The sap is alive in the seemingly sleeping trunks that every where surround us, and is beginning to mount slowly to its destina-

[1] *The Star in the East*, with other Poems, by Josiah Conder, 12mo, 1824; one of the many volumes of 'genuine poetry' which modern times have produced.

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tion; and the embryo blooms are almost visibly struggling towards light and life, beneath their rough, unpromising outer coats—unpromising to the idle, the unthinking, and the inobservant; but to the eye that 'can see Othello's visage in his mind,' bright and beautiful, in virtue of the brightness and the beauty that they cover, but not conceal.—Now, too, the dark earth becomes soft and tractable, and yields to the kindly constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life—crumbling to the touch, that it may the better clasp in its fragrant bosom the rudiments of that gay but ephemeral creation which are born with the Spring, only 'to run their race rejoicing' into the lap of Summer, and there yield up their sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrine of that Nature, the spirit of which is endless constancy growing out of endless change.—*The Months*, No. III.

The melody of birds now gradually swells upon the ear. The throstle, second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays. The linnet and the goldfinch join the general concert in this month, and the golden-crowned wren begins its song. The *lark*, also, must not be forgotten:

> The gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The Sun ariseth in his majesty:
> Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
> The cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

'Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a knowledge of the small compass of our prison.'—*Duchess of Malfy.*

Now is the time (says the elegant writer just quoted) to sow the seeds of most of the *annual* flowering plants; particularly of those which we all know and love—such as *sweet-pea*, the most feminine of

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flowers—that must have a kind hand to tend its youth, and a supporting arm to cling to in its maturity, or it grovels in the dust, and straggles away into an unsightly weed; and *mignonette*, with a name as sweet as its breath—that loves 'within a gentle bosom to be laid,' and makes haste to die there, lest its white lodging should be changed; and *larkspur*, trim, gay, and bold—the gallant of the garden; and *lupines*, blue and yellow and rose-coloured, with their winged flowers hovering above their starry leaves: and a host of others, that we must try to characterize as they come in turn before us.—Now, if the weather be mild, we have the bulbous-rooted flowers—the *tulip*, beautiful as the panther, and as proud, standing aloof from its own leaves; and the rich *hyacinth*, clustering like the locks of Adam; and the myriad-leaved anemone; and *narcissus*, pale and passion-stricken at the sense of its own sweetness.—Now, too, the *tender green of Spring* first begins to peep forth from the straggling branches of the hedge-row elder, the trim lilac, and the thin threads of the stream-enamoured willow—the first to put on its spring-clothing, and the last to leave it off. And if we look into the kitchen-garden, there too we shall find those *forest-trees in miniature*, the gooseberries and currants, letting their leaves and blossoms, both of a colour, look forth together, hand-in-hand, in search of the April sun before it arrives. It will be well if these early adventurers forth do not encounter a cutting easterly blast; or, still worse, a deceitful breeze that tempts them to its embraces by its milder breath, only to shower diseases upon them. But if they *will* be out on the watch for Spring before she calls them, they must be content to take their chance.

> How beautiful upon this verdant bank
> The sunshine slumbers! how the vernal trees
> Expand their foliage fresh and young! how clear
> Through yonder vale glitters the silver stream!

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How pleasant 'tis to mark the labouring ploughs
Traverse the field, and leave a sable track,
While merrily behind the driver stalks,
Whistling in thoughtless vacancy of mind;
The small *birds*, as it were a holiday,
Sing forth, with carol sweet, from every bough;
And larks, ascending to the clear blue sky,
Suffuse the air with music. D. M. MOIR.

The *birds*, indeed, are for once in the year as busy as the *bees* are always. They are getting their houses built, and seeing to their household affairs, and concluding their family arrangements—that when the summer and the sunshine are fairly come, they may have nothing to do but teach their children the last new modes of flying and singing, and be as happy as—birds, for the rest of the year. Now, therefore, as in the last month—they have but little time to sing to each other; and the *lark* has the morning sky all to himself.

The SKYLARK.

When day's bright banner, first unfurled,
From darkness frees the shrouded world,
The skylark, singing as he soars,
On the fresh air his carol pours.
But tho' to heaven he wings his flight,
As if he loved those realms of light,
He still returns with weary wing
On earth to end his wandering.

Aspiring bird! in thee I find
An emblem of the youthful mind,
Whose earliest voice, like thine, is giv'n
To notes of joy that mount to heaven;
But, fettered by the toils of life,
Its sordid cares, its bitter strife—
It feels its noble efforts vain,
And sadly sinks to earth again.

Literary Gazette.

About the commencement of this month, the blossoms of the yew-tree (*taxus baccata*) make their appearance, reminding us that 'in the midst of life we are in death;' and that even in our gayest moments, and at the opening of our brightest prospects, we

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should ever bear in mind that He who gave us our being requires us to surrender it at His pleasure.

To the YEW-TREE.

When Fortune smiled, and Nature's charms were new,
I loved to see the oak majestic tower,—
I loved to see the apple's painted flower,
Bedropt with pencilled tints of rosy hue;
Now, more I love thee, melancholy Yew,
Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave
Above the peasant's rude unhonoured grave,
Which oft thou moistenest with the morning dew.
To thee the sad, to thee the weary fly;
They rest in peace beneath thy sacred gloom,
Thou sole companion of the lonely tomb;
No leaves but thine in pity o'er them sigh:
Lo! now to fancy's gaze thou seem'st to spread
Thy shadowy boughs to shroud me with the dead.

LEYDEN.

Each succeeding week pours forth fresh beauties from the lap of Flora, and furnishes the botanist with new sources of delight. Golden tufts of *crocuses*, expanding their corollas to receive the genial warmth of the sun, interspersed with pink and blue hepaticas, and the garden daisy, with its little tufts of crimson velvet, united with the blossoms of last month, greatly ornament our flower borders.

Yet, all beneath th' unrivalled rose,
The lowly DAISY sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade. BURNS.

Our little modest friend, the Alpine wall-cress (*aratis alpina*) has not yet forsaken us, and, though in external beauty it must yield the palm to the more gaudy flowers of Flora's train, yet it is endeared to us from the recollection that it enlivened our walks in the severity of winter, when the rude blasts of Boreas continued to blow with undiminished rigour. The mezereon is putting forth its leaves, and the blossoms of the peach and nectarine trees (*amygda-*

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lus) are now open. But we have forgotten the fair *primrose*, showing itself yet fairer from the early season of its appearance; peeping forth even from the retreating snows of winter: it forms a happy shade of distinction between the delicate snowdrop and the flaming crocus.

The PRIMROSE.

I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower—
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root, to roof the cave,
With Gothic fret-work sprung,
Whence jewelled fern[1], and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,
From an old tree's fallen shell,
A little rill, that clipt about
The Lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,
She seemed to sit and look
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid;
She dwelt alone, a cloistered nun,
In solitude and shade.

No sun-beam on that fairy pool
Darted its dazzling light;
Only, methought, some clear cold star
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes

[1] The flowers of the *osmunda regalis*, or flowering-fern, are set like two rows of jewellery on the under sides of the leaves. This elegant plant blows in July and August, and is generally found on or about the boles and twisted roots of old trees.

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That slight dear Nature's loveliness
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I looked and lingered there,
Absorbed in still delight;
My spirits drank deep quietness
In with that quiet sight. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Protected from the inclemency of the weather by our green-houses, roses, hyacinths, heliotropes, and geraniums, are now in full blossom, regaling the senses with their varied hues and rich perfumes, and affording to the eye of contemplation the lively picture of a virtuous mind, which, sheltered by the walls of a good conscience, is able to withstand the keen blasts of affliction, or the more destructive blights of slander, and, under the smiles of an approving GOD, blooms with redoubled freshness, shedding its balmy sweets on all around. Yet, amid this attractive scene of beauty, will thoughts, like those of the poet, occasionally present themselves to the reflective mind.

The flowers of Spring are beautiful,
And well their sight may cast
Before our visions, fresh and full,
The memory of the past.

The spirit alters: ne'er again
Will 'life' restore the hours
Of innocence, when, free from pain,
Our day was like the flowers. D. M. MOIR.

Daffodils, yellow auriculas, coltsfoot, with its brilliant golden and sometimes pink or silvery stars, and hounds-tongue, are in blossom about the middle of the month. To America we are indebted for a species of *cowslip* which flowers in March, and whose beautiful rose-coloured blossoms, growing in thick branches in the form of a cone, now add greatly to the beauty of our gardens. Whilst our attention is attracted by the more gaudy strangers which obtrude themselves on our observation, we must not fail to notice that emblem of virtue in retirement, the modest *violet*, which makes its appearance this

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month, and perfumes the air with its delicious odour. The character of the violet has been well exemplified in that little French motto '*Il faut me chercher*,' so justly applied to this flower. Violets have been the favourite theme of the poets, who have named them 'honours of the flowery meads,' and 'pretty daughters of the earth and sun.' They are also thus apostrophized:—

> Sweet *violets*, that spread
> Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
> Within your paly faces,
> Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind
> That plays amidst the plain.

In this month, black ants are observed; the blackbird and the turkey lay; and house pigeons sit. The greenfinch sings; the bat is seen flitting about; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan *(sylvia œnanthe)*, again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. Those birds which have passed the winter in England now take their departure for more northerly regions; as the fieldfare, the red-wing, and the woodcock.

On the 20th, the vernal equinox takes place, and all nature feels her renovating sway, and seems to rejoice at the retreat of winter.

The general or great flow of *sap* in most trees takes place in this month; this is preparatory to the expanding of the leaves, and ceases when they are out. The *ash* now puts forth its grey buds; and the *hazel* and the *willow* exhibit some signs of returning life in their silky enfolded catkins.

> Now hazel catkins, and the bursting buds
> Of the fresh willow, whispered 'spring is coming;'
> And bullfinches forth flitting from the woods,
> With their rich silver voices; and the humming
> Of a new wakened bee that passed; and broods
> Of ever-dancing gnats, again consuming,
> In pleasant sun-light, their regiven time;
> And the germs swelling in the red shoots of the lime:

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All these were tell-tales of far brighter hours,
That had been, and again were on their way;
The breaking forth of green things, and of flowers,
From the earth's breast; from bank and quickening spray
Dews, buds, and blossoms; and in woodland bowers,
Fragrant and fresh, full many a sweet bird's lay,
Sending abroad, from the exultant spring,
To every living heart a gladsome welcoming.
Howitt's Forest Minstrel.

About the middle of the month, the red currant is in leaf. The buds of the red lilac appear, and the leaves of the thornless rose and of the hawthorn are gradually becoming determinate. The *field daisy* is now seen scattered over dry pastures.—See a beautiful poem by *Mr. Montgomery*, in our last volume, p. 87.

The *planting* and *sowing* of FOREST TREES is generally concluded in this month. The mixing of fir-trees with oaks (except in very sheltered situations) is now frequently adopted by the planter. From a variety of experiments made under the direction of the Commissioners of his Majesty's WOODS and FORESTS, and LAND REVENUES[1], it appears that where oaks have been mixed with firs, the former have derived so much benefit from the shelter afforded by the latter, that in almost all cases the oaks have so far outgrown their neighbours as completely to obviate any objections that might be made to the planting of firs on account of their supposed injury to the beauty of the forest scenery. The most watchful attention, however, will be required to thin out the firs, before they either overgrow the oaks, or draw them up to a height disproportioned to the strength of the stem, and such thinnings must be executed in the first instance, without regard being had to the whole of the produce, which, for a few years, would probably not defray their expenses.

[1] Fourth Triennial Report of the Commissioners, fol. 1823.

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We have much pleasure in stating, that in consequence of the very active measures taken by the Commissioners, within the last few years, for the improvement of the Royal Forests, and of the *purchase of Freehold Lands applicable to the growth of oak*, the whole extent of land belonging to the Crown, now actually in timber or young plantations, amounts to 51,627 acres; and from some new inclosures to be made in New, Dean, and Woolmer Forests, it is expected that 11,000 acres may yet be added to this amount.

Such are the beneficial results (as it respects *the growth of Navy Timber*) of the science and industry displayed by the Commissioners in the execution of the important task committed to their care. Having carefully perused their different triennial Reports, we cheerfully give our humble testimony to their meritorious and unceasing labours for the attainment of this great national object.

The Commissioners, however, have not confined their attention to matters of utility *only:* with a view of ultimately restoring and perpetuating the scenery and enjoyment to the public of the Royal Parks of *Richmond, Hampton-Court, Bushy,* and *Greenwich,* they have caused a special survey to be made of these parks; and a great number of the trees being found to be in a state of progressive, and many of them of rapid decay, a competent sum of money is now annually appropriated towards stocking them with young and growing trees. In *Windsor Great Park,* plantations to a considerable extent had been made by the command and under the direction of his late Majesty, and these have been recently extended under the direction of the Commissioners. In *Hyde Park* also similar improvements have been made by the Ranger, under the direction of the Lords of the Treasury.

Among the magnificent ornaments of our metropolis, commenced under the auspices of his pre-

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sent Majesty, while Regent, the REGENT'S PARK ranks high in point of utility as well as beauty, and is an invaluable addition to the comforts and the pleasures of those who reside in the north-west quarter of London. It is no small praise to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to say, that this Park is under their especial direction; and although, from the various difficulties they have necessarily encountered, they have not been enabled to carry into execution every part of their intended plan, they have done enough to entitle them to the lasting thanks of a grateful public. A *park* like a *city* is not made *in a day;* and to posterity it must be left fully to appreciate the merits of those who designed and superintended this delightful metropolitan improvement[1].

In March, trouts begin to rise, and blood worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm is found at the bottom of drains and ditches (see T. T. for 1823, p. 85), and the water-flea may be seen gliding about upon the surface of sheltered pools.—See our last volume, p. 88.

The equinoctial gales are usually most felt, both by sea and land, about this time.

The smelt begins to ascend rivers to spawn, when they are taken in great abundance. The gannets or Soland geese resort in March to the Hebrides, and other rocky isles of North Britain, to make their nests and lay their eggs.

Black beetles may now be observed flying about in the evening; and bats issue from their places of concealment. Roach and dace float near the sur-

[1] See a *plan* of the Regent's Park in the *Fourth Triennial Report* of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; and to this valuable document we must refer for much important information respecting the *New Street*, and the great improvement in the Revenues of the Crown, since the Estates have been under the direction of the Commissioners:—but this is nothing to the *prospective increase* in the amount of the rents, which (graces à Messrs. Arbuthnot, Adams, and Dawkins) is said to be *immense!*

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face of the water, and sport about in pursuit of insects. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale *(crambe maritima)* now begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew-tree expand and discharge their farina. Sparrows are busily employed in forming their nests. Young otters are produced, and young lambs are yeaned this month.

About the end of March, a brimstone-coloured butterfly *(papilio rhamni)* appears.

The ENFRANCHISED; *or the* BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight:

Where the sun-beams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then, tasting new pleasure
In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh-opened flowers;

Or delighted to hover
Around them to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest:

And there dost betake thee
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sun-beams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

New Monthly Magazine.

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DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from page 60.]

BEET (*beta vulgaris*).—This root takes its name from the form of its seed vessel, which, when swollen with seed, assumes the form of the second letter of the Greek alphabet. It is a native of the sea coast of the southern parts of Europe. The *green-leaved* sort is the most esteemed, the roots being the largest and tenderest. The larger the roots grow, the tenderer they will be; and the deeper their colour, the more they are esteemed. The roots of the red beet are sliced, and eaten cold by themselves, and in salads, or boiled and baked. In Holland, a great deal of this esculent root is used by the common people, and it is hawked about the streets ready boiled. Beet root is also used in comfitures, to garnish dishes, and as a pickle. This species is frequently sown with carrots, parsnips, or onions; but unless those crops can be removed in time, it will be better to sow the beet separately. It requires a deep, light soil, and the seeds should be sown in March, but the plants should not be left nearer than a foot apart. They will be fit for use in autumn, and continue good all the winter. The seed will ripen in September, when the stalks should be cut off, and spread on mats to dry, and afterwards threshed, cleaned, and put up in bags for use.

The white beet (*beta cicla*) is principally cultivated for its leaves and stalks, the former being boiled as spinach, or put into soups; and the latter, with the mid-rib of the leaf, being eaten as asparagus. Upon the continent, the beet is never served without having been previously boiled or baked under hot ashes, or in an oven. A good sugar may be obtained from the juice of the fresh roots, which led Buonaparte, when he refused admission to co-

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lonial products into France, to hope that he should be enabled to extract sugar enough out of this plant to supply his then extensive empire. He was disappointed, and was well ridiculed in one of the caricatures of the time, representing his son, the then infant king of Rome, in the lap of his nurse, nibbling at a large beet root, with this motto—'*Mangez, mangez mon roi, votre papa dit que c'est du sucre.* Eat, eat on, my king; your papa says it is sugar!'

The variety called *mangold-würzel* also affords sugar, and is much esteemed for feeding cattle.

BROCCOLI.—*See* CABBAGE.

BRUSSELS' SPROUTS.—*See* CABBAGE.

CABBAGE (*brassica oleracea*).—This most useful vegetable may be found wild upon the southern shores of Great Britain. It may also be seen in great profusion along the base of the cliffs below the castle at Dover, and is particularly interesting to the botanist, as the parent of the long list of cultivated cabbages, kale, broccoli, and cauliflower. Throughout the winter season, many of the common people use this primary cabbage as a pot herb. By some persons, early in the spring, this sea cabbage, or kale, is preferred to the cultivated sorts, but it requires to be boiled in two waters to take away the saltness.—*See* SEA-KALE.

The varieties of the cabbage may be reduced into three general divisions. The *first* comprehends those which grow in the natural way, without forming the leaves or stalks into a head, such are the sea cabbage, kale, or wild colewort, already named, the green colewort, the borecoles, and the turnip cabbage. This may be again divided into the wild cabbage with broad leaves, and an even stem; the turnip cabbage, with broad leaves and a protuberant stem; and the borecoles, with fine cut leaves and an even stem. The *second* division includes all that form the leaves into a head, as the white and red cabbages,

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and the savoys. This takes in all the cabbages commonly so called; as the red, the numerous varieties of the white, the sugar loaf, the foreign musk, the small Russia, the large sided, the early, the flat-topped, the Yorkshire, Scotch, American, and all those with crimpled leaves. The *third* contains those which form their stalk into a head, as the cauliflower, and the different varieties of broccoli. The common *colewort* is indeed the best able to resist the cold in severe winters, but is not good till pinched by frost, and, during open winters, is quite useless. The sugar-loaf kind will furnish the sweetest vegetables yet known, from December till April. The heading cabbage is chiefly cultivated for pickling; the common white, flat, long sided, and savoy, for winter use. The *musk* cabbage, now almost lost, is one of the best sorts. It may be known by its agreeable musky scent, and the crispness and tenderness of the leaves. The early and sugar-loaf sort are generally sown for summer use, and are commonly called *Michaelmas cabbages*. Sow them at the end of July, when they have got eight leaves, prick them into beds, transplant them for good in October, weed and earth them up in April, and in May they will be fit for use. The white cabbage is the most putrescible, and the red the most emollient. The Germans cut cabbages in pieces, and, with some aromatic herbs and salt, press them close in a tub, where they soon ferment, and are then eaten under the name of *sour krout*. In this state they are recommended as a preservative against the sea scurvy, and are undoubtedly beneficial. The *colewort* seeds should be sown in July, in an open spot of ground, and transplanted as soon as the leaves are two or three inches broad into rows a foot asunder, and six inches distant in the rows; which may be drawn alternately for coleworts, and the remainder left to cabbage. To continue them for spring drawing, they should be sown again at the be

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ginning of August. The white, red, and flat long-sided cabbages must be sown at the end of March, in good fresh earth. In May, when they have eight leaves, transplant them into shady borders, and finally remove them in June to where they are to remain. Some of them will be fit for use soon after Michaelmas, and in moderate winters will continue so till February. The savoys require the same treatment, but are the better for being pinched by frost.

Cabbages of all sorts, says the merrily-erudite annotator upon the Tabella Cibaria, playing a principal part in the porridge and other dishes, and holding eminent situations among the *dramatis personæ*, from the first act to the catastrophe, in the entertainment of a good dinner, deserve to be particularly mentioned. The Romans are said to have brought into France the use of the green and red ones, which they had received from Egypt. But, upon looking more intimately into the case, it appears that the white brassica migrated from the northern regions to Italy. Indeed, the horticular art of obtaining that round and close form, which distinguishes some species of this useful plant, does not seem to date farther back than the age of Charlemagne. The bigness and rotundity of that head gave origin to the name. *Cabus* from *caput*, and *cabbage*, evidently from *cabus*, with the Italian augmentative *accio* or *aggio*—cabbaggio.

The *red* cabbage stewed in veal broth is accounted upon the continent a specific cure against pulmonary complaints, and what is here called consumption. For this purpose red cabbage is especially cultivated in French kitchen gardens; to which, in the cooking, pistachios and calf's lights are added. This reminds us of an anecdote which passed current at the time we heard it: a young Roman catholic clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach a sermon upon a grand solemnity, at which the

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bishop of the diocese, a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by his clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the approbation of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence, meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal in the full blaze of his red paraphernalia. The simple and honest clergyman replied: 'Your eminence will cease to wonder, when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in my garden, and used to practise declamation before a plot of *white* cabbages, in the centre of which was a *red* one.'—A preferment was the reward of this witty answer.

There was a very curious superstition among the antients concerning this plant. Athenæus says they used to swear by 'the *prophetic* cabbage,' but why it was so called no one can discover. Eupolis, quoted by Athenæus, goes further: he introduces this friendly formula of compellation, 'By the *sacred* cabbage I do love you,' and suspects this oath to have been peculiar to Ionia. It is not very easy to guess why superstition should have been attached to one of the most vulgar plants of the kitchen garden: for what has the monstrous head of a cabbage to do with the godhead?

[To be continued.]

APRIL.

APRIL is derived from *Aprilis*, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth in this month begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

Remarkable Days

In APRIL 1825.

1.—GOOD FRIDAY.

HOLY Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its more antient and general appellation; the name

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Good Friday is peculiar to the English church.—It was observed as a day of extraordinary devotion. Buns, with crosses upon them, are usually eaten in London and some other places on this day, at breakfast[1].

1.—ALL *or* AULD FOOLS' DAY.

On this day every body strives to make as many fools as he can, and spoiled children make 'fools' of their mamas and papas; which is but fair, seeing that the said mamas and papas return the compliment during the rest of the year.—See T. T. for 1822, p. 90.

2.—EASTER EVE.

The resurrection is celebrated this morning by the Spanish Catholics, with an anticipation of nearly four and twenty hours, yet fasting is continued till midnight, the beginning of Sunday. The celebration of this festival at *Seville* is described in our last volume, p. 105.

3.—EASTER DAY.

Easter is styled by the fathers the highest of all festivals, the feast of feasts, the queen of festivals, and *Dominica Gaudii*, the joyous Sunday. A very singular custom formerly prevailed at Lostwithiel in Cornwall on this day: see T. T. for 1822, p. 103[2].

3.—RICHARD, *Bishop*.

Richard, surnamed *de Wiche*, from a place in Wor-

[1] A very curious account of the modern ceremonies at Rome, with a particular description of the *Illuminated Cross of St. Peter's*, may be seen in T. T. for 1822, pp. 94-99; and a description of the *penance* still performed at *Rome* on this day, and of the celebration of Good Friday at *Jerusalem* in 1820, in T. T. for 1823, pp. 66-68.—A notice of an antient custom in *Durham* Cathedral on Good Friday, and a full account of the ceremonies on this day in *Spain*, may be seen in our last volume, pp. 100-105.

[2] Of the splendid ceremonies at Rome on Easter Sunday, a particular account is given in T. T. for 1822, pp. 104-107. The ceremonies of the Greek church at *Jerusalem* are noticed in T. T. for 1823, pp. 71-74; as is also the Russian celebration of Easter in p. 70.—Some antient English customs on this day are described in our last volume, p. 107.

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cestershire where he was born, was educated at the Universities of Oxford and Paris. He was as remarkable for his learning and diligence in preaching, as he was for integrity.

4.—SAINT AMBROSE.

Our saint was born about the year 340, and was educated in his father's palace, who was Prætorian Præfect of Gaul. He converted the celebrated St. Augustine to the faith, and, at his baptism, composed that divine hymn, so well known in the church by the name of *Te Deum*. He died, aged fifty-seven.

4, 5.—EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

An account of some curious customs on these days in different parts of England will be found in T. T. for 1822, p. 107: see also our volume for 1823, p. 75. For an admirable picture of the *Easter week of a London holiday-maker*, see 'The Months,' No. IV, in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April 1824.

10.—LOW SUNDAY.

It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter-day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence this Sunday took the name of *Low Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree.

*13. 1824.—JANE TAYLOR DIED,

One of the contributors to the 'Associate Minstrels,' and authoress of 'Display,' and several other works of high reputation.

*17. 1756.—GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN, BORN.

*18. 1797.—RICHARD RYAN BORN,

Author of the Essay on Sacred Poetry at the commencement of this volume. He received part of his education at St. Paul's school. He was bred a bookseller by his father, who kept a large establishment in Oxford Street, for upwards of thirty years, but on his death, which happened in July 1818, the subject of this brief sketch quitted trade for pursuits more congenial to his genius and inclinations. He

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is the author of 'A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland,' in 2 thick vols. 8vo. 'Eight Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish: and other Poems;' and a volume published lately, entitled 'Poems on Sacred Subjects[1].'

From this last work we select the following, which we think our readers will admire, both for its unaffected piety and its uncommon harmony of versification.

When Twilight slowly spreads her veil
O'er Nature's world of earth and sea,
And orbs of light through æther sail,
Then, LORD, I'll breathe my prayers to thee.
At that still hour I'll seek some spot,
Where village hind hath never trod,
And there 'twill be my blissful lot
To search my heart, and praise my GOD.

Not kings, on whose imperial heads
The golden crowns of power rest,
Though blest with all that Nature sheds
For man's delight in East or West;—
Feel, 'mid their bright ephem'ral power,
One little minute like to him,
Who, at the silent twilight hour,
Breathes to the LORD his grateful hymn.

Many of our young author's effusions are (as might be conjectured) amatory; and the following light song, transcribed from an opera in MS. proves how agreeably he can indite ballads:—

'Twas a garden where Love was eternally straying,
Where Beauty came in as he ran wild about,
And just as his godship his gambols was playing,
She let fall the latch and he couldn't get out;
Fast to a rose-bush the gay maiden tied him,
In spite of each sweet little prayer he could say,
And, placing his bow and his quiver beside him,
She laughed at the god, and she rambled away.

Drear Winter came on, and its surliest weather
Soon withered young Love and the Rose of my song;
But when Summer shone round they sprang up together,
And Love was exhaled the sweet rose-tree among;

[1] He also edited and superintended the publication of the Hon. Col. Leycester Stanhope's Letters from Greece in 1823 and 1824.

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Revenged was the boy on this nymph of the bower,
For every light rose in a nosegay she wove;
And gave it—she found, in the very same hour,
What she'd given in *friendship* was taken as *love*.

As, however, beauties are more discernible when they have the good fortune to be surrounded by contrasts, we have thought it advisable to follow up this lively *chanson* by one of an opposite description, selected from the first volume of Poems Mr. R. ever published, and which we think admirably blends the beautiful with the pathetic.

Forget thee!—In my banquet halls,
Go ask my fellow men,
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then.
The midnight hours, with songs and wine,
I ever shared with thee;
The midnight hours, they still are thine,
And fatal memory.

Forget thee!—In the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye-beam's ray
Like thine—that makes me with its glance
Turn swift in tears away.
Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe
The verse, the poet's pen
Which each Parnassan sweet hath wreathed,
If I forget thee then?

Forget thee!—Oh! there is but *one*
Could from my memory chase
Each sweet charm I have gazed upon,
Each softly winning grace.
To be that one's my first, first vow,
I pledged with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now;
Thy rival, love,—*is death*.

Forget thee!—When my funeral urn
Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
And censers of aroma burn,
Exhaling at my feet:
When winds and storms careering sweep
Unheeded o'er my breast,
And cypress waves—then turn and weep,
And own my love's at rest.

He is the author of many anonymous pieces in

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both prose and verse, and the reader will find several of his poetic effusions (with his name attached thereto) scattered throughout our last and present volume. Tragedy, Farce, and Opera, have also proceeded from his pen, but not being possessed of that *interest* by which pieces are usually 'brought out,' the public have been saved the labour of forming a judgment of Mr. Ryan's abilities as a dramatic writer. We now conclude this brief notice, and think we cannot do better than take our leave in *poetry;* we therefore republish some lines of Mr. Ryan's on a domestic event, which appeared in an Irish paper of January 30, 1823.

LINES *to a* NEW-BORN INFANT.

You're welcome, my Babe, as your eyes hail the light,
Each feeling that's grateful is mine;
And if wishes can bring thee a life of delight,
Those wishes, my Babe, shall be thine.

Oh! once in a garden, a Dial I found,
And all its deep-sculptured hours
In Roses were bosomed, with blossoms were crowned,
And Time fled for ever 'mid flowers.

Obscured by these yielders of fragrance at night,
And as equally hid through the day,
Was this Dial—none by it could guess at the flight
Of old Time, as he wandered away.

Oh! thus, like the Dial, I'd see thy years steal,
And as laden with joy wish thy hours,
Or, if Time *would* be felt, I'd but wish thee to feel,
That his pathway, like thine, was through flowers.

*18. 1824.—EDWARD JONES DIED,

Bard to his Majesty as Prince of Wales; he was nearly the last of the race of Welsh Bards, and perhaps the most distinguished performer on the harp of his day. Mr. Jones was the author of many musical works, and of some publications of singular curiosity.

19.—SAINT ALPHEGE.

A native of England, Alphege was first Abbot of Bath, then Bishop of Winchester in the year 984, and twelve years afterwards, Archbishop of Canter-

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bury. After seven months' miserable imprisonment by the Danes, the good Archbishop was stoned to death at Greenwich.

*19. 1824.—LORD BYRON DIED, ÆT. 36!

As the various particulars of Lord Byron's life are so well known, and have been so often repeated (see particularly a Memoir in the *Mirror*, vol. iii, No. LXXXV, and a Supplementary No.), we shall not stop to enumerate them, but present our readers with an account of his last illness and death, as contained in a letter dated *Missolonghi*, *April* 28, from an intimate friend of his lordship's to the HON. COL. LEYCESTER STANHOPE, in his 'Letters from Greece in 1823 and 1824,' just published)[1]. Of the lamented subject of this Memoir, the writer says 'He had his frailties, but he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth virtues that redeemed them all: he was an only child, early an orphan, the world adopted him and spoiled him—his conceptions were so noble when his best elements were aroused, that we, his friends, considered it pure inspiration. He was violent and capricious, and two years since nothing gave him so much pleasure as *saving money*,

[1] *To the Hon. Col.* LEYCESTER STANHOPE, *on his Departure for Italy*, (Sept. 6, 1824.)

May healthful skies and breezes fair
Your light and wand'ring steps pursue,
And choicest fragrance fill the air,
That steals near you.

May sunny days and moonlit nights
The wanderer's happy portion be,
And hours winged with new delights
Run round for thee.

And in this clime should friends be thine,
Kind Heaven grant that they to thee
May ever prove as true—as mine
Are false to me.

And think, when borne before the wind,
And boundless waters round you shine,
One grateful heart you leave behind—
And it is mine!

R. RYAN.

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and he talked of nothing but its accumulation, and the power and respect it would be the means of obtaining for him; and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice, that his friends began to fear it would become his leading passion[1]. However, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety, and then grew weary. I was absent from him in Rome, when he wrote to me from Genoa, and said, "Trelawney, you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I can do nothing without you, and am exceedingly anxious to see you: pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece; 'tis the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing: they all say I can be of use to Greece; *I do not know how, nor do they*, but at all events let's go."—I, who had long despaired of getting him out of Italy, to which he had become attached from habit, indolence, and strong ties, lost not a moment: every thing was hurried on; and from the time he left Genoa, though twice driven back, his ruling passion became ambition of a name,—as great in glory as it was by his writings.

[1] This will account for the following extraordinary stanzas which appeared about this period. Speaking of the miser, he says—

He is your only poet:—passion, pure
And sparkling as from heap to heap, displays,
Possessed, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze;
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dies
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

The lands on either side are his: the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
His very cellars might be kings' abodes;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

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'He wrote a song lately on his birth-day, his 36th year, strongly exemplifying this, the most beautiful and touching of all his songs, and possessing a melancholy interest, as being the *last* production of his muse.

If thou regret thy youth, *why* live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.
Awake! *not* Greece, *she* is awake!
Awake! my Spirit.

'He died on the 19th of April, at 6 o'clock p. m.: the two last days he was altogether insensible—and died so—apparently without pain: from the first moment of his illness he expressed on this, as on all former occasions, his *dread* of pain and fearlessness of death: he talked chiefly of *Ada*, both in his sensible and insensible state. He had much to say and many directions to leave, as was manifest from his calling Fletcher, Tita, Ganita, and Parry to his bedside; his lips moved, but he could articulate nothing distinctly. "Ada—my sister—wife—say do you understand my directions?" said he to Fletcher. After muttering thus for half an hour about "say this to Ada"—"this to my sister"—and wringing his hand; "Not a word, my lord," said Fletcher.—"That's a pity," said he, "for 'tis now too late—for I shall die, or go *mad!*"—He then raved, and said—"I will not live a madman."—I know the reason of this fear he had of losing his senses; he had lately, on his voyage from Italy, read with deep interest Swift's life, and was always talking to me of his horrible fate.

'Lord Byron's malady was a rheumatic fever, brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes; its commencement was trifling: on the 10th he was taken ill—his doctors urged him to be bled, but this was one of his greatest prejudices—he abhorred bleeding. The medicine had not the desired effect—

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the fever gained rapid ground, and on the third day he submitted to be bled—but it was too late. Had he taken the advice of the medical men, he would assuredly have recovered in a few days. On opening the head a great quantity of blood was found upon the brain, which was a third larger than usual, and weighed four pounds; and the heart was remarkably large.'

Lord Byron's remains, with the exception of his *heart* left in Greece to be placed in a mausoleum, were brought to England, and have since been interred, at the particular request of his relatives, in the family vault at Hucknall, about eight miles west of Nottingham.—We close this painful subject with some stanzas by an elegant modern poet, which will be doubly acceptable to our readers; as they are now for the first time presented to the public.

The Lament for Byron.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh, Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended,
But left me that token of thee. *Hebrew Melodies.*

'Tis done—but yesterday alive,
And mingling with the brave;
And now what laurels shall survive
The triumph of the grave?
Is this the man whose giant fame
Spread o'er the world, like march of flame,
Could pride nor genius save?
The great, the wild, has fallen low,
Nor man nor mind could ward the blow!

* * *

Thanks for the lesson—it shall speak
Golden opinions now,—
That He is mighty, we are weak,
And dare not meet his brow;
That o'er our heads the fatal sword,
Dependent on his awful word,
Hangs like a falling bough;
Let but its single hair give way,
And—in an eye-flash—we are clay!

* * *

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Though o'er thy mortal mind
The thunderbolt has past,
And round thy form oblivion's blind
Its darksome shadows cast;
There is a glory that shall brave
The icy fetters of the grave,
And live through ev'ry blast;
The Spartan own'd Death's victory,
Yet lives, in proud Thermopylæ.

And Earth shall own that thou hast wrought
A tribute ne'er to fade;
From Fancy's loveliest regions brought,
From Genius' hallowed glade.
And they that *feel* shall hold thee dear,
Despite the sable clouds of fear,
That oft thy splendours shade;
The pale and lovely Queen of Night
Not always sails through seas of light.

Thine evil deeds—oh, write them brief,
And where the stain may fly,
Upon the sands, or on a leaf,
That with the flow'rets die;
But let thy glories live through all,
Mocking the coffin and the pall,
Like stars in heaven's blue sky:
Fair guides, bright wonders, not to wane,
Till the last trump shall sound again.

Proud spirit, rest! of life bereaved,
From dreams of glory hurled;
Rest, Poet rest, thou hast bequeathed
A proud gift to the world;—
And Freedom's self waves o'er thy name
As bright a flag as mortal fame
Hath often yet unfurled;
Whilst struggling Greece shall weep for thee
In her glad hour of victory.

1824. A. M. TEMPLETON, *Jun.*

23.—SAINT GEORGE.

The patron Saint of England.—See T.T. for 1821, p. 107. The King's birth-day is kept on this day, being his *name-day*, in imitation of the custom in catholic countries.

***23. 1824.—RICHARD PAYNE KNIGHT DIED.** He had the reputation of being one of the most

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eminent Greek scholars of his day, and was deeply conversant in all matters of literary antiquity and of *virtu*. Mr. Knight was also a poet; and, if his works exhibit no vigorous proofs of original genius, they at least display ease, learning, and taste. He has bequeathed his matchless collection of medals, drawings, and bronzes, worth at least £30,000, to the BRITISH MUSEUM. They include a single volume of drawings by the inimitable Claude, which was purchased for £1600, from a private individual, who, a short time previously, had given £3 for the same volume.

25.—SAINT MARK.

It is agreed by all that Mark was a Jew. Many of the Fathers relate, that he preached the Gospel in Egypt, and two of them call him Bishop of Alexandria. Many learned moderns think that he became a martyr, but no antient authors countenance the opinion. Bishop Tomline quotes a passage from St. Jerome, which implies that he died a natural death, in the eighth year of the Emperor Nero. The popular tradition is, that he was seized in his church during divine service, and dragged with ropes by a tumultuous populace through the streets of Alexandria, and along the rocky coast, till he expired. Some writers, but they are of no authority, affirm that his body was translated, with great pomp, to Venice. He is, however, well known as the tutelar saint and patron of that magnificent ruin.—*Protestant Beadsman.*

*25. 1595.—TORQUATO TASSO DIED.

Numerous and bitter as were his foes, they seem to have been unable to charge him justly with a single moral stain; and, amidst many sufferings, he was at least exempted from the most bitter of all evils, the anguish of remorse. His name may be added to that of the other worthies, who have found in the Christian doctrines a subject of faith and consolation, and in its precepts a rule of practice. The

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darkness of his fate had a tendency to turn his views beyond this world, as night which hides the earth reveals the sky. Uniting, as he did, the exercise of virtue to the ardour of devotion, the duties to his Creator and to his fellow men; we may hope, with his Italian biographers, that God, a bountiful remunerator, called him to himself, before his earthly coronation, to adorn him with a more true and incorruptible crown in the Heavenly Jerusalem.—See an interesting 'Life of Tasso' (p. cxliii) prefixed to the first volume of MR. WIFFEN'S Translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*.—This version is in the Spenserian stanza, and does equal credit to Mr. W.'s talents, both as a poet and as a scholar; it is replete with beautiful passages. We know not how to detach an *echantillon* from this splendid performance, and the limits of our work will not allow more than this;—we take the following at random.

The first specimen is from the 9th Canto, Stanza xxi, describing the attempt of Solyman to surprise the camp of the Christians: the sentinels having discovered the attacking Arabs, they wound

Their barbarous horns, and raised their yelling cry,
'Lillah il Allah!' to the well-known sound
Neighed all their steeds, earth rang as they rushed by:
Bellowed the mountains, roared the rifted sky,
Roared the deep vales; the abysses caught the tone,
And answered in drear thunder, whilst on high,
Alecto the blue torch of Phlegethon
Shook toward Zion hill, and signed its legions on.

* * *

His sabre never through the grisly shade
Falls but it smites, nor smites without a wound,
Nor wounds but straight it kills,——should more be said,
The truth would like romance or falsehood sound.
Pain he dissembles, or he has not found,
Or scorns the blows which feebler arms imprint;
Yet oft his burganet of steel rings round
Like loud alarm-bells, with the lively dint
Of pole-axe, spear, or sword, and sparkles like a flint.

* * *

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High as the soldan's helm, in scales of pearl,
With writhen neck, raised paws, outflying wings,
And tail rolled downward ending in a curl,
A rampant dragon grinned malignant things.
Its lips frothed poison, brandishing three stings,
You almost heard it hiss; at every stroke
Heaped on its crest, through all its burning rings
It seemed the monster into motion woke,
Spit forth its spiteful fire, and belched Tartareous smoke.

As a contrast to this stern battle-piece, we give a part of the exquisite description of the beautiful Armida, in Canto IV, Stanza xxix, &c. and regret that we have room only for a *part* of these fine stanzas.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
A form to fancy and to taste more dear!
At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,
At times, in bright relief they re-appear:
Thus, when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams,
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous sphere
Lights up the vales, flowers, mountains, leaves, and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form, the flowing winds amid,
The natural curls of her resplendent hair;
Her blue eye its soft glance withholds, and hid
Are all love's treasures with a miser's care;
The Rival Roses upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lovely lips, from whence the air
Of paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its whole voluptuous bloom in peerless beauty throws.

We look anxiously for the completion of the noble task which Mr. Wiffen has undertaken; and, when this shall be accomplished, we trust he will be induced to print an *additional volume*, including Tasso's smaller pieces, some valuable illustrations of his life, and specimens of a curious version by Turberville, the materials for which are already in his possession.—We cannot conclude our notice without congratulating Mr. Wiffen on the truly splendid style in which his book has been printed by Mr. Moyes;

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it is, indeed, as he justly observes, 'as perfect a specimen of *typographic beauty* as ever issued from the British press'—and is ornamented by some exquisite wood-engravings from the *burin* of a young artist of the name of WILLIAMS, which are not only executed in the very first style of the xylographic art, but, if we regard their extreme delicacy and beauty, seem to throw into shade the hitherto highly-prized productions of our most celebrated modern engravers.

*28. 1823.—WILLIAM GREEN DIED,

Author of the *best Guide to the Lakes* ever published, entitled, 'The Tourist's New Guide; containing a Description of the Lakes, Mountains, and Scenery in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire; with some account of their bordering towns and villages,' 2 vols. 8vo, 1822. He had lived twenty years at Keswick and Ambleside, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. He knew the retirements of the groves and woods as well as the stock-dove, and the cliffs and recesses of the fells as well as the ravines. It was the business of his life to study Nature; and his talents, perseverance, and enthusiasm, enabled him to pursue this study with complete success.

*APRIL 1824.—JOHN FEWSTER DIED,

A very respectable surgeon and apothecary at Thornbury. This gentleman is universally considered, in that neighbourhood, as the first person who noticed the effects of the vaccine virus. Many years past, a medical club was established at Thornbury, where gentlemen of that profession met each other, and communicated any fact or observation that had occurred in the course of their practice;—at one of these meetings, Mr. Fewster mentioned to the members present, that the hands of those persons who were employed in milking the cows in that great dairy neighbourhood contracted a complaint from the animal, appearing in the forms of pustules; and that persons so affected were not liable to the con-

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tagion of the small-pox. Mr. JENNER, of Berkley, a brother Æsculapius, being struck with the relation, requested Mr. F. to investigate this curious fact more narrowly by a course of experiments; this Mr. F. declined on account of professional occupations, but pressed Mr. Jenner to do so. Fortunately for mankind, the advice was not neglected; and, from the skill and perseverance of this gentleman (afterwards Dr. Jenner) the blessings of the vaccine virus were distributed through the earth.

Astronomical Occurrences

In APRIL 1825.

WHEN, during the fine evenings of this month, we survey the azure vault of heaven, we are sometimes tempted to accompany the poet in the flight of his imagination, and to exclaim,

> Look, how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Aries at 50 m. after 9 in the morning of the 20th of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

April 1st,	Sun rises	33	m. after	5.	Sets	27	m. after 6
6th,	.....	23	.....	5	.....	37	 6
11th,	.....	14	.....	5	.....	46	 6
16th,	.....	4	.....	5	.....	56	 6
21st,	.....	55	.....	4	.....	5	 7
26th,	.....	46	.....	4	.....	14	 7

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Equation of Time.

To convert the time as shown by a good sun-dial to that which should be indicated at the same moment by a well regulated clock, the corrections must be employed as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Friday, April 1st, to the time by the dial	*add*	3	59
Wednesday, 6th,		2	29
Monday, ...11th,		1	4
Saturday, ...16th, from the time by the dial	*subt.*	0	13
Thursday, ...21st,		1	21
Tuesday, ...26th,		2	18

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon, ...	3d day, at	23 m. after	6 in the morning
Last Quarter,	10th	9	7 .....
New Moon, ...	18th	20	9 .....
First Quarter,	25th	30	0 .....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon have been selected, as affording favourable opportunities of observing her this month, should the weather prove fine: viz.

April	9th, at	22 m. after	5 in the morning
	10th, ..	13	6 .....
	11th, ..	1	7 .....
	12th, ..	46	7 .....
	13th, ..	29	8 .....
	25th, ..	1	6 in the evening
	26th, ..	53	6 .....
	27th, ..	45	7 .....
	28th, ..	37	8 .....
	29th, ..	29	9 .....
	30th, ..	23	10 .....

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
April 1st, at	8 m. after	0	37 m. after	0
6th, ..	8	4	30	4
11th, ..	36	8	0	9
16th, ..	31	0	55	0
21st, ..	48	3	5	4
26th, ..	48	7	20	8

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The time for the intermediate days may be found very nearly by proportion, and the hour at various other places by means of the directions given under the head of Occurrences for January, in the present volume.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet now approaches her greatest brightness, which will take place on the 14th of the present month. On the 1st, the two phases will bear the following proportion to each other, and to the whole disk.

April 1st, { Illuminated part = 4.39821
Dark part .... = 7.60679

The brilliancy of Venus, during the greater part of this month, will be such, that she may often be seen in the daytime. Our youthful readers must not conclude that this planet is the brightest when she exhibits the greatest illuminated phase; for as her distance from the Earth, as well as her position with respect to that body and the Sun, varies greatly, her maximum brilliancy takes place when a little more than a fourth part of her diameter is enlightened. For the solution of this problem we must refer to T. T. for 1819, p. 51; where they will find that, under these circumstances, the illuminated part of the diameter is 3·1908.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be a great number of eclipses of these small bodies during this month; but only the following will be visible at the Royal Observatory, and consequently only these can be presented as affording our readers opportunities of observation in any part of the kingdom. They are recorded in mean apparent time at the first meridian.

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Emersions.

First Satellite,	3d day, at	16 m. 59 s.	after	11	at night
	11th	11 .. 52	.....	1	in the morning
	12th	40 .. 37	.....	7	in the evening
	19th	33 .. 33	.....	9	.....
	26th	30 .. 35	.....	11	at night
Second Satellite	5th	24 .. 35	.....		midnight
	30th	33 .. 35	.....	9	at night

Form of Saturn's Ring.

This Ring sometimes appears like a line across the body of the planet, and at others like an oval belt encompassing it, with an opening between the planet and the ring on each side. In this case the transverse axis of the ring is computed. When the sign + is affixed to the result, it implies that the upper or northern side of the ring is visible, while the — sign indicates, on the contrary, that it is the southern side that is seen.

April 1st, { Transverse axis = 1.000
Conjugate axis = — 0.485

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

April 6th,	with ☽ in Scorpio	at 0 m.	after	11	morning
10th, ...	G. Sidus	.. 0 ..	....	6	.....
20th, ...	☽ in Aries	.. 0 ..	....	2	.....
20th, ...	Mercury	.. 0 ..	....	4	.....

Mercury and Mars will be in conjunction with each other at 5 in the morning of the 8th of this month. Georgium Sidus will be in quadrature at half-past 12 on the night of the 9th. Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 22d; and Jupiter will be in quadrature at 15 m. after 2 in the morning of the 25th. G. Sidus will also be stationary on the same day; and Venus on the 27th.

Those who, far from the busy haunts of men, have been accustomed to indulge in lonely evening rambles during the moonlight evenings of this and the following month, must often have been struck with the calm serenity and beauty of the scene; and if at all susceptible of contemplation, must have had all

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the more turbulent emotions of the mind tranquilized into a silent and serene adoration of Him who spread out the heavens like a curtain. Who in such a situation but must have experienced something of the poet's feelings? though few could have expressed them with the simplicity, pathos, and beauty exhibited in the following

HYMN *to the* MOON.

How lovely is this silent scene!
How beautiful, fair lamp of night,
On stirless woods and lakes serene
Thou sheddest forth thy holy light;
With beam as pure, with ray as bright,
As Sorrow's tear from woman's breast,
When mourning over days departed,
That robbed her spirit of its rest,
And left her lone, and broken-hearted.

Refulgent pilgrim of the sky,
Beneath thy march, within thy sight,
What varied realms outstretched lie!
Here landscape rich with glory bright;
There lonely wastes of utter blight;
The nightingale upon the bough
Of Cypress, here her song is pouring;
And there, begirt with mounts of snow,
For food the famished bear is roaring!

What marvel that the spirits high
Of eastern climes, and antient days,
Should hail thee as a deity,
And altars to thy honour raise!
So lovely wert thou to the gaze
Of shepherds on the Chaldean hills,
When summer flowers around were springing,
And when to thee a thousand rills
Throughout the quiet night were singing.

And, lo! the dwarfish Laplander,
Far from his solitary home,
Dismayed beholds the evening star,
While many a mile remains to roam;
Thou lightest up the eastern dome,
And, in his deer-drawn chariot, he
Is hurled along the icy river,
And leaps his sunken heart to see
The light in his own casement quiver.

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Nor beautiful the less art thou,
When Ocean's gentlest breezes fan,
With gelid wing, the feverish glow
That daylight sheds on Indostan!
There on the glittering haunts of man,
And on the amaranthine bowers,
The glory of thy smile reposes
On hedgerows white with jessamine flowers,
And minarets o'erhung with roses.

The exile on a foreign shore
Dejected sits, and turns his eye
To thee, in beauty evermore
Careering in a cloudless sky;
A white cloud comes, and, passing by,
Veils thee a moment from his sight;
There, as he rests beneath the shadows,
He thinks of many as sweet a night,
When glad he roamed his native meadows.

Though years in stayless current roll,
Thou art as full of glory yet,
As when to Shakspeare's glowing soul—
Where taste, and power, and beauty met,—
Thou shor'st upon his Juliet;
Tipping with silver all the grove,
And gleaming on the cheek of Beauty,
Who durst forsake, for Romeo's love,
The mandates of paternal duty.

Enthroned amid the cloudless blue,
Majestic, silent, and alone,
Above the fountains of the dew,
Thou glidest on, and glidest on,
To shoreless seas and lands unknown:
The presence of thy face appears,
Thou eldest-born of Beauty's daughters,
A spirit traversing the spheres,
And ruling o'er the pathless waters.

D. M. MOIR.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For APRIL 1825.

Of all the months that fill the year,
Give APRIL's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's eye, like a sapphire star,
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelder-rose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

L. E. L[1].

WITH all its caprices, we like the month of April; we like those laughing and crying days, when sun and shade seem to rise in billows over the landscape. We like to see the sudden shower coursing over the meadow, and giving all Nature a greener smile; and

[1] Authoress of the '*Improvisatrice*, and other Poems' (a *second* edition of which has been lately published), and of a great variety of beautiful pieces scattered through the pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

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the bright sunbeams chasing the flying cloud, and turning all its drops into diamonds; we like to hear and to feel

> The sweet winds that gently fly,
> And sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

'What a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! And the new-born *daisies* that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky powdered with snowy stars. See, upon the sloping sides of this bank beneath the hedge-row, what companies of *primroses* are dedicating their pale beauties to the pleasant breeze that blows over them, and looking as faint withal as if they had senses that could 'ache' at the rich sweetness of the hidden *violets* that are growing here and there among them. The intermediate spots of the bank are now neatly covered from sight by the various green weeds that sprout up everywhere, and begin to fill the interstices between the lower stems of the *hazel*, the *hawthorn*, the *sloe*, the *eglantine*, and the *woodbine*, that unite their friendly arms together above, to form the natural inclosure—that prettiest feature in our English scenery—or at least that which communicates a picturesque beauty to all the rest. Of the above-named shrubs, the hazel is scarcely as yet in leaf; the scattered leaves of the woodbine—of a dull purplish green—are fully spread; the sloe is in blossom, offering a pretty but scentless imitation of the sweet hawthorn-bloom that is to come next month; this latter is now vigorously putting forth its crisp and delicate filligree-work of tender green, tipped with red; and the eglantine, or *wild rose*, in all its innocent varieties, is opening its green hands as if to welcome the sun. Entering the little copse which this inclosure separates from the meadow, we shall find, on the ground, all the low and creeping plants pushing forth their various-shaped leaves—stars, fans, blades, fingers, fringes, and a score of other fanciful forms; and some of

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them bearing flowers: among these are the *wood-anemone*, the *wood-sorrel*, and the *star of Bethlehem*; also the primrose is to be found here, but not so rich and full blown as on the open sunny bank. Overhead, and level with our hands and eyes, we find all the young forest trees (except the oak) in a kind of half-dress; among these are conspicuous the graceful *birch*—hanging its head like a half-shamefaced, half-affected damsel; the trim *beech*, spruce as a village-gallant dressed for the fair; the rough-rinded *elm*—grave and sedate-looking, even in its youth, and already bespeaking the future "green-robed senator of mighty woods;"—these, with the white-stemmed *ash*, the *alder*, the *artificial*-looking *hornbeam*, and the as yet bare *oak*, make up this silent but happy company.'—*The Months*, No. IV.

The arrival of the *swallow*, about the middle of this month, foretels the *approach* of summer, whose coming, however, is too often retarded by the return of Winter in angry mood, hurling his last hail-storms at the 'proud-pied' and flower-wreathed head of April; but

> the brightest day hath a cloud;
> And, after *April*, full oft succeeds
> Barren Winter, with his wrathful, nipping cold:
> So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Hence the swallow has been thus apostrophized by the elegant and accomplished '*Family Circle*,' who have written so many beautiful 'POEMS FOR YOUTH.'

> Wild tenant of the changeful year,
> That borne upon the southern wind,
> Across the ocean's distant waves,
> Wouldst here a sheltering region find;
>
> Too soon, alas! from brighter climes
> Thou heedless spread'st thy truant wings;
> Too soon thou hither com'st to greet,
> With artless notes, the infant spring.
>
> In hoary Winter's palsied lap
> The infant Spring all cradled lies,
> Whilst round the nursling's tender form
> The bitter storms unpitying rise.

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For thee, amid the noontide beam,
No gossamer floats along the vale;
And fled the various insect tribes,
That revel in the summer gale.

Behind yon mountain's misty brow
The low'ring storm is gathering fast,
And sweeps along the cultured plain,
And wakes the wind and welkin blast.

After the swallow, the next bird that appears is the nightingale (*motacilla luscinia*), whose praises have been chaunted by poets of every clime, and have occupied many a page in this month's Diary of our previous volumes. In our climate, the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks, generally commencing the last week in April. 'If we happen to be wandering forth (observes the chronicler of 'The Months') on a warm, still evening, during the last week in this month, and passing near a roadside orchard, or skirting a little copse in returning from our twilight ramble, or sitting listlessly on a lawn near some thick plantation, waiting for bed-time, we may chance to be startled from our meditations (of whatever kind they may be) by a sound, issuing from among the distant leaves. That is the *nightingale*'s voice. The cold spells of winter, that had kept him so long tongue-tied, and frozen the deep fountains of his heart, yield before the mild breath of Spring, and he is voluble once more. It is as if the flood of song had been swelling within his breast ever since it last ceased to flow, and was now gushing forth uncontrollably, and as if he had no will to control it: for when it does stop for a space, it is suddenly, as if for want of breath.' The sweet song of the nightingale has been termed *melancholy* from the time of Homer to the present day; but we have shown in our former volumes[1], that this opinion is entirely erroneous; and, in support of this bird's *merry note*, we have adduced many authorities: we now sub-

[1] See T. T. for 1815, p. 139; for 1821, p. 118; and for 1823, p. 106.

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join that of *Æschylus*, in his Agamemnon, who says—

> Ah me! ah me! the nightingale's sweet lot!
> A sweet existence that lamenteth not;

and part of a beautiful Ode to this charming songster, by Mr. CONDER, from his volume entitled the '*Star in the East, and other Poems*,' lately published.

* * *

> Thou sad! whose heart such love discloses!
> Thou, spring's gay courtier! Thou, the rose's
> Fond paramour in foreign bowers—
> Though, in this Christian land of ours,
> Thou dost so sweetly preach, in sooth,
> Of nuptial bliss and wedded truth,
> In notes that seem to tell its blisses
> In set-to-music kisses.
> Thy trill, and jug, and gurgling murmur,
> Now changed to accents louder, firmer,
> Like cuckoo-call; now higher still,
> In lark-like strain or whistle shrill,
> Responsive to thy lady-mate;
> (For who but she the voice can own,
> Which doth so sweetly iterate
> That same wild, touching monotone?)
> Then, mellowed down, an under-strain,
> Like birdish laughter, as again
> The summons comes, a sweet soprana
> From thy most fond sultana;—
> O wondrous bird! thy varied measure,
> The very soul of pleasure,
> Who but an unblest lover could
> Have fancied set in minor mood?
> Who but the votary of folly
> Have called it melancholy?

That beautiful little bird, the wryneck, next makes its appearance, preceding the *cuckoo* by a few days, whose soft and mellow, yet powerful voice seems to fill the whole concave of the heavens with its two mysterious notes—the most primitive of musical melodies. Who can listen to those notes, for the first time in spring, and not feel his schoolboy days come back to him? and not as he did then

> look a thousand ways
> In bush, and tree, and sky?

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and look in vain, for they are the shyest of all birds; besides, the appearance of this awkward unsightly bird will, probably, for the future take away all the mystery of the sound, and, with it, the best half of its beauty[1].

The other summer birds of passage which arrive this month, make their appearance in the following order: the ring-ousel; the redstart, frequenting old walls and ruinous edifices; the yellow wren, the swift, the white throat, the grasshopper lark, the smallest of the lark kind; and the willow wren, which, as well as the house-wren, destroys many pernicious insects. The kite now approaches farm-houses and villages, in search of food and materials for constructing his nest; at other times, unless pinched by hunger, he cautiously avoids man, and all his haunts.—See our last volume, p. 128.

In April, or early in the next month, the plover, lapwing or pee-wit *(tringa vanellus)*, lays her eggs, and sits, for she makes no nest. A few pairs will retire to heaths, downs, or ploughed fields during the season of incubation, but the greater portion of them fix their stations upon the banks of the dikes of marshes, or the great drains in our fenny districts; and the traveller who at this season passes along the roads bordering upon such places (as they commonly do in some counties), is wearied by the incessant cry and inquietude of these birds, which rise at his approach and wheel around him in a kind of tumbling flight, accompanied by the unremitting cry of *pee-wit, pee-wit;* and this successive cry will assail him as long as he remains near their haunts, which are commonly surrounded by a flat, aguish, uninteresting country, where nothing is heard but the whispering of the wind in the reeds and rushes, and the deafening

[1] See '*Remains of Robert Bloomfield*,' vol. ii, p. 167, for some pretty lines by *Charles* Bloomfield, on hearing the cuckoo at midnight.

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monotonous clamour of this bird: these conjoined, give to some of our low fen roads a peculiar character of dreariness and melancholy; and hence cold, wet districts are called in some places 'pewit-land.' In this season, the bird is fearless of man, and she seems with insulting vociferation to drive him from her haunts; but when the broods are fledged, they unite in flocks, feeding upon worms and slugs, in open meadows and commons, and are then wild and vigilant creatures. In the south of Scotland this bird is called the 'pease-weep.'

In this delightful month, in which the feathered tribe are so busily engaged in forming their temporary habitations, and in rearing and maintaining their offspring, how pleasant is it

> To roam abroad amidst the mists, and dews,
> And brightness of the early morning sky,
> When rose and hawthorn leaves wear tenderest hues:
> To watch the mother linnet's stedfast eye,
> Seated upon her nest; or wondering muse
> On her eggs' spots, and bright and delicate dye;
> To peep into the magpie's thorny ball,
> Or ween's green cone in some hoar mossy wall.
>
> *Howitt's Forest Minstrel.*

The vine now expands its empurpled leaves. Honesty, or moonwort, is in flower; and the new sprung leaves of the sweet chesnut, in their turn, are playing in the breeze.

Young *moles* are now to be found in their nests; this is a good time, therefore, for destroying them. *Weasels* and *stoats* are great enemies to moles, and frequently get into their holes, kill the inhabitants, and take up their own abode there.

Various kinds of insects are now observed; as the jumping spider, seen on garden walls; and the webs of other species of spiders are found on the bushes, palings, and outsides of houses. The *iulus terrestris* appears, and the death-watch beats early in the month. The wood-ant now begins to construct its

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large conical nest. Little maggots, the first state of young ants, are now to be found in their nests. The shell-snail comes out in troops; and the stinging-fly and the red-ant appear.

The mole-cricket is the most remarkable of the insect tribe seen about this time. The blue flesh-fly, and the dragon-fly, are frequently observed towards the end of the month. The great variegated *libellula*, which appears, *principally*, towards the decline of summer, is an animal of singular beauty. The cabbage butterfly, also, now appears. The black slug abounds at this season. (For the best mode of destroying them, see T. T. for 1821, p. 129.) The newt is now seen crawling along the bottoms of ponds and deep ditches.

Of the beetle tribe now on the wing, the scolytus destructor (*dermestes scolytus* of Linn.) may be noticed for its extraordinary powers of injuring trees. It is described, in Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology, as feeding on the soft inner bark only, and as making its attacks in such vast numbers, that 80,000 have been found on a single tree. The leaves of the trees infested become yellow; the trees themselves die at the top, and soon entirely perish. Their ravages have been long known in Germany, and the insect is formally mentioned in the old liturgies of that country. This pest has been particularly prevalent at several periods, occasioning incalculable mischief. In 1783, the number of trees destroyed in the Hartz forests was reckoned at a million and a half. The premature decay of the elm trees in the Mall and Birdcage Walk in St. James's Park, is to be attributed to this insect; and it should justly bear the blame that has been wrongfully cast on the young recruits, who, it was said, wantonly wounded the bark of the trees with their bayonets; the idle loungers also came in for their share of malediction: but it has since been discovered that Messrs. *Scolyti* and

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Co., the corselet-armed ambuscaders, have perpetrated the mischief complained of[1].

'If the *garden*, like the year, is not now absolutely at its best, it is perhaps better; inasmuch as a pleasant promise but half performed partakes of the best parts of both promise and performance. Now all is neatness and finish—or ought to be; for the weeds have not yet begun to make head—the annual flower seeds are all sown—the divisions and changes among the perennials, and the removals and plantings of the shrubs, have all taken place. The walks, too, have all been turned and freshened, and the turf has begun to receive its regular rollings and mowings. Among the bulbous-rooted perennials, all that were not in flower during the last two months, are so now; and if the season, up to the commencement of this month, has been *seasonable*, and if due care has been taken in the planting and tending of them, we may still encounter the tulip, hyacinth, daffodil, the various kinds of narcissus, &c. Indeed, the richest and rarest kinds of *tulip* are scarcely yet in blow. But what we are chiefly to look for now are the fibrous-rooted and herbaceous perennials. There is not one of these that has not awoke from its winter dreams, and put on at least the half of its beauty. A few of them venture to display all their attractions at this time, from a wise fear of that dangerous rivalry which they must be content to encounter if they were to wait for a month longer: for a pretty villager might as well hope to gain hearts at Almack's, as a demure daisy or a modest polyanthus think to secure its due attention in the presence of the glaring peonies, flaunting roses, and towering lilies of May and Midsummer. Among the *shrubs* that form the enclosing belt of the flower-garden, the lilac is in full

[1] See a particular description of this insect in the *Literary Gazette* for 1824, p. 475.

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leaf, and loaded with its heavy branches of bloom-buds; the common *laurel*, if it has reached its flowering age, is hanging out its meek modest flowers, preparatory to putting forth its vigorous summer shoots; the *larch* has on its hairy tufts of pink, stuck here and there among its delicate threads of green.

'What exquisite differences, and distinctions, and resemblances, there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details! The *almond-blossom*, which comes while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of *plum* follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The *peach* and *nectarine*, which are now in full bloom, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell-shape—and their divisions open or shut, as the cherishing sun reaches or recedes from them. But, perhaps, the bloom that is richest and most *promising* in its general appearance, is that of the *cherry*—clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The *pear* blossom is also very rich and full; but the *apple* (loveliest of all!) is scarcely as yet open.'—*The Months*, No. IV.

Timely, though late, the pomp of Spring draws on:
Their flowery carpets are the meads preparing:
The woods, as yet some wintry tatters wearing,
Now haste their liveries of green to don.
The banks blush violets, while the primrose wan

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Thrusts her meek head from forth the trodden leaves
Of forest path: with them the cowslip weaves
Her golden pendents. Thickly now upon
The dressy hedge-rows snowy blossoms stand,
Of sloe and cherry; for the speckled boughs
Have burst at once, as by enchanter's wand,
Into rich network: green, where late the plough's
Fresh trace appeared, the fields and every thing.
Hark! from his airy tower the lark proclaims the Spring.

J. CONDER.

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from p. 89.]

CABBAGE—*Brussels Sprouts.*—This delicious vegetable is said to have originated at Brussels, where it has been cultivated, and has remained genuine for more than 400 years, and from which it takes its name. It is an accidental variety of the *brassica oleracea,* distinguished by numerous small crowns, rosettes, or sprouts, appearing in the *axillæ* of the principal stem leaves, and soon causing these to drop off. The sprouts much resemble savoy-cabbages in miniature, and they are very tender and delicious when boiled. They are sometimes served at Brussels with a sauce composed of vinegar, butter, and nutmeg. The mode of culture is nearly that applied to the cabbage-tribe in general.

In Britain, the seed is sown in April, the seedlings are transplanted in June, the plants are earthed up in September, and the crowns are ready for use in October and November. They continue good throughout the winter, unless the weather prove uncommonly boisterous and severe. Like German or curled greens, they are generally accounted more tender after having tasted the frost. Early in the spring, they are found very apt to run to flower.

At Brussels, the market is supplied with them during the greater part of the year. They are seen as early as the beginning of August; and the supply is

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continued uninterrupted till the end of the next April. This prolongation of the season of Brussels sprouts is accomplished partly by successive sowings, and partly by the way in which the plants are treated. The first sowing is made early in spring under glass; and other sowings follow at intervals of about three weeks, till near Midsummer. The seedlings are planted out in rows, sometimes in large beds, and frequently between the lines of haricots, peas, or potatoes. It is a common practice to pinch off the tops of the plants a fortnight before the gathering of the rosettes is begun. This operation of pinching off the tops we very commonly perform on garden beans, in order to promote their fruitfulness; and, with Brussels sprouts, it is done with the view of directing the energies of the plant to the production of lateral shoots. When the tops are left, they are used as greens in the early spring: they resemble turnip-leaves in taste, having a good deal of the peculiar flavour which distinguishes the *cruciferæ*, while the sprouts are remarkably bland. Only a few crowns are taken from each plant at a gathering, the plant itself being thus left nearly uninjured. In this way, it pushes out new rosettes in place of those removed. With us at home, the plant is generally drawn entire from the ground, and in that state sent to market—a wasteful practice, which cannot be too soon relinquished. The tendency to run to flower in the spring is restrained by lifting the plants, and laying them slantwise in the earth, in a north border, or a shady place, as is often practised with cauliflower.

The Horticultural Society has, for several years, awarded premiums in the month of December, for the best specimens then produced; and sprouts of excellent quality have sometimes been brought forward. We may remark, that very small and compact crowns are held in the highest estimation at Brussels; they are never more than an inch across,

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and frequently mere buttons; large crowns would be utterly rejected. By employing only the most genuine specimens for the production of seed, and by keeping these far apart from similar cruciform plants, the character of the Brussels sprouts may be preserved inviolate.—*Horticultural Tour in Flanders, Holland, &c.* p. 293.

[To be continued.]

MAY.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth:
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

Remarkable Days

In MAY 1825.

1.—MAY DAY.

'I SHALL never forget the delight I felt (observes Mr. Washington Irving) on first seeing a *May-pole:* It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plain of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from

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among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia.'—One can readily imagine (continues the same delightful author) what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn; and *Robin Hood*, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city. On this occasion we are told, Robin Hood presided as Lord of the May:—

> With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle, too,
> And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
> And arrows winged with peacock-feathers light,
> And trusty bow well gathered of the yew.

whilst near him, crowned as Lady of the May, *Maid Marian*,—

> With eyes of blue,
> Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
> And habited in pretty forest plight—
> His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew:

and there, too, in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were—

> The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,
> Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
> With Robin at their head, and Marian.

We are not bigoted admirers of old times and old customs, merely because of their antiquity: but while we rejoice in the decline of many of the rude usages and coarse amusements of former times, we cannot but regret that the innocent and fanciful festival of May-day has fallen into disuse. 'It seemed' (observes the elegant writer just quoted) 'appropriate to the verdant and pastoral country of England, and well calculated to light up the too pervading gravity of the nation. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and

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to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city:

'For O, for O, the Hobby Horse is forgot.'

It is a curious circumstance recorded by Mr. Johnson in his 'Indian Field Sports,' that the *Hindoos* hold a vernal festival, called *Bhuvizah*, on the 9th of Baisach, exclusively for such as keep horned cattle for use or profit, when *they erect a pole and adorn it with garlands*, and perform much the same rites as used to be adopted by the English on the 1st of May.

1.—SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES THE LESS.

Philip was born at Bethsaida, near the sea of Tiberias, the city of Andrew and Peter. He was one of the first disciples, and an apostle. James the Less, called also *James the Just*, and by the apostle Paul, *James*, the Lord's brother, was the son of Joseph, afterwards husband to the Virgin Mary, as is probable by his first wife. The first of these martyrs was stoned to death, and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.—Some interesting particulars of St. Philip and St. James may be seen in an excellent little work, before quoted, entitled the PROTESTANT BEADSMAN; *or a series of*

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biographical notices and hymns; commemorating the Saints and Martyrs whose holidays are kept by the CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 12mo, Rivingtons, 1822.

3.—INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

The Romish church celebrates this day as a festival, to commemorate the *invention* or finding of a wooden *cross*, supposed to be the *true one*, by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.

6.—JOHN EVANGELIST, A. P. L.

John the Evangelist, so called from the Greek term Εὐάγγελος, the messenger of glad tidings, was a Galilean by birth, the son of Zebedee and Salome, the younger brother of James, but not of him that was surnamed the Just, and who was the brother of our Lord. He was condemned to be thrown into a cask of burning oil, Ante Port. Lat., before the gate of Latina; hence the letters added to his name. He lived to the reign of Trajan, and died about ninety years of age.

8.—ROGATION SUNDAY.

This day takes its name from the Latin term *rogare*, to ask; because, on the three subsequent days, *supplications* were appointed by Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the year 469, to be offered up with fasting to God, to avert some particular calamities that threatened his diocese.

12.—ASCENSION DAY.

From the earliest times, this day was set apart to commemorate our Saviour's ascension into heaven: all processions on this and the preceding rogation days were abolished at the Reformation.

*18. 1824.—REV. G. STRAHAN, D.D. DIED, ÆT. 81.

Dr. Strahan published, from the original MS. now deposited in Pembroke College, Oxford, 'Prayers and Meditations by Dr. Sam. Johnson,' which evince beyond all his compositions for the public, and all the eulogies of his friends and admirers, the sincere virtue and piety of this eminent writer. One of the most interesting events in Dr. Strahan's life, was his

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close intimacy with Dr. Johnson: at the residence of the former at Islington, Johnson frequently found an agreeable change of place, as well as derived much benefit to his health from the salubrity of the air; and Dr. Strahan also attended on him in town in discharge of the sacred offices of his profession.

19.—SAINT DUNSTAN.

Dunstan was promoted to the see of Worcester by King Edgar; he was afterwards Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 988, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and in the twenty-seventh of his archiepiscopal dignity. His miracles are too commonly known to be repeated.

*19. 1824.—BARON MASERES DIED, ÆT. 93!

His great work, the '*Scriptores Logarithmici*,' is of a nature from which no pecuniary advantage was to be expected; and his liberality in presenting a copy of it to various public bodies, and to individuals, was such, that he was very much out of pocket by the publication. But he never regarded expense either as to his own works or those which he patronised of others, and he was never wanting in assisting authors whose works he deemed worthy of being submitted to the press. In this case it was common with him to take upon himself the whole expense of printing and paper, leaving the author to repay him when it suited his convenience, or he gave him the printing and paper. In one case he advanced above fifteen hundred pounds, of which he did not receive a farthing in return for nearly twenty years. But perhaps there never was a man so little attentive to the accumulation of property, and yet at his death it was much greater than he himself was aware of. His only guide was his banker's book; and after defraying the expenses of his chambers and his houses at Reigate and Rathbone-place, and the generally heavy article of printing and paper for himself and others, the surplus of his revenue was invested in the three per cents. without regard to price, and he

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thought nothing more of the matter.—See an interesting Memoir of the Baron in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xciv, pp. 569-573.

22.—WHIT-SUNDAY.

On Whit-Sunday, or *White-Sunday*, the *catechumens*, who were then baptized, as well as those who had been baptized before at Easter, appeared in the antient church, in *white garments*.

23.—WHIT-MONDAY.

This day and Whit-Tuesday are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter. Their religious character, however, is almost obsolete, and they are now kept as holidays, in which the lower classes still pursue their favourite diversions. For an account of the Eton *Montem*, see T. T. for 1815, p. 168.

*25. 1764.—JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. BORN.

The education of medical men, when conducted, as should ever be the case, upon a broad and liberal plan, not only leads to a vast range of collateral science, but is necessarily based on an intimacy with the language and the literature of Greece and Rome. Hence many of the first physicians in all ages have been distinguished as well for their love and pursuit of elegant studies, as of those more immediately connected with the practice of the healing art. On the continent, amid a host to which we might point with pride and pleasure, it will suffice to mention the venerated, we may say, indeed, the beloved names of *Fracastorius*, *Haller*, and *Zimmerman*, men alike dear to the student of nature and the disciple of the muses. Nor do we want in our own island many, both in the past and present times, who have traced, with equal energy and success, this two-fold path to fame. But a few years have gone by since we lost, and in the vigour of his days, our lamented LEYDEN, a physician distinguished among his contemporaries not more for his enthusiastic love of science, than for

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the beauty of his poetry, and the almost unrivalled extent of his philological attainments.

Like Leyden, the subject of our present brief sketch early acquired a justly-earned character for deep and multifarious erudition; but, more fortunate than Leyden in length of days, he has now added to these acquisitions a great, and, we think, a permanent reputation as a medical writer and philosopher.

Dr. GOOD, though born at Epping in Essex, is, we understand, descended from a family of great respectability and antiquity at Romsey near Southampton, whither his father, a dissenting minister of exemplary character, and considerable literary attainments, immediately removed on the death of his elder brother, and whilst the subject of our memoir was yet an infant. Here, under the most able parental tuition, his father having married Miss Peyto, the favourite niece of that excellent man *John Mason*, A.M. the author of the well-known treatise on 'Self Knowledge,' he enjoyed a very liberal and comprehensive initiation into the walks of literature and science. Dr. Good, if we are not mistaken, commenced the exercise of his profession, as a general practitioner, at Sudbury in Suffolk, where he married his present lady, one of the daughters of the late T. Fenn, Esq. a banker of that place. Sudbury, however, was a field too confined to afford sufficient scope for our author's talents, and happily he was induced, in the spring of the year 1793, to exchange it for the metropolis, where he has gradually risen into that celebrity, both as a scholar of uncommon powers, and as a medical writer of the first class, to which we have just alluded.

The brief limits to which we are necessarily restricted by the nature of our publication, will scarcely admit of our doing more than presenting to our readers a bare enumeration of the chief works which Dr. Good has produced;—yet we shall be tempted to add, though in as condensed a form as possible,

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a few remarks upon some of the most important of his labours. With a critical knowledge of classical literature, Dr. Good had early in life combined the study of the oriental languages; and in 1803 he published the first fruits of his philological acquisitions, under the title of 'SONG OF SONGS; or Sacred Idyls; translated from the original Hebrew, with Notes critical and explanatory,' 8vo. This version, which offers a new arrangement, is beautifully executed, under the double form of prose and poetry. The metrical translation is, in a high degree, spirited and elegant, and the notes exhibit a large share of taste and erudition. The same year produced our author's 'MEMOIRS *of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Alexander Geddes*, LL.D. 8vo,' a work which, while it interests as a highly pleasing and impartially written account of a very profound scholar and truly original character, impresses us, at the same time, with a full conviction of the writer's sufficiency for the task which he had undertaken as a biblical critic and scholar.

Two years after the publication of these Memoirs, appeared our author's very valuable translation of Lucretius, the most elaborate of all his works in the provinces of philology, poetry, and criticism: it is entitled 'THE NATURE OF THINGS, a Didactic Poem, translated from the Latin of *Titus Lucretius Carus*, accompanied with the original Text, and illustrated with various Prolegomena, and a large body of Notes, Philological and Physiological,' 2 vols. 4to. This translation is in blank verse, and in numerous instances, where the original rises into fervour and inspiration, does great credit to Dr. Good's powers of poetical expression. But it is scarcely possible to convey to the reader, without his actual inspection, an adequate idea of the vast body of illustration, critical and philosophical, which is included in the notes. Almost every polished language, Asiatic as well as European, is laid under contribution; and the

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versions which uniformly accompany the numerous parallelisms and quotations, are, for the most part, executed in a masterly style. To this, in 1812, succeeded a version of 'THE BOOK OF JOB, literally translated from the original Hebrew, and restored to its natural arrangement: with Notes critical and illustrative, and an introductory Dissertation on its scene, scope, language, author, and era,' 8vo, a production which materially augmented its author's fame as a student of oriental literature. The Notes are upon a very extended scale, and the Dissertation includes much that is calculated to excite the deepest and most earnest attention.

If we now turn from the fields of literature to those of science, we shall find Dr. Good a no less ardent and successful cultivator. He had at no time suffered his attachment to philological pursuits to interfere with his professional zeal and duties; and, as a proof of this, we have to record, that between the years 1795 and 1812, he had produced, independent of a voluminous compilation on General Science[1], not less than *seven* distinct works in relation to the history, theory, and practice of medicine. It is, however, to the year 1817 that we would point as the era which placed Dr. Good amongst the ranks of those who will reach a distant posterity as guides and instructors in the healing art. In this year appeared his 'PHYSIOLOGICAL SYSTEM OF NOSOLOGY, with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature,' and dedicated by permission to the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Of this undertaking, in which the diseases of the animal functions are arranged in classes derived from a physiological view of those functions, it may justly be said, that more full and comprehensive in its plan than any previous system of Nosology, more simple

[1] 'PANTOLOGIA, or Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and Words;' in conjunction with Dr. Olinthus Gregory, and Mr. Newton Bosworth. 12 vols. royal 8vo.

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and intelligible in its classification, and more classical and correct in its language, it bids fair to supersede every attempt which has hitherto been made in the difficult provinces of medical technology and systematic arrangement.

Elaborate, however, and arduous as this attempt might be deemed, it was but the precursor of one still more important and extensive; for in the year 1822, Dr. Good presented us with 'THE STUDY OF MEDICINE,' in four large volumes, 8vo, a work of which the chief object has been to unite under one general system, and in conformity to the arrangement he had already given in his Nosology, the various branches of medical science, so that being contemplated and studied under one point of view, they might throw on each other a mutual and steady light. Physiology, therefore, Pathology, Nosology, and Therapeutics, which, when considered in detail, have almost invariably been treated apart, are here blended into one harmonious whole, and their junction has, in this instance, formed, beyond all comparison, the most complete and luminous outline of the science of medicine which has yet been published. It is a work, in fact, which from the elegance of its composition, the wide range and intellectual cast of its illustrations, and the vast fund of its practical information, will be alike valued by the man of letters, the philosopher, and the medical practitioner.

Beside the works which we have now enumerated, Dr. Good has, at various times, throughout the course of his literary and medical career, amused himself and the public by some beautiful though anonymous publications in the department of ORIGINAL POETRY, and which would unquestionably, were they collected under his name, entitle him to an honourable rank amongst the bards of his native country.

26.—AUGUSTIN, *or* AUSTIN.

This *English apostle*, as he is termed, was commissioned by Pope Gregory the Great to convert the

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Saxons. He was created Archbishop of Canterbury in 556, and died about the year 610.

*26. 1824.—CAPEL LOFFT DIED,

An admired poet and the FRIEND OF BLOOMFIELD; a distinguished writer in the law department, as well as in defence of liberty; an earnest black-letter enthusiast in literature, and in private life an amiable man.

27.—VENERABLE BEDE.

Bede was born at Yarrow in Northumberland, in 673. His grand work is the Ecclesiastical History of the Saxons. Bede has obtained the title of *Venerable*, for his profound learning and unaffected piety. —See T. T. for 1823, p. 130.

29.—TRINITY SUNDAY.

Stephen, Bishop of Liege, first drew up an office in commemoration of the Holy Trinity, about the year 920; but the festival was not formally admitted into the Romish church till the fourteenth century, under the *pontificate* of John XXII.

29.—KING CHARLES II RESTORED.

On the 8th of May, 1660, Charles II was *proclaimed* in London and Westminster, and afterwards throughout his dominions, with great joy and universal acclamations. The 29th is still celebrated in some parts of England with considerable 'pomp and circumstance,' gaiety and splendour.—It was after the fatal battle of Worcester, his forces scattered and his fortunes crost, that the unfortunate Charles fled to and found safety in the forest of Boscobel. There cradled in an oak, in the company of the faithful Captain Careless, and disguised as a common trooper, he succeeded in evading the pursuit of the parliamentary myrmidons. Since that time the oak and its acorn have been gratefully remembered; and have given rise to the following elegant stanzas from the pen of a gentleman whose various 'flights to Parnassus' we hope soon to see collected into a pretty little hot-pressed volume,

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which may accompany us in our summer rambles, as well as take its place in our winter library among the poetical worthies of modern times.

The PRIDE *of the* FOREST.

Giant of verdure! Forest King,
Fadeless be now in branch and stem—
And high towards Heav'n be flourishing
Thy storm-unbroken diadem;—
Oh, there is one that crouches now
Beneath thy acorn-spangled bough
(His nest thy sun-tinged leaf)
O'er whose hid stature there should rest
A statelier robe than thy green vest,
Denoting England's chief.
Before him wave thy shadowy hand,
And shield from rebels' eye and brand.

The tramp of steeds, pursuit's hoarse cry,
(But playthings of the stronger blast)
Mount to his eagle nest on high,
For one brief moment—then are past;
The useless curse, the desperate vow,
The slackened pace, the heated brow,
The hunter's reckless toil,
All, all are vain! Thy friendly shroud,
(Welcome as shower-dropping cloud,
To an o'erheated soil)
Envelopes still their untracked prey,
Till he shall burst to life and day.

Ah, yet, awhile thy wind-rocked limb
Must be to Charles his only throne,
And the crown and sceptre now for him
Thy branch and leaf alone;—
Thy stately trunk—it hath withstood
The rage of winds, the rush of flood—
Of his faith shall emblem be,
For that, with him, the great, the brave,
Found victory or an honoured grave,
For that and liberty,
And thy myriad leaves shall likeness bring
Of a people hovering round their king.

Time speeds its march, the right hath won,
On England's throne the king is now,
But brighter diadem has not shone
Ark of his deluge than thy bough

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Nor palace wall, nor sword of pow'r,
Nor bolt, nor blade in peril's hour,
Can sweeter safety bring;
Nor guarded tent, nor flatt'ry's spell,
Shall be a firmer citadel,
Than thy leaf-mounted wing;
Live, then, green garland of the brave,
Pride of the Forest, as of Wave!

A. M. TEMPLETON, *Jun.*

*MAY 1824.—ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE QUAKERS IN LONDON.

Towards the end of this month the Annual Meetings of the QUAKER Sect take place in London. Deputies are sent to the metropolis from the various parts of the United Kingdom; and their internal government, improvement in morals and religion, and increase or decrease of their funds and community, together with much other business of a miscellaneous cast, are discussed at these meetings. While noticing this occurrence, we are induced to insert the heads of a paper 'On QUAKERS and QUAKERISM,' from the pen of our valued correspondent Mr. RICHARD RYAN, at the same time expressing our entire concurrence in every opinion there stated. 'This sect (says he) fails not to call forth our admiration, and that largely too, when we see men despising the superfluous enjoyments of life for the noble purposes of being useful to their fellow-creatures: that this is the case, has been sufficiently attested—and that their contempt of these enjoyments is not the result of gloom or moroseness, is evidenced by their continued cheerfulness and unaffected courtesy. A contemporary print has observed, "that they go through life with as little share of heart as the grotesque figures in a pack of cards," but this ungenerous calumny has been refuted, not by assertion, or by well grounded argument, but by proof—positive, undeniable proof!—The parliamentary records connected with our prisons bear ample testimony to the absurdity of the remark. The libe-

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rality of their subscriptions to alleviate the distresses of others, and, above all, the support they render to those of their own sect, whom the cruel tempests of adversity have reduced to helpless indigence, demonstrate a philanthropy almost boundless, and a benevolence that knows no restraint. Their sincerity is unimpeached and proverbial—they make no useless professions—pay no fulsome compliments, but pursue the straight and direct path of rectitude, without retreating or diverging from it. Unmoved by the world's sneers—untouched by its ridicule—they gain "their point proposed." This decision of character is ever the accompaniment of a great mind, "where that is, there are more virtues."

'To censure individuals for not esteeming the vanishing pleasures of a concert, or the noise of a ball-room, is too absurd to be cherished by the thinking part of mankind for an instant; but as many of the young may have nourished feelings prejudicial to the sect from such a line of proceeding, we will tell them the consequence of the adoption of such a course as the Quakers pursue.—The mind requires incessant nourishment, and we believe there is no individual who could exist, if destitute of *every* pursuit; trivial gratifications being rejected, and substantial and intellectual enjoyments substituted in their place, must necessarily tend to mental refinement and the cultivation of such sources of pleasure as will bear *after* reflection. Among this class the beauties of Nature and the wonders of Providence hold the first place: if there are any studies that can purify the heart, or elevate the mind, it is the foregoing; and will there be any hardy enough to contend on the predilection of the Quakers for such pursuits? Astronomy, Geography, Mineralogy, Chemistry, and many other Sciences, require undivided attention, if it is the intention of the student to excel in them: and how much more likely is this to happen with one who is free from those ensnaring

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pleasures, which waste hours the most important, and unfit the mind for thought or reflection afterwards, than with those who possess capabilities which they neglect, or suffer to dwindle away altogether, by making themselves the slaves of worldly vanity, and year after year following up a career of dissipation, which must end in bitterness and regret. Surely this is worthy the reflection of beings who would feel it as an insult were they denominated any thing but *rational* beings; yet how widely astray from the dictates of common sense is the path they are pursuing! These observations have not been written with a view to elevate the Quakers, and to disparage every other sect;—it is to hold their virtues up to imitation, to show the pathways they have selected, which have made their public character (as a body) esteemed and revered, and filled their homes with those consoling reflections which it is not in the power of adversity to deprive them of. Prejudices it will be admitted they have many, but analyse them, and you will find "they lean to virtue's side."—Perhaps they possess faults of education or habit: be that as it may; their very education and prejudices conspire to render them the benefactors of their species.'

Astronomical Occurrences

In MAY 1825.

The TWO HEAVENS;

A Persian Melody.

'Tis sweet to look out at the still hour of even,
And gaze on the almond-trees shining afar,
When the hills they adorn wear the beauty of heaven,
And each silver blossom seems lit by a star:
Then I turn to the waves of the calm Band Amîr [1],
And see how the stars in the water appear;

[1] The antient Araxes.

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For the earth and the sky are so lovelily blended,
When the beam of Halaly[1] first struggles to birth,
One might fancy the stars from the sky had descended,
To play with the flowers that bloom on the earth:
'Tis a moment whose glory is equalled by none,
When the lights of *two* heavens are mingled in *one*.
Literary Gazette.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Gemini at 13 m. after 2 in the morning of the 21st of this month, and he rises and sets as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

May 1st,	Sun rises	36 m. after	4.	Sets 24 m. after	7
6th,	29	4	31	7
11th,	20	4	40	7
16th,	13	4	47	7
21st,	6	4	54	7
26th,	59	3	1	8
31st,	54	3	6	8

Equation of Time.

Instances frequently occur when it is required to reduce apparent to true time, which is done by employing the equation as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

			m.	s.
Sunday, May..	1st,	from the time by the dial *subtract*	3	4
Friday	6th,		3	36
Wednesday ..	11th,		3	54
Monday.....	16th,		3	56
Saturday, ...	21st,		3	45
Thursday	26th,		3	21
Tuesday.....	31st,		2	45

If the time be required for any of the intermediate days, or for any other time of the day than noon, it must be found by proportion as already explained.

[1] The Moon.

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Lunar Phenomena.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon	2d day,	at 50 m. after	2 in the afternoon
Last Quarter	9th	21	9 at night
New Moon	18th	6	10 in the morning
First Quarter	25th	51	6 .....
Full Moon	31st	58	11 at night

Eclipse of the Moon.

On the evening of the 31st of this month the Moon will be visibly eclipsed, and the circumstances under which the obscuration will take place are the following, viz.

	m.	s.	h.
Beginning of the eclipse	53	45 after	11
Ecliptic opposition	58	0	11
Middle of the eclipse	8	30	12
End of the eclipse	23	12	12

Digits eclipsed are 0° 12′¼ on the Moon's northern limb, or from the southern side of the Earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon may be observed this month, should the atmosphere in that direction be clear at the respective times.

May 8th,	at 59 m. after	4 in the morning
9th	46	5 .....
10th	30	6 .....
11th	12	7 .....
12th	53	7 .....
24th	42	5 in the evening
25th	32	6 .....
26th	22	7 .....
27th	13	8 .....
28th	7	9 .....
29th	2	10 .....
30th	0	11 .....

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
May 1st, at	44 m. after	0	14 m. after	1
6th, ..	41	4	2	5
11th, ..	44	8	12	9
16th, ..	43	0	7	1
21st, ..	16	4	35	4
26th, ..	24	8	56	8
31st, ..	24	1	54	1

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The times for various other places may be found from these by the assistance of the additional numbers given in page 24 of this volume; and the hours for any intermediate days may also be obtained by proportion.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The comparative breadths of the bright and dark phases of this beautiful planet, at the beginning of this month, are,

May 1st, { Illuminated part = 1·2166
Dark part..... = 10.7834

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter now approaches so near the Sun as to render most of the eclipses of his satellites altogether invisible; so that of the twenty-six of the first and second of these small bodies, which will take place this month, only two of them can be seen, which are the following, viz.

Emersions.

First Satellite, 12th day, at 49 m. 22 s. after 9 in the evening
Second Satellite, 8th ..... 10 .. 13 ..... 0 in the morning

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

May 3d, with ☽ in Scorpio, at 9 in the evening
17th, ... ☽ in Aries, ... 7 in the morning
18th, ... Venus..... 5 .....
18th, ... Mars..... 5 .....
18th, ... Saturn..... 1 in the afternoon
31st, ... ☽ in Scorpio... 7 in the morning

Mercury will be stationary on the 2d of this month, and he will be in conjunction with Venus at 5 in the afternoon of the 11th. He will also be in his inferior conjunction at 6 in the morning of the 14th. Venus will likewise be in her inferior conjunction at a quarter past 4 in the afternoon of the 19th. Mercury will be stationary on the 26th; and Mars will be in conjunction at half-past 10 in the evening of the same day.

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When the balmy evenings of this month invite the contemplative mind to a lonely ramble, the evening star is often hailed with peculiar pleasure, as the companion of our solitary way. This is the peaceful feeling of the following lines.

On the EVENING STAR.

[*From Moschus.*]

Hail, Hesperus! bright torch of Beauty's queen,
Dear sacred gem of dewy evening, hail!
So shine thy rays above her spangled sheen,
As glows the Moon above thy radiance pale.

When to th' accustomed fair my footsteps stray,
Now timely shine, for, lo, the changeful Moon
Drives her dim chariot in the blaze of day,
And envious sets ere half the night be done.

No plunder tempts me through the treach'rous shade,
For me no nightly traveller shall mourn;
'Tis Love that calls thee, be his voice obeyed;
Sweet is her love, and claims a sweet return.

Translations by MORRITT.

While in the full enjoyment of such tranquillizing circumstances, how beautifully has the poet described the feelings that sometimes take possession of the whole mind, and constitute what really deserves the name of calm and unruffled joy!

Then let my course below
To them be near allied—
Far from the worldly show,
Through dim sequestered valleys let me glide:
Scarce be my step descried
Amid the pompous pageant of the scene;
But where the hazels hide
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy screen,
Mine be the grassy seat—all lovely, lone and green.

Within those verdant bounds,
Where sweet to ear and eye
Come gentle sighs and sounds,
The current of my days shall murmur by
In calm tranquillity;
Nor doomed to roll o'er Passion's rocky bed,
Nor slothfully to lie
Like the dull pools in stagnant marshes bred,
Where waving weeds are rank, and noxious tendrils spread.

New Monthly Magazine.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For MAY 1825.

'Tis SPRING-TIDE NOW: the butterfly more bright,
Wheels o'er the cowslips, in the rainbow light;
The lamb, the colt, the blackbird in the brake,
Seem all a vernal feeling to partake;
The 'swallow twitters' in the earliest ray.

More grateful comes the fragrance after rain
To him who steals along the sweet-briar lane;
And all things seem to the full heart to bring
The blissful breathing of the world's first spring.

More cheerful comes the sunshine of May-morn,
The bee from earliest light now winds his horn,
Busiest from flower to flower, as he would say,
'Up! arise! for it *is* the morn of May!

Ellen Gray.

WITH what delightful sensations do we view the opening of the present month! Every tree and shrub clad in its garment of youth and loveliness, shines forth in purest green, as yet unsullied by the destructive insect. What production of the most skilful artist can compare with that inimitable picture which Nature presents on a *fine May morning!*—The blossoms of the different fruit trees mingling their tints of pink and white with the more sable green which surrounds them; the numerous flowers which meet the eye in varied succession, regaling the senses with their rich perfume, and displaying in their endless variety the skill of that Divine Artist from whose hand they proceed; the melodious songs of the feathered tribe, exulting in their liberty,—greatly increase the effect of this scene, which is rendered perfect by the glorious source of light and heat rising above the horizon, and diffusing his cheering beams on all around.

MORNING.

Grey twilight steals along the eastern sky,
And morn's pale blushing tints still deeper grow;
The joyous *lark* awakes, and, soaring high,
Carols in sun-beams; while the earth below

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Is wrapt in dusky shade;—a splendid glow
Of crimson light flushes the early day;
The songs of birds in one wild chorus flow,
As mounts the sun; and quivering in his ray,
The dews of evening fly:—night's shadow rolls away.
CHARLES BLOOMFIELD[1].

Such is the picture of a 'fine May morning;' but too often, however, in our northern climate, this 'smiling season of the year' is transformed 'into a Russian winter;' and we are led to exclaim with the poet,

Those glittering dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
When the rough tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispersed in air or mingled with the dust.

With us, indeed, the beauties of this month are rather those of infancy and promise; but there is a gladness and hope about it which marvellously delight us. There is, as it were, a sympathetic revival and budding forth of the feelings at this peculiar season; a delightful expansion of the heart at the return of May. It is said that birds about this time will become restless in their cages, as if instinct with the season, conscious of the revelry that is going on in the groves, and impatient to break from their bondage, and join in the jubilee of the year. 'In like manner' (says an elegant writer) 'I have felt myself excited, even in the midst of the metropolis, when the windows, which had been churlishly closed all winter, were again thrown open to receive the balmy breath of May; when the sweets of the country were breathed into the town, and flowers were cried about the streets. I have considered the treasures of flowers thus poured in, as so many missives from nature inviting us forth to enjoy the virgin beauty of the year, before its freshness is exhaled by the heats of sunny summer.'

[1] See 'Remains of *Robert* Bloomfield' (vol. i, p. 90).

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The *early flowers of spring*, to those in health, always bring with them a degree of pleasure; and our affections seem immediately to expand, at the sight of the first opening blossom, under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and dreary months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds in vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite. The *violet of autumn* partakes of none of the love we bear to the *violet of spring*[1]: 'tis unseasonable—perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy; we view it with curiosity, not affection:—nor is the rosa *sera* like the rosa *prima*. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charm us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be lost, perhaps unheeded, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn. No; it is our *first meeting* with a long lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us in this season: to maturity, they give pleasure as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise—and the child is let loose from the house, riots

[1] VIOLETS, *a* SONNET.

Beautiful are you in your lowliness;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent;
Lovely your modest blossoms, downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer-by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely eloquent,
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright;
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
Above your lowly birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

B. Barton's 'Poetic Vigils.'

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in the flowery meadow, and is 'monarch of all he surveys:' nor is there a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting with its basket in the sunny field with its wreath of butter-cups and daisies. With summer-flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will; but *spring-flowers* are cherished like private friendships.—Let us then

Pluck the fresh floweret, ere it fade,

for 'Time is yet a flying'—let us make 'coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers'—watching all the while, with the great poet of NATURE and *Art*,

The *dew* which sometime on the buds
Is wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Standing within the pretty flow'rets eyes
Like tears, that do their own disgrace bewail.
SHAKSPEARE.

The dew which falls from heaven
Just glitters brilliant on the branch, and then
Exhales to Heaven again. H. NEELE.

The latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive about the beginning of May. Among these are the goatsucker, or fern-owl, the spotted fly-catcher, and the sedge-bird. In this and the following month, the *dotterel* is in season. Birds are still occupied in building their nests or laying their eggs. The parental care of birds at this period, in hatching and rearing their young, can never be sufficiently admired[1].

The lily of the valley now opens her snowy bells, and the flowers of the chesnut-tree begin to unfold; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out; and the flowers of the Scotch fir, the beech, the oak, and the honeysuckle, climbing round its neighbours for support, are now in full bloom.

[1] Some interesting anecdotes of the manners and habits of birds and insects will be found in a series of pleasant Letters, entitled '*The Bird and Insects' Post Office*,' in 'The Remains of Robert Bloomfield,' vol. ii, p. 123. They are particularly adapted for youth.

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So doth the wood-bine, the sweet *honey-suckle*,
Gently entwist—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

All the varieties of the *strawberry*, 'plant of my native soil,' now open their blossoms, their runners extending on all sides. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves.

The insect tribe continue to add to their numbers; among these may be named several kinds of moths and butterflies *(papilio atalanta, cardamines, ægeria, lathonia, &c.)* A few butterflies that have passed the inclement season in the chrysalis state, are seen on the wing, early in May; soon after which the female lays her eggs singly on the leaves of nettles.

The *butterfly* springs on its new-wove wings,
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping;
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping;
The *roses* and *tulips* will soon resume
Their youths' first perfume and primitive bloom.

Other insects now observed, are field crickets, the chaffer or may-bug, and the forest-fly, which so much annoys horses and cattle. The female wasp appears at the latter end of the month, and the swarming of *bees* takes place. — The garden now affords rhubarb, green apricots and green gooseberries, for making pies and tarts.

The orchis *(orchis mascula)* will now be found in moist pastures, distinguished by its broad black spotted leaves, and spike of large purple flowers. The walnut *(juglans regia)* has its flowers in full bloom.

The banks of rills and shaded hedges are ornamented with the pretty tribe of speedwells, particularly the germander speedwell, the field mouse-ear, the dove's-foot crane's-bill, and the red campion, the first two of azure blue, and the last two of rose colour, intermixing their flowers with attractive variety.—The country is now in perfection, every

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bush a nosegay, all the ground a piece of embroidery:—now

Many a blossom, passing fair,
Playeth in the wanton air;
And through velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, doth passage find.

The air, indeed, is enriched with native perfumes, and the whole creation seems to smile; on each tree we hear the voice of melody, and in every grove there is a concert of warbling music;—every bough maintains

A feathered *chorister* to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude winds bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf doth hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Received from last day's beams.

—

Now the swete treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brooke,
Becomes a concert of good instruments.

Heath's Lingua.

—

And now the *nightingale*, not distant far,
Begins her solitary song; and pours
To the cold Moon a richer, stronger, strain,
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seems with its piercing melody to reach
The soul; and in mysterious unison
Blends with all thoughts of gentleness and love.

Southey's Roderick.

The lilac, the barberry, and the maple, are now in flower. At the latter end of the month, rye is in ear; the mountain-ash, laburnum, the guelder-rose, clover, columbines, with their singular and fantastic nectaries, the alder, the wild chervil, the wayfaring tree, or wild guelder-rose, and the *elm*, have their flowers full blown.

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The various species of meadow grass are now in flower. The buttercup spreads over the meadows; the cole-seed in corn fields, bryony, the arum, or cuckoo-pint, in hedges, the Tartarian honeysuckle, and the *corchorus Japonica*, now show their flowers.

Now the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flow'r, the *rose*,
Opes her heart to hold the dew.

The 'rose, with all its sweetest leaves yet folded,' now tempts the changeful atmosphere of May, but, too oft oppressed with ungentle showers, and overcharged with wet, bows her head to the coming storm; reserving her riper beauties for the more powerful sun of June.

The gentle budding *rose*, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes:
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bower
Of many a lady late, and paramour:
So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of Man.

Fairfax's Tasso.

Towards the end of the month, that magnificent and beautiful tree, the horse-chesnut *(hippocastanum)* displays its honours of fine green leaves, and its handsome 'spikes pyramidal' of white and red flowers: it is quite the glory of forest trees. The hawthorn *(white* and *pink)* is usually in blossom about the middle or end of the month.

Now let's go forth to feast the conscious spirit
With all of beauty nature doth inherit,
Fragrance, and sun, and greenness;—to behold
Beautiful herds, in lawns of living gold,
Couched on voluptuous flowers, or 'neath the shade
Of the thick *chesnut*, gloriously arrayed;
For in its honour prodigal nature weaves
A princely vestment, and profusely showers,

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O'er its green masses of broad palmy leaves,
Ten thousand waxen, pyramidal flowers;
And gay and gracefully its head it heaves
Into the air, and monarch-like it towers,
Dimming all other trees;—all, only one,
The beautiful *hawthorn*, that has now put on
Its summer luxury of snowy wreaths;
Bending its branches in exuberant bloom,
While to the light enamoured gale it breathes,
Rife as its loveliness, its rathe perfume;
Glory of England's landscape! favourite tree
Of bard and lover! it flings, far and free,
Its grateful incense: whether you arise
To catch the first long sun-gleam in the skies,
And list the earliest bird-notes; whether you
Linger amidst the twilight and the dew—
There, through the silent air its odour strays,
Sweet as in home-scenes of your earliest days.

The Forest Minstrel.

The principal show of *tulips* takes place this month (See our last volume, p. 158). We are now, indeed, ushered at once into Flora's drawing-room, and surrounded by her choicest beauties. The 'garden's flow'ry pride' is spread before us, and we are lost in wonder, love, and praise, while we fondly contemplate

The narcissus bright
In snowy whiteness, marked with various stripes
Of vivid hue; the *tulip*'s gaudy cup;
And the rich crimson globe magnificent
Of flaunting pæony.

Young *hares*, or leverets, in favourable seasons, are now seen feeding near the edges of woods and copses; these may be considered as the first produce of the year, but the mother will commonly bring forth two or more pairs in the season.—See our last volume, p. 159.

Towards the end of the month, the *phalæna humuli*, called, by some, the *ghost-moth*, makes its appearance, and continues visible during the greater part of the month of June. The female glow-worm

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(lampyris noctiluca) is now seen on dry banks, about woods, pastures, and hedgeways.

And what is there that can delight and interest the inquisitive Naturalist, or the less scientific observer, that is NOT *to be seen* in the pleasant month of April? We have but taken a rapid glance at the passing wonders of Nature—'a bird's-eye view' of the 'sights to be seen' in this month: we have only presented our readers with a few *rough sketches* of birds, and flowers, and trees, after Nature—and to them we must leave it to pursue the delightful study,—to shadow out and complete the 'pictures.' In the mean time, we will retire to our friend Mr. MOIR'S garden, and, seated in *his* arbour, hymn the pleasures of a vernal eve—enjoying 'Thoughts that lie too deep for tears.'

O 'tis delightful, on a vernal eve,
Within the tranquil and embowered recess
Of a green arbour to recline alone,
While gentle rains, descending from the sky,
Make pleasant music on the thirsty ground;
And there indulge that pleasing pensiveness,
That languor of the meditative mind,
Which broods upon the ocean of the past,
Slow sailing onwards. O 'tis sadly sweet,
To hear the small drops plashing on the stems
Of succulent herbs, and on the opening buds,
While, gently murmuring past, the west wind sighs
To and fro, waving, in the twilight air,
The broad expanse of melancholy leaves;
To see the *swallow*, 'mid the falling shower,
Darting aloft, and wheeling 'mid the sky;
And buzzing home, the startled *humble-bee*,
Journeying, in mazy flight, from flower to flower.
Then doubly sweet, and doubly touching then,
If, from the distant light-green groves, be heard
Soft Music's dying, undulating fall;
As if, again, the Pagan deities,
Pan or Sylvanus, for one season more,
Had sought the empires of their antient reign:
And, turning from the concord of sweet sounds,
Gaze on the lovely blossoms, pink and white,
Of *pear* and *apple tree*; the varied bloom

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Of varied herb; the many-tinctured flowers,
Recumbent with the weight of dew, between
Their girdles of green leaves; the freshened coats
Of evergreens; the myrtle, and the box,
And cypress, 'mid whose darkly-clustering boughs
The blackbird sits. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from page 122.]

CABBAGE.—The *Cauliflower*, originally imported from the isle of Cyprus about the middle of the 16th century, is one of the most delicate and curious of the whole brassica tribe. It is a particular favourite in this country. 'Of all the flowers in the garden,' Dr. Johnson used to say, 'I like the cauliflower.' Till the time of the French revolution, quantities of English cauliflower were regularly sent to Holland and the Low Countries, and even France depended upon us for cauliflower seed: as it respects Holland, however, there is no occasion to resort to England; for the quality of the Dutch cauliflower, in size, colour, and curd-like consistence, is unexceptionable. The Dutch, indeed, cultivate the cauliflower so extensively, that whole barge-loads continue to arrive almost every day at Rotterdam, for several months during the season, and the vegetable is also to be found in the market during the first part of winter.

In France, and on the Continent, the cauliflower is carefully cooked and served up with a pleasant acid sauce:—vegetables, indeed, are there considered as separate dishes, and are usually accompanied with some agreeable addition to their native attractions: they are 'made the most of,' and not merely sodden in water, as in England.

For the early supply of the London market, great quantities of cauliflower are fostered under hand-glasses during winter, and the first part of spring; and to behold some acres overspread with such glasses, gives a stranger a forcible idea of the riches and

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luxury of the metropolis. The subvarieties in cultivation are the *early* cauliflower, for the first early crops; the *later* or large, and the *red* cauliflower, having the stalks of the head of a reddish or purple colour, esteemed more hardy than the others, and good for an early crop.

The cauliflower is raised from seed, of which half an ounce is sufficient for a seed-bed four feet and a half wide, by ten in length. The soil for the seed-bed may be light; but, for final transplanting, it can hardly be too rich, the cauliflower, like the vine, being reputed a 'rough feeder.' Cleanings of streets, stables, cess-pools, &c. ought, therefore, to be liberally supplied during the growth of the plants, when very large heads are desired. The *principal sowing* should be made about the end of the third week in August, to raise plants to stand over the winter under frames, hand-glasses, or half-sheltered in warm borders, for the early and main superior crops next summer. A *secondary sowing* in February or March, for succession and late inferior crops, the same year, in summer and autumn. A *final sowing*, near the close of May, for ordinary crops, to yield fruit the following autumn and winter.

As cauliflower plants, when first planted out, are frequently infested with flies or their larvæ, it is usual to sow a little radish seed on the cauliflower ground a fortnight before transplanting, and, the flies having a partiality for this, the cauliflowers are saved from their depredations. *Loudon's Encyclopædia.* See this work, art. 3544, *et seq.*, for the method of treating the cauliflower when reared under hand-glasses or frames.

Broccoli, another of the *brassica* tribe, is supposed to have proceeded from the cauliflower; from which it is distinguished by *colour* in the flower and leaves, and a comparatively hardy constitution to stand the winter. Mr. Loudon enumerates thirteen varieties of this agreeable esculent; we have only

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space to notice two, the purple and the green close-headed winter broccoli. The *purple*, if sown about the middle of May, and beginning and end of June, will produce, in regular succession, from August to December, or until frost destroy the heads: sown in July or August, if the winter be mild, it will produce good heads in spring. When sown in the beginning of September, and the plants are preserved in frames as cauliflowers, fine heads may be expected in the months of June and July. It is not hardy enough to be depended upon in the winter months. The plants should be placed about two feet apart in every direction.

The *green close-headed winter broccoli* is a new and good sort, apparently a seedling from the green cape: it continues to bear during the whole winter, if the weather be mild. A single plantation from seeds sown in May, will yield heads fit for use from November to February. Plant them from one foot and a half to two feet distant.—For further information respecting the treatment of broccoli, consult a paper by Mr. Ronalds, of Brentford, in the *Horticultural Transactions*, vol. iii; and Mr. *Loudon's Encyclopædia*.

The whole of the cabbage tribe are liable to the attacks of the larvæ of the *tipula oleracea* on their roots, and of the caterpillars of butterflies and moths on their leaves, as well as of aphides, or cabbage-lice, snails, and slugs: the last two, with caterpillars, should be gathered by hand early in the morning, immediately they make their appearance among the plants. Ducks, sea-gulls, and turkey-fowls, are also useful. With respect to the other enemies of the plants, taking up, cleaning, and transplanting them in a fresh part of the garden, are the only remedies. The *ichneumon manifestator* renders us some important assistance in the destruction of the caterpillar, laying its eggs in its body, and the larvæ feeding on its soft substance.

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CAPSICUM.—There are three species of this in cultivation, all of which are raised from seed in a moderate hot bed. The green pods, or inflated berries, are used for pickling; and, in their ripe state, are known by the name of Cayenne pepper. For seed, leave one or two of the largest and handsomest shaped pods to ripen in autumn;—when gathered, hang them up in a dry place.

CARROT *(daucus carota)*.—The wild carrot is common in pastures, balks, and headlands, and is a biennial, flowering from June till August. It requires the same treatment as the garden carrot, but cannot be speedily improved by cultivation. The garden carrot is three feet high in its flowering state, and differs but little from the wild one, except in the largeness and succulency of the plant, and particularly of the root. There are several varieties differing in the colour of their roots, as white, yellow, orange, dark red, or purple. The orange carrot is most generally esteemed. The first season for sowing the seeds is soon after Christmas, when they should be sown in warm borders, near a wall, pales, or hedge. They delight in a warm, light, and sandy soil, which should be deeply dug, that the roots may run better down, for, if they meet with any obstruction, they are very apt to grow forked, which spoils the root. The ground should also be dunged the year before they are sown, in order to have the manure thoroughly incorporated before they are planted.

Carrots, when they come up, are liable, like turnips, to be attacked by insects: the best remedy is *thick sowing*, so as to provide enough for the intruders, as well as their lord and master.

It is greatly to be wished, says Professor Martyn, that the culture of this root was extended to every part of England where the soil is proper for the purpose; for there is scarcely any root known which more deserves it. They are usually served up with boiled meats; make excellent soup, and form an agreeable

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pudding. In some parts of the sea-coast they are brought to table as sauce to fish in general. They are esteemed fattening, and a very proper food for consumptive persons. Sugar may be extracted from them, but in a smaller proportion than from the beet or parsnip. They also yield a powerful spirit by distillation, of which an acre of carrots will produce more than five quarters of barley.

In winter, an elegant chimney ornament is sometimes formed, by cutting off a section from the head or thick end of the carrot, containing the bud, and placing it in a shallow vessel with water. Young and delicate leaves unfold themselves, forming a radiated tuft of a very handsome appearance, and heightened by contrast with the season of the year.

Next to the cauliflower, the best culinary production to be seen in the markets of the Netherlands, about the middle of August, is the *carrot ;* this vegetable being uniformly clean and healthy, and remarkably juicy. The orange-coloured variety is not uncommon ; but the red carrot, with us styled *field-carrot,* is more generally cultivated. It is customary to sow some of the seed of these red carrots on hot beds about New Year's Day, and thus to have young roots for use in February or March. A full crop is sown in the gardens in March and April, and, during the rest of the year, fine carrots appear plentifully on the stalls. The Ghent seed is reckoned particularly good.—*Horticultural Tour.*

CAULIFLOWER.—*See* CABBAGE.

CELERY.—*See* SALADS.

CHIVE.—*See* ONION.

CRESS.—*See* SALADS.

CUCUMBER.—*See* SALADS.

DANDELION.—*See* SALADS.

[To be continued.]

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JUNE.

Remarkable Days

In JUNE 1825.

1.—NICOMEDE.

NICOMEDE was a pupil of St. Peter, and was discovered to be a Christian by his burying Felicula, a martyr, in a very honourable manner. He was beaten to death with leaden plummets, on account of his religion, in the reign of Domitian.

2.—CORPUS CHRISTI.

This festival, 'the body of Christ,' was appointed in honour of the Eucharist, and always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish church, beginning on Trinity Sunday, and ending on the Sunday following.

In Catholic countries, this is the only day in the year when the *consecrated Host* is exposed in the streets of the different cities and towns, to the gaze of the adoring multitude.—See a particular account of the observance of this day at *Seville*, in our last volume, pp. 164-167.

*3. 1822.—M. HAÜY DIED,

The celebrated French mineralogist, whose important discoveries in Crystallography are familiar to every lover of this interesting science. His valuable Treatise on 'Natural Philosophy' has been translated by Dr. Gregory, and published in two volumes, 8vo, with the addition of some very useful notes.

5.—SAINT BONIFACE.

Boniface was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called Wilfrid. He was murdered in a

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barbarous manner by the populace near Utrecht, while preaching the Christian religion, on this day, in the year 755.

*7. 1520.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN HENRY VIII AND FRANCIS I.

This took place, within the English Pale, between Guisnes and Ardres in France; it appears to have been by far the most costly ceremonial known to our history. The English were said to have carried their Manors, the French their Forests upon their backs: and the very plain upon which the monarch met, from the richness of the tents and pavilions, was thenceforward called LE CHAMP DE DRAP D'OR. Francis was so gratified with the splendour of this interview, that he ordered the cavalcade of the monarchs at their first meeting on horseback to be carved on *basso relievo*, on five marble tables, and to be placed in the front of the house of the procureur-general at Rouen, where they still remain. Henry directed the interview, with its attendant circumstances, to be represented in a PICTURE, formerly at Windsor, but which, by the munificence of his late Majesty, now ornaments the Meeting Room of the Society of Antiquaries. The manner of meeting and the regulation of the ceremonial were confided by both monarchs to CARDINAL WOLSEY: see three letters addressed to him on the subject in *Mr. Ellis's Original and Royal Letters, from Autographs in the British Museum*, vol. iii, p. 162, et seq., to which we are indebted for the above notice; consult also *Howard's Life of Wolsey*, just published.

11.—SAINT BARNABAS.

Our saint's proper name was *Joses;* he was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. His parents being rich, had him educated at Jerusalem, under the care of Gamaliel, a learned Jew; and, after his conversion, he preached the Gospel with Paul, in various countries, for fourteen years. Barnabas suffered martyrdom at Salamis, in his na-

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tive island:—being shut up all night in the synagogue by some Jews, he was, the next morning, cruelly tortured, and afterwards stoned to death. The *Epistle* which he wrote is considered genuine, though not admitted into the canon of the church.

17.—SAINT ALBAN.

St. Alban, the first Christian martyr in this island, suffered in 303. He was converted to Christianity by Amphialus, a priest of Caerleon in Monmouthshire, who, flying from persecution, was hospitably entertained by St. Alban, at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, now called, from him, St. Alban's. Amphialus being closely pursued, made his escape, dressed in St. Alban's clothes. This, however, being soon discovered, exposed St. Alban to the fury of the Pagans; and our saint refusing to perform the sacrifice to their gods, was first miserably tortured, and then put to death.—See some beautiful lines by Mr. WORDSWORTH on this subject, in our last volume, p. 168.

*17. 1823.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE ESTABLISHED.

His PRESENT MAJESTY is the originator and founder of this 'Society for the Promotion of general Literature;' to which he contributes ELEVEN HUNDRED GUINEAS *annually*, out of his privy purse; including 100 guineas for TWO MEDALS as Honorary Rewards to be adjudged to literary works of eminent merit, and to important discoveries in Literature. The objects of this Society are,

1. To promote, by assistance from its funds or otherwise, the publication, and, in some cases, the translation, of valuable Manuscripts, discovered in any public or private Collection.

2. To encourage such discoveries by all suitable means.

3. To promote the publication of Works of great intrinsic value, but not of so popular a character as to induce the risk of individual expense.

4. To read, at its public Meetings, such papers upon subjects of General Literature, as shall have been first approved by the Council of the Society; from which papers a selection shall be made, to be printed in the Transactions of the Society.

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5. To adjudge Honorary Rewards to persons who shall have rendered any eminent service to Literature, or produced any work highly distinguished for Learning or Genius; provided always that such work contain nothing hostile to Religion or Morality.

6. To establish Correspondence with learned men in Foreign Countries, for the purpose of Literary inquiry and information.

7. To elect, as Honorary Associates, persons eminent for the pursuit of Literature; and from these to elect Associates upon the Royal Foundation, and upon the foundation of the Society, as circumstances may admit.

This Society consists of Fellows and Associates. The Associates consist of two classes, the *first* composed of Royal Associates and Associates of the Society; and the *second* of Honorary Associates, from whom the Associates of the first class are elected. Associates of the first class to be persons of distinguished learning, and Authors of some creditable work of Literature; *ten on the Royal Endowment*, and the same number on the Funds of the Society. The whole number, both of the Royal Associates and Associates of the Society, to be appointed by the Council of the Society. The appointment of the Society's Associates to take place at such time, and in such degree, as to the Council shall seem expedient. No person to be eligible as an Associate, unless recommended by at least three Members of the Council.

The following is a list of the TEN ROYAL ASSOCIATES, each of whom receives £100 per annum; they have been elected by the Council, composed of the Fellows of the Society. We take the alphabetical order, and add a list of the principal works of each:—

1. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq.
   The Friend, Essays—Lay Sermons—Translation of Wallenstein—Remorse, a Tragedy—Poems, &c.
2. The Rev. Edward Davies.
   Celtic Researches—Mythology of the Ancients.
3. The Rev. John Jamieson, D.D. F.R.S.E. F.L.S.E.
   An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language—Hermes Scythicus—and other Works.
4. The Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, M.A. F.R.S.
   Essay on Population.

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5. **Thomas James Mathias, Esq.** F.R.S. F.S.A.
   Runic Odes—On the Evidence relating to the Poems attributed to Rowley—The Shade of Alexander Pope—and various other Works.
6. **James Millingen, Esq.** F.S.A.
   Peintures Antiques inédites de Vases Grecs—Peintures de Vases Grecs, de la Collection de Sir John Coghill, Bart.—Recueil de quelques Medailles Grecques inédites—Medallic History of Napoleon.
7. **Sir William Ouseley, Knt.** LL.D.
   Persian Miscellanies—Oriental Collections—Travels in Persia, &c.—and other Works.
8. **William Roscoe, Esq.**
   Life of Lorenzo di Medici—Life of Leo X.—&c. &c.
9. **The Rev. Henry John Todd,** M.A. F.S.A.
   The Works of Spenser, &c.—Milton's Poetical Works, &c.; Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton—Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Bishop Walton, &c.—Johnson's Dictionary corrected, &c.
10. **Sharon Turner, Esq.** F.S.A.
    History of the Anglo-Saxons, &c.—Vindication of the Genuineness of the Ancient British Poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarchlen, and Merdhin; to which are added, An Essay on the Antiquity of Rhyme in Europe; 'The Voluspa'—The History of England during the Middle Ages, &c.—Prolusions.

*18.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

20.—TRANSLATION OF EDWARD, *King of the West Saxons.*

Edward being barbarously murdered by his mother-in-law, was first buried at Warham, without any solemnity; but after three years, was carried by Duke Alferus to the minster of Shrewsbury, and there interred with great pomp.

21.—LONGEST DAY.

This day is, in London, 16h. 34m. 5s., allowing 9 m. 16 s. for refraction.

INSCRIPTION *for my* DAUGHTERS' HOUR-GLASS.

Mark the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this channelled glass,

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Measuring by their ceaseless fall
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Busy, till its sand be done,
See the shining current run;
But, th' allotted numbers shed,
Another hour of life hath fled!
Its task performed, its travail past,
Like mortal man it rests at last!
Yet let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same;
Whilst any golden grains remain,
'Twill work its little hour again.—
But who shall turn the glass for Man,
When all his golden grains have ran?
Who shall collect his scattered sand,
Dispersed by TIME'S unsparing hand?—
Never can one grain be found,
Howe'er we anxious search around!

Then, Daughters, since this truth is plain,
That TIME once gone ne'er comes again,
Improved bid ev'ry moment pass—
See how the sand rolls down your glass.

J. M^CREERY[1].

24.—SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST *and* MIDSUMMER DAY.

The nativity of St. John the Baptist is celebrated by the Christian church on this day, because he was the *Forerunner* of our blessed Lord, and, by preaching the doctrine of repentance, prepared the way for the gospel. St. John is named by an old divine, 'The Isthmus which connects the Jewish and Christian dispensations; in his life a miracle, and in his death a martyr.' He is also, frequently called 'The Morning-Star.' Moses and the Prophets, like the glimmering of the twilight, dawned first: John immediately preceded the rising of that Sun of righteousness, which has enlightened the whole world. The stern sublimity of his character and preaching seems

[1] A *poet* as well as a *typographer*:—see his 'PRESS, a Poem;' as remarkable for the splendour of its mechanical execution and beautiful engravings on wood, as for the mental energy displayed in its harmonious numbers.

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to have created universal awe, and his irreproachable life universal esteem. Even Herod feared and respected him; and we have the testimony of Scripture that his consent to sacrifice him to the vengeance of his incestuous wife was wrung from him by stratagem, and followed by remorse.—*Protestant Beadsman*, p. 47, *et seq.*

In antient times, on the vigil of this Saint, the doors of every house were shaded with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, and the like interspersed with garlands of flowers; and these ornaments were adorned with lamps kept lighted during the night. As the sun approached its setting, *bonfires* became numerous, and tables were set in the porch of every house, well furnished with marchpane, wassail-bread, and 'jolly good ale and old,' where the seniors enjoyed their talk of 'auld lang syne,' and the young men and maidens crowned with garlands of St. John's wort and vervain, and with violets and lilies in their hands, danced round the Midsummer fires, and cast their flowers into its bosom, deprecating the evils and imploring the blessings of the passing year[1].

It was the belief of our credulous ancestors, that the *fern-seed* became visible only on St. John's Eve, and at the precise moment of the birth of the Saint; that it was under the peculiar protection of the Queen of Faery, and that in this awful night the most tremendous conflicts took place, for its possession, between sorcerers and spirits; for

The wond'rous one-night seeding ferne,

as Browne calls it, was conceived not only to confer *invisibility at pleasure* on those who succeeded in procuring it, but it was also esteemed of sovereign potency in the fabrication of charms and incantations.

[1] See a 'Tale of the Days of Shakspeare,' in *Dr. Drake's Noontide Hours*, vol. i, p. 175, *et seq.*

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Those, therefore, who were addicted to the arts of magic, and possessed sufficient courage for the enterprise, were believed to watch in solitude during this solemn period, in order that they might seize the seed on the instant of its appearance[1].

*24. 1824.—WILSON LOWRY DIED,

An engraver who carried the mechanical perfection of his art to such a height, as to excite general admiration. He engraved most of the plates on mechanical subjects in *'Rees's Encyclopædia;'* and some of the finest specimens of his talents, as an *architectural engraver*, are to be found in *Murphy's Batalha*, and in Mr. *Gwilt's* new and splendid edition of 'Sir Wm. Chambers's Architecture,' a book which should be in the library of every student.

29.—SAINT PETER.

Peter's original name, Simon, was not abolished by Christ, but that of *Cephas* was added to it, which in Syriac, the vulgar language of the Jews, signifies a stone or rock; hence the Greek Πέτρος, and our *Peter*. The apostle's father was Jonah, probably a fisherman of Bethsaida. His brother Andrew, being first converted, was said to be an instrument of Peter's conversion, *John* i, 40, 41. St. Peter lived at Capernaum: he was a married man, and his wife's mother lived with them. Christ seems to have frequently lodged or sojourned at his house.—See *Luke* iv, 31-38, and Bp. Hall's Contemplation on the Tribute Money.

*30. 1824.—REV. T. RENNELL DIED, ÆT. 37,

Son of the present venerable and eminent Dean of Winchester and Master of the Temple. Of his learning and talents it is unnecessary to speak, as these have been sufficiently evinced by the various able works he has published in defence of Revealed Religion. The last effort of his zeal for this cause, which had so often received the aid of his powerful abili-

[1] Dr. Drake's Shakspeare and his Times, vol. i, p. 329.

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ties, cannot fail to be read with attention by the Christian public. It is entitled 'A Narrative of the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee, formerly Prime Minister of Denmark, by Dr. Munter, translated from the German by the Rev. Mr. Wenderborn,' to which are prefixed an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Rennell. In the pulpit he was earnest, eloquent, and persuasive. To vigour of thought, he joined a copiousness and force of language, a felicity of illustration, an impressiveness of manner, and a power of applying his subject to the conscience, which at once won the attention and touched the heart. His memory will be long cherished in the parish of Kensington, of which he was the Vicar; and the unavailing regret of his flock at the loss of so amiable a man and so excellent a minister, could only have been alleviated by the appointment of such a successor in the vicarage as MR. ARCHDEACON POTT,—a successor such as Mr. Rennell himself would have chosen, and for whom he entertained the most sincere respect and regard.—For some interesting particulars of Mr. Rennell, consult the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xciv, p. ii, p. 178.

* JUNE 1824. LIBRARY ESTABLISHED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON,

Who have unanimously voted £500 as an outfit, and £200 per annum for the purchase of books, which are to consist of *topographical* and other works relative to the City of London, from the earliest period to the present time. This Library is placed under the direction of thirteen members of the Common Council. In the reign of Edward VI, there was 'a fayre and large Library, pertaining to the Guildhall and College,' but the books were sent for by Edward Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, 'with promise to be restored shortly'—*but were never returned!*—How many books, under similar 'promises,' have since shared the same fate! and will continue so to do—*usque ad finem* of book-lending.

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* JUNE 1824.—ETIENNE BAQUE DIED, ÆT. 124!

While 'culling of simples,' the humble trade of this patriarch, in the commune of Estadens, Haute Garonne: he was held in esteem, almost as a saint, by the populace.—There is now *living*, at Paris, a man of the name of Pierre Huet, who is said to have arrived at the great age of 120.

* JUNE 1824.—ARTHUR KERSHAW DIED, ÆT. 68,

In a garret in Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, destitute of the common necessaries of life: he was for a long time employed in London as a translator, corrector of the press, &c. &c. but principally, it is said, by Sir Richard Phillips to write for the Monthly Magazine, and for various other works which he published. The feeble thread of life was somewhat extended by the beneficence of the Literary Fund; and the kind hand of charity committed his mortal remains to the cold and silent tomb.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JUNE 1825.

The light with kind delay prolongs his reign:
The solemn midnight wears unusual smiles,
If midnight we may name, where softer shades
Lend only milder beauties.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Cancer at 48 m. after 6 in the evening of the 21st of this month. He will also be eclipsed on the 16th, but the eclipse will be invisible in this country.

The conjunction will take place at 0 h. 22½ m. in longitude 2 s. 24° 58¼′, the Moon's latitude being 21¼′ south.

The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 0 h. 21 m. in longitude 5° 13½′ west, and in latitude 0° 56¼′ north.

The Sun will likewise rise and set during the same period as in the following

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TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

June 1st,	Sun rises 53 m. after	3.	Sets	7 m. after	8
6th,	..... 49	3	11		8
11th,	..... 45	3	15		8
16th,	..... 43	3	17		8
21st,	..... 43	3	17		8
26th,	..... 44	3	16		8

Equation of Time.

To find true from apparent time, the correction must be applied as directed in the following Table, and the quantity for any of the intermediate days found by proportion, as already specified.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Wednesday, June 1st,	from the time by the dial *subt.*	2	36
Monday,..... 6th,	....	1	48
Saturday, ... 11th,	.....	0	51
Thursday, ... 16th,	to the time by the dial *add*	0	11
Tuesday, ... 21st,	.....	1	16
Sunday, ... 26th,	.....	2	20

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	8th day, at 17 m. after	2	in the afternoon
New Moon,.. 16th	..... 22	0	.....
First Quarter, 23d	..... 15	11	in the morning
Full Moon, .. 30th	..... 4	10	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits have been selected as affording the most favourable opportunities of observation during this month: viz.

June	6th, at 21 m. after	4	in the morning	
	7th, .. 5	5	.....	
	8th, .. 46	5	.....	
	9th, .. 27	6	.....	
	10th, .. 8	7	.....	
	24th, .. 56	6	in the evening	
	25th, .. 49	7	.....	
	26th, .. 45	8	.....	
	27th, .. 42	9	.....	
	28th, .. 40	10	.....	
	29th, .. 36	11	.....	

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TABLE.

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
June 1st, at	25 m. after	2	47 m. after	2
6th, ..	34	5	55	5
11th, ..	35	9	4	10
16th, ..	56	1	28	1
21st, ..	17	5	37	5
26th, ..	10	10	47	10

For the time of High Water at several other places, see the quantities to be added to, or subtracted from, the above, as stated in the Occurrences in January.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

Venus now shines with great brilliancy; but as this is chiefly in the daytime, she will be but little seen. Her greatest brightness will take place about the 18th; and the proportions of the two parts of her disk are,

June 1st, { Illuminated part = 0·66111
Dark part ..... = 11·33889

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Of the twenty-six eclipses of the first and second of these small bodies which happen this month, only two will be visible, and these are both near the beginning, viz.

Emersions.

First Satellite, 4th day, at 3 m. 14 s. after 10 at night
Second Satellite, 1st ..... 17 .. 8 ..... 9 .....

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

June. 4th with β in Capricornus, at 8 in the evening
13th .... ♂ in Aries ..... 4 in the afternoon
27th .... ♂ in Scorpio ..... 3 .....

Saturn will be in conjunction at a quarter past 5 in the morning of the 2d of this month. Venus will be stationary on the 9th. Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 16th; and Mercury and Saturn will be in conjunction at 5 in the evening of the 23d.

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We need no apology for introducing the following lines to the notice of our readers, nor do they require a single commendatory expression;—a glance is sufficient to attest their beauty.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

The clouds pass away and are leaving the sky,
A region of azure unclouded and bright;
And the star of the twilight, with tremulous eye,
Comes forth like an angel that heralds the night.

Not a zephyr is curling the breast of the stream,
Not a zephyr is stirring the leaves on the tree,
And low hollow sounds like the hum of a dream
Steal over the vale from the voluble sea.

All is tranquil and still, save the spirit of man;
All is peaceful and pure, save the dream of his breast;
And the fanciful hopes that illumine his span,
Draw him on like a spell from the mansions of rest.

When around there is joy, then within there is strife,
On his cheek is a smile, on his bosom is care;
And daily and hourly the waves of his life
Dash, breaking in foam, on the rocks of despair.

D. M. MOIR.

The Naturalist's Diary

For JUNE 1825.

The morning bursts—all heaven has shed
Its light and music round thy bed:
The birds are busy in the eaves;
The sun-light dances on the leaves
That tremble round the window's rim;
And to and fro the shadows skim
Of busy wings without, that ply
In quest of larva, worm, or fly.
Throw now the sunny casement wide,
In flows the warm and odorous tide
From dew-besprinkled shrub and flower,
That blossom round that sylvan bower.

But, oh! thou world of light and glee!
What soul can ever picture thee?
As strays the fond enthusiast eye
Round the green earth and flaming sky,
From every meadow, bush, and tree,
Rings morning's loudest melody.

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Hark to the cuckoo's wand'ring notes!
Hark to the lark, whose music floats
Through the wide air.

The dew yet lingers on the grass,
As down the long green lane you pass,
Where, o'er the hawthorn's snowy wreaths,
The woodbine's honied perfume breathes;
And the wild rose's arching spray
Flaunts to the breeze above your way.
What palace proud—what city hall,
Can match these verdant boughs that fall,
Vaulting o'er banks of flowers, that glow
In hues of crimson, gold, and snow?
Where, midst the wild-brier's emerald leaves,
Her gauze-like nest the white-throat weaves.
What sense of joy hath ever stole
From song, or harp, into thy soul,
Like this, from young birds all unseen,
Chirping amongst the foliage green?

W. AND M. HOWITT[1].

THIS is the quaker-poet's description of a 'morning in June'—such a morning as *sometimes* occurs in our variable climate—and such a morning as we several times witnessed in June of the present year (1824). This month, however pleasant it may appear in the pictures of the poets, is frequently wet, cold, and unpleasant, but the complaint is not *new:* a century ago we find the same character of the rose-famed June! Among the '*Suffolk Letters*' lately published, is one from Lady Hervey to Mrs. Howard, dated from Bath, *June* 7, 1725, in which she observes: 'I do not know what weather it is in town, but here it is as cold as in winter, which is very agreeable to the water-drinkers, but very little so to the rest of the company.' And Lord Chesterfield in one of his letters, dated *June* 1, 1767, says: 'This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it still continues. Every one has fires, and their winter clothes as at Christmas.'

Again, in the 'Suffolk Correspondence,' Mrs. Bradshaw, writing to Mrs. Howard from Gosworth Hall,

[1] See an exquisite little poem entitled, 'A June Day,' in 'The Forest Minstrel,' before quoted.

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in Cheshire, May 28, 1722, says; 'It is impossible for me to give you an account of the manners and customs of this place at present, *for the weather has been so wet,* that none of the neighbouring nymphs or swains have been able to make their appearance. Mr. Mordaunt has once or twice made an effort to sally out into the gardens, but finding no rest for the sole of his foot, returns presently to us again.'—Lady Mohun, in the following July, in a letter to Mrs. Howard, says: 'The *weather is so very bad,* that I am inclined to believe there is a thorough change in nature:'

> The wind and rain discordant brawl;
> They penetrate through chinks of wall,
> And sound melodious in the hall.
>
> Winter has taken July's place,
> *Sol* lags in his diurnal race,
> And is ashamed to show his face.
> * * *
>
> Your *Journal,* therefore, send us soon,
> To dissipate our clouds at noon,
> Or death will seize your weary
>
> MOHUN.

The weather in 1823 seems to have been equally unseasonable during the whole summer nearly all over the continent. In France it was as wet as in our own moist climate; and, in various parts of Germany and Italy, there were extraordinary falls of snow up to the *eve* of the dog-days. In 1824, the latter part of June was wet; and, contrary to all usual custom, the greater part of July *fine,* except some tremendous hail-storms—and August wet—and in September and October we were carried back to April, its rain, its sunshine, its flowers, and its verdure. In Switzerland, the summer of 1824 had been so ungenial, that at the latter end of September, in an island in the lake of Constance consisting entirely of vineyards, the grapes were still green, and it was feared that the vintage would be wholly lost. In

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this variable month of June[1] we should recollect the observation of the poet, that we now possess the

Blithest of all the Sun's glad beams,
When between storm and storm he gleams;

we should snatch every moment of pleasure which a

[1] SIGNS OF RAIN;
An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make an Excursion with him:

An Original Poem, by the late Dr. Jenner.

1. The hollow winds begin to blow,
2. The clouds look black, the glass is low;
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
10. Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
11. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
14. The distant hills are looking nigh.
15. How restless are the snorting swine,
16. The busy flies disturb the kine;
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
19. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
21. Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
23. The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
24. Illumed the dewy dell last night.
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green,
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays;
29. The frog has changed his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is drest.
31. Though, JUNE, the air is cold and still,
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
33. My dog, so altered in his taste,
34. Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
35. And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall—
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. 'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow;
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

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serene atmosphere, and a walk in the garden among fragrant flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, will never fail to afford us;—we should recollect that

December, with his breath so hoary,
Must come!

and this should be an additional incitement to us, even in the comparatively sun-less month of June,

to court the ray,
To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

We should not fail to instil into the minds of the young a love for the beauties of Nature; we should accompany them in their walks, and tempt them to observe particularly in this, occasionally, delightful month, how

every sense
Drinks in the balmy season; every day,
The pageant varies its magnificence:
In place of gaudy Apple, blooms the May;
The Elm's green blossoms shed, the Chesnut's gay
Aspiring plumes of white and crimson rise:
Endless the rich and fanciful array.

J. CONDER.

Supposing the weather to have been mild and favourable to vegetation, the flower garden is in all its glory at the commencement of June; and nothing can be more delightful than to observe the almost countless varieties which grace the parterre of Flora at this season.

We tread on flowers; flowers meet our every glance,
It is the scene, the season of romance,
'The very bridal of the earth and sky.'

J. CONDER.

Among all the various ornaments of the garden, 'THE ROSE,' that queen of flowers, stands pre-eminent; its beautiful buds now open to the sun, and invite us to say with the poet,

Who can view the *ripened* rose, nor seek
To wear it?

The *Austrian* rose blossoms in the early part of

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the month, as does also the Chinese rose: these are followed by the common garden rose, the single yellow rose (*rosa lutea*), and the white rose (*r. alba*); last of all comes that loveliest of all floral attractions—the 'Moss Rose[1]'—which should be termed 'THE *Rose*'—*par excellence!*

To the ROSE.

[*From the Spanish of Don Francisco de Rioja.*]

By J. H. WIFFEN.

Warm rival of the flame that dyes
The heavens where Morning takes its birth,
Pure, glowing ROSE, how canst thou rise,
So fresh with joy, so full of mirth—
Whilst conscious that thy gifted charms
Pass swift as summer's transient gale,
That neither can thy prickly arms
Nor purple beauty aught avail,
An hour—an instant, to delay
The killing stroke of quick decay?

* *

Fast pale thy burning wings, fast curl
Thy leaves—the blithe bee, murmuring round,
Strikes them, and, one by one, they whirl,
Decayed and scentless, to the ground.
So closely joined thy life appears
With thy decay, that scarce I know,
If sad Aurora, in the tears
She weeps for thee, would wish to show
Grief for thy birth or for thy death,
Sweet creature of celestial breath.

[1] A propos of this favourite flower—we have just seen a little work, entitled 'Memoirs of the Rose,' whose poetical illustrations appear to be *chiefly* gleaned from *our* Gulistan:—the author says, he has '*annually* enjoyed many delightful hours in the perusal of the multifarious and interesting contents of Time's Telescope,' and we give him full credit for the assertion. *Cependant*, the book is cleverly put together,—its tendency is unexceptionable,—and if our readers don't mind a little *crambe repetitâ* (twice roses), they may garland old TIME's silvery locks with a few more flowers, or may safely present the volume to any young lady of their acquaintance, who has never seen his '*Telescope*,'—on condition that it be *relié en veau*, '*couleur de rose*.' Look to this, Mr. Westley, and give out some copies immediately to *your* Lewis or Herring.

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From the garden to the field it is but a step, and here we shall see *clover* in blossom, and regale our olfactory senses with its delightful fragrance. The sweet-scented vernal grass (*anthoxanthum odoratum*), which is the cause of the very delightful scent of hay, flowers also in this month, and diffuses its fragrance through the country. About the beginning of June, the pimpernel, thyme, the bitter-sweet nightshade, white bryony, and the dog-rose, have their flowers full blown.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O *wilding* rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years.
Lady of the Lake.

The foxglove, which produces a beautiful flower, blossoms in this month as well as in the next. The poppy (*papaver somniferum*) has its flowers full blown.

The *scarlet poppy*, on the painted fields,
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disordered mind[1].

The common jay in this month frequents our gardens, and makes great havock in the bean-rows.

One of the most interesting insects in June, is, in its perfect state, the angler's may-fly (*ephemera vul-*

[1] *To* SLEEP.

[*From the Spanish, by Mr. Bowring.*]

O gentle Sleep! my welcoming breath
Shall hail thee midst our mortal strife,
Who art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!
'Tis sweet to feel thy downy wing
Light hovering o'er our wonted bed;
But who has heard thy lightsome tread,
Thou blind and deaf and silent thing?
Thou dost a secret pathway keep,
Whose all is darkest mystery.

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gata), which appears about the 4th, and continues nearly a fortnight. It emerges from the water, where it passes its aurelia state, about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. There are also the golden-green beetle; various kinds of flies; the cuckoo-spit insect, and the stag-beetle. The several species of the *gadfly* make their appearance in June. The larvæ of the dragon-fly (*libellula*), after a two-years' submersion in stagnant water, now ascend the stalks of plants, and, bursting their shells, their wings soon dry and gain strength, when the fly, in all its brilliant colours, is seen darting with astonishing velocity over the waters and the meadows in search of its prey, a butterfly, or other insect, which, when captured, is devoured with voracity. The small *blue* dragon-fly does not yield in richness of hue to the peacock's neck.

The numerous species of *aphides* are now found on many plants, bearing an appropriate name from each. Those which infest the *rose-tree* and *bean* are possibly most under observation. One is green, and scarcely distinguished from the colour of the young leaves; the other is black. The intercourse between these insects and the ants is curiously described in a recent publication. 'That ants should have their milch cattle is as extraordinary as that they should have slaves. The loves of the ants and aphides have long been celebrated; and that there is a connection between them you may at any time, in proper season, convince yourself; the former will always be found very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter are found: their object in thus attending upon them, is to obtain the saccharine fluid, which may be denominated the milk, that they secrete. The ants watch the moment when the aphides emit this fluid, and suck it down. They absolutely possess the art of making them yield it at their pleasure; or, in other words, of milking them, using their antennæ as fingers, patting the abdomen

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of the aphis on each side, till a little drop of fluid appears, which the ant takes into its mouth.'—*Kirby and Spence's Entomology.*

The *grasshopper* now makes his appearance,

> Sipping glittering drops of dew,
> Singing songs for ever new;

floating among the green leaves, and with his

> Sweet prophetic song
> Foretelling summer days.

The *bee* pursues his ceaseless avocation of collecting the sweets of Nature to form his elegant condiment of honey: and what can be more delicious than

> The flower-drawn nectar of the mountain-bee!

and what more interesting than to watch the operations of this industrious insect!—With this example before us, let us go in search of flowers — more *flowers*,—'gathering rose-buds while we may'—but ever bearing in mind, that those who

> pluck the flowers,
> And place them on their breast—but place to die;
> Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
> Are laid within our bosoms but to perish:

and while 'we dote on odours,' and admire the elegant shapes and varied hues of these favourites of Nature, let this truth be ever deeply engraven on our memories,

'THAT IN A DAY WITHERS THE FLOWER OF LIFE.'

To continue our walk — *marigolds* and *pæonies* and roses, including the *guelder-rose*, with its balls of dazzling whiteness, now display their beauties. The Star of Bethlehem *(ornithogalum uniflorum)* shines in all its splendour, and pinks and sweet-william add their pretty colours: the panicled *lychnidea* and red valerian ornament our gardens at this period, the delicate lilac of the one forming a pleasing contrast with the rich crimson of the other.

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The blossoms of the sweet-brier are now open: the white lily, and the flower-de-luce, or *iris*, with its splendid floscules and curiously-formed pistils, now shine in the garden. The forget-me-not *(myosotis palustris)* also flowers in June, and throughout the summer[1]. The following lines were addressed to a young lady, who, on the author handing her into a carriage, held out at the window a nosegay which he had presented to her, in which the Forget-me-Not made a principal figure:—

I culled each floweret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell,
And round them twined a tendril rare:—
She said the posy pleased her well.
But of the flowers that deck the field
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield,
The sweetest is 'Forget me not.'

We roamed the mead, we climbed the hill,
We rambled o'er the breckan brae;
The trees that crowned the mossy rill,
They screened us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charmed with ev'ry rural spot;
And, when arrived the parting hour,
Her last words were, 'Forget me Not.'

New Monthly Magazine.

In this month the *gum cistus* tribe shed daily their

[1] This beautiful little flower, which enamels the banks of our rivers with its corollas of celestial blue, has become celebrated by a German tale, so full of romance, as to affect all the Damons and Phillises of Europe that haunt the purling stream. It is related, that a young couple who were on the eve of being united, whilst walking along the delightful banks of the Danube, saw one of these lovely flowers floating on the waves, which seemed ready to carry it away. The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and regretted its fatal destiny, which induced the lover to precipitate himself into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower, than he sank into the flood; but, making a last effort, he threw the flower upon the shore, and, at the moment of disappearing for ever, he exclaimed, '*vergiss mich nicht*,' since which this flower has been made emblematical, and taken the name of 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'—*Phillips's Flora Historica*, vol. ii, p. 270.

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abundant flowers, covering the ground with their delicate blossoms.

The *fern-owl* may be seen about the middle of the month, in the evening, among the branches of oaks, in pursuit of its favourite repast, the fern-chaffer. Mackerel (*scomber scomber*) are taken in abundance this month.

The several kinds of *corn* come into ear and flower in June, as well as most of the numerous species of grasses. Gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, now begin to ripen; the first affording a rich treat to the young in its celebrated 'fool:'—the gourmand thinks of the 'jelly' to be made from the *second*, and has a delightful vision of haunches of venison and leverets; and fair-handed damsels in imagination sip 'with silver spoon' the strawberry immersed in cream. But we have more 'goodly prospects' even in June: the *elder-tree* is in flower, and promises a rich supply of fruit to make our favourite beverage of a cold winter's evening, when the bitter-biting frost and the gustful winds send us to our chimney-corners for warmth and shelter.

The *hay-harvest* commences about the end of the month, in the southern and midland parts of the kingdom. About this time, also, birds cease their notes. The rural ceremony of *sheep-shearing* usually takes place in June, and was formerly celebrated with much innocent pastime.

In addition to our list of flowers, we must not omit to name the sweet and fragrant honeysuckle (*lonicera periclymenum*), admired by all for the charms which it imparts to the rural walk. The bard of Avon has not forgotten to show his affection for this pretty parasite: let us, then, to avoid the fervid rays of noon,

> Steal into the pleached[1] bower,
> Where *honey-suckles*, ripened by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter,

[1] Interwoven.

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and, with a volume of his 'immortal works' in our hands, indulge in the rich fancies and beautiful imagery of the 'MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.'

We commenced our Diary with a 'Morning Scene' by the authors of the 'Forest Minstrel:' 'Nature's Sweetest Child' has furnished our noontide picture; and we will now conclude with a 'JUNE EVE' by the sylvan poets, so often noticed in the course of this volume.

All round is bright, and you may see
Green hill and river, tower and tree—
One wide fair scene of beauteous rest,
Brilliant and sweet, and calm and blest.
All there is peace, and you may hear
Each softened sound distinct and clear:
The wood-gate's clap, the peasant's lay,
The low of herds, the mastiff's bay,
And the rich blackbird's strains, that swell
Each sunset from the neighbouring dell.
Who has not wandered to inhale
Fragrance and dew and living gale,
As the far wood's luxuriant waves
Of green the sun's last radiance laves;
And villagers sit at their doors
Beneath the towering sycamores;
And hum the chaffer's ruddy wings?
And sweet are lovers' loiterings
On by the park-pale's silvery moss,
Where listening hares the footpaths cross;
And partridges, met in the glen,
Are racing swiftly back again;
And from the far heath, drear and still,
Pipes the lone curlew, wild and shrill;
And darker glooms the forest glade;
And heaven's pale gleams yet fainter fade.

W. AND M. HOWITT.

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from p. 154.]

ENDIVE.—*See* SALADS.

GARLIC.—*See* ONION.

'The pungent radish biting infant's tongue.'

HORSE-RADISH *(cochlearia armoracia)*.—The vo-

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latile qualities of this well-known root evaporate in drying. It will impregnate both water and spirit very richly with its active matter. It is thought to create appetite and assist digestion, and on that account is very properly employed as a condiment with animal food. The most eminent physicians have extolled this root as an antiscorbutic; and as of great use taken internally for colds, coughs, and dropsies, and externally applied for palsy and rheumatism. It is, however, like most other vegetable medicines, little used in modern practice; *but the ladies may be willing to learn that horse-radish, scraped and infused in cold milk, makes one of the best and safest cosmetics.* One drachm of the fresh scraped root infused with four ounces of water in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup with double its weight of sugar, is an approved recipe for removing hoarseness. A tea spoonful of this has often been very suddenly effectual.—*Phillips's Cultivated Vegetables,* vol. i, p. 258.

The latest and best method of culture of the horse-radish is described by Mr. Judd, in the Horticultural Transactions, and is as follows: he takes about three inches of the top part of each stick or root, and then cuts clean off about a quarter of an inch of this piece under the crown, so as to leave no appearance of a green bud. He makes the trenches two feet deep, and, if he applies manure, puts it in the very bottom of the trench; for if not so done, the horse-radish, which always puts out some side roots, would send out such large shoots from the main root in search of the dung contiguous to its sides, as materially to deteriorate the crop. In planting, holes are made eighteen inches apart every way, sixteen or eighteen inches deep. The root cuttings are let down to the bottom of the holes, which are afterwards filled up with fine sifted cinder-dust, and the surface of the bed is then raked over. The season of planting is the middle of March.

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For an account of Mr. Knight's method of treating horse-radish, see *Loudon's Encyclopædia.*

Horse-radish, if dug up in autumn, may be preserved through winter in sheds or cellars, among sand or dry earth.

KALE.—*See* CABBAGE *and* SEA KALE.

KIDNEY BEAN.—*See* BEAN.

LAVENDER *(lavandula spica)* is rather *medicinal* than culinary; yet as a few plants are generally kept in every garden, we cannot refuse it the tribute of a passing notice—particularly when we recollect that

> its spike of azure bloom
> Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
> To lurk amid the labours of the loom,
> And crown our kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume:

and that the delicate fingers of some fair damsels of our acquaintance will construct imitation scent-bottles of

> the purple-flowering head
> Of fragrant lavender.

It should also be known that the stalks of the lavender, even when the flowers have been stripped away, have an agreeable scent, and, if burnt, will diffuse it powerfully and pleasantly: they form an agreeable substitute for pastils, and will burn very well in the little vessels made for that purpose. Lavender is propagated by cuttings and slips, and likes a dry, gravelly soil[1]. Lavender water is distilled from the flowers, and for this purpose the plant is extensively cultivated, particularly about Mitcham in Surrey.

LEEKS.—*See* ONION.

LENTILS.—*See* PEAS.

LETTUCE.—*See* SALADS.

LOVE-APPLE *(solanum lycopersicum)*.—When ripe, the fruit of the tomato, which has an acid flavour, is

[1] *Flora Domestica* (p. 218); an elegant and interesting work on flowers that may be cultivated in pots, which does the greatest credit to the taste and judgment of the fair authoress.

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put into soups and sauces, and the juice is preserved for winter use like ketchup; it is also used in confectionary as a preserve, and when green as a pickle. It is a great favourite with the French and Italians, and with the latter scarcely a dinner is served up without this *sauce piquante*, whole fields being devoted to its cultivation. The plants must be raised and forwarded in a hot bed under glass, from about the vernal equinox till May. The fruit begins to ripen in August, and should be gathered in October: if hung up in bunches in any dry apartment, it will continue good for use in November. To save seed, gather some of the best ripe fruit in autumn; clear out the seed; wash and cleanse it from the pulp, and dry it thoroughly; then put it up in papers or bags, for use next spring.—*Loudon.*

The *egg-plant* is used in stews and soups, in French and Italian cookery, and for the general purposes of the love-apple.

> We can stray well-pleased, and pluck
> The od'rous leaf of *marj'ram*, balm, or mint;
> Nor scorn we to observe the thriving sage
> And fragrant thyme. HURDIS.

Marjoram sweet in Shepherd's posie found.

MARJORAM. — The Sweet Marjoram *(origanum marjorana)* is a biennial in Portugal, its native country, and here, when it receives the aid of a greenhouse through the winter; yet in the open garden it requires to be treated as an *annual*, and sown and reaped the same year. As the seed seldom ripens in this country, it is generally procured from France. Pot, winter, and common marjoram (*o. onites, heracleoticum & vulgare)* may be propagated from offsets, by parting the roots in the spring and autumn. Plant in rows or beds, allowing a square foot for each plant. —*Loudon.*

MINT.—Of the different cultivated species of mint, spearmint *(mentha viridis)* is that chiefly used for culinary purposes, as an ingredient for salads, to

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boil with peas, &c. Peppermint *(m. piperita)* is principally used for distillation, and is extensively cultivated in low, rich, soft, marshy land. Both this and spearmint like a moist soil. All the species are raised by parting the roots, by offset young plants, and by cuttings of the stalks. In many a rural walk, may we exclaim with the poet,

Sweet is the hedge with odorous mint.

MOREL.—*See* MUSHROOM.

[To be continued.]

JULY.

THIS word is derived from the Latin *Julius*, the surname of C. Cæsar, the dictator, who was born in this month.

Remarkable Days

In JULY 1825.

2.—VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

THIS festival was first instituted by Pope Urban VI, in commemoration of that remarkable journey which the Mother of our Lord took into the mountains of Judæa, in order to visit the mother of St. John the Baptist.

*2. 1566.—NOSTRADAMUS, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ASTROLOGER, DIED.

Existing in a dark age, of course great attention was paid to his productions. This science suffered a temporary revival some few years ago, when the following lively piece of poetry was written, addressed to a lady who was then *enceinte*. It introduces much of the *jargon* of Astrology, so constantly used by the votaries of that mystic art.

The ASTROLOGER'S ADDRESS.

Tell me the hour your baby was born,
And I'll *set a square* directly;
It reeks not whether 'twas night or morn,
So you note the hour correctly;

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Who governs his fate fleetly you'll see,
If *Mars*, or *Saturn*, or *Venus*,
And, if dire should his *Horoscope* be,
The secret we'll keep between us.

Say, will the mother's tears fast fall,
Should I say, 'Yon infant sleeping
Will years see many, but one and all
Will be ushered in with weeping?
His *Dial* of *Life* is obscure and dim,
Each *Malefic* comes in to shade it,
And treasures its ill to pour on him,
So fatal hath Fortune made it.'

Yet seek not, if you're wise, to know
What's hid by the veil before ye,
Or whether he'll prove your deepest woe,
Or rise up your proudest glory.
I sought by *Planets* my fate to tell,
But *Love* proved my fortune's ruin;
For just as I cried 'The *stars* look well,'
Love marred what the spell was doing.

RICHARD RYAN.

3.—DOG-DAYS BEGIN.

These are a certain number of days before and after the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the dog-star, in the morning. The dog-days in our modern Almanacks occupy the time from July 3d to August 11th; the name being applied now, as it was formerly, to the *hottest* time of the year.

Come ye, come ye, to the green, green wood;
Loudly the blackbird is singing,
The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,
And the curled fern is springing;
Here ye may sleep
In the moss so deep,
While the noon is so warm and so weary,
And sweetly awake
As the sun through the brake
Bids the fauvette and whitethroat sing cheery.

The quicken is tufted with blossoms of snow,
And is throwing its perfume around it;
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
For joy that again she has found it;
The jay's red breast
Peeps over her nest,

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In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing;
And the call of the pheasant
Is frequent and pleasant,
When all other calls are hushing.
Howitt's Forest Minstrel.

4.—TRANSLATION OF SAINT MARTIN.

This day was appointed to commemorate the removal or translation of St. Martin's body from one tomb to another much more noble and magnificent; an honour conferred on the deceased saint by Perpetuus, one of his successors in the see of Tours.

*6. 1823.—SIR HENRY RAEBURN DIED,

First portrait painter to the king in Scotland, which appointment he only received a few days before his death. In this department of the pictorial art, he was second only to Sir Thomas Lawrence in the peculiar chasteness, depth of his colouring, and fidelity of likeness: in the strong and marked character with which he animated his pictures he has, indeed, left few compeers. He possessed the rare faculty of producing, in every instance, the most striking and agreeable likeness, and of indicating intellectual expression and dignity of demeanour, wherever they appeared in the original; often approaching in his portraits to the elevation of historical painting. His modesty was equal to his merit; and in his intercourse with the young candidates for public favour, he was uniformly kind, communicative, and liberal; and on all occasions had the candour to bestow just praise on rival excellence. Sir H. Raeburn was not only an artist, but a patron of the arts, and his gallery and study were ever open to the young artist.

7.—THOMAS A BECKET.

This haughty prelate was born in London, in the year 1119, and was the son of Gilbert, a merchant, and Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is said to have fallen in love with him when he was a prisoner to her father in Jerusalem. Thomas received the first

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part of his education at Merton Abbey in Surrey, whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards studied at Paris. In 1159, he made a campaign with King Henry to Toulouse, having in his own pay 1200 horse, besides a retinue of 700 knights or gentlemen.

*8. 1824.—TAMEHAMALU, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, DIED, ÆT. 22,

And, on the 14th of the same month, her consort, the King of the same Islands, at the Caledonian Hotel, Robert Street, Adelphi. Both these ill-fated foreigners had been converted to Christianity. The bodies of the King and Queen lay in state for some days, and were then removed to St. Martin's Church, and deposited in a vault for security, till a frigate could be got ready to convey them, and the suite of the late King and Queen, to the Sandwich Islands. The ship is now on her voyage (October 1824), and the whole expense of this fitment and transport is, very properly, defrayed by the British government.

15.—SAINT SWITHIN.

Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the see. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 868. For some remarks on the popular saying respecting St. Swithin, so amply verified in almost every July and August, see our former volumes.

19. 1821.—KING GEORGE IV CROWNED.

Some interesting particulars of this august ceremony will be found in T.T. for 1822, pp. 194-206, and in our last volume, p. 191.

20.—SAINT MARGARET.

She was born at Antioch, and was the daughter of a Pagan priest. Olybius, president of the East, under the Romans, wished to marry her; but finding that Margaret was a Christian, he postponed his intended nuptials until he could prevail upon her to renounce her religion. Our saint, however, was in-

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flexible, and was first tortured, and then beheaded, in the year 278.

*21. 1652.—INIGO JONES DIED, ÆT. 80,

The father of pure architecture in England. He was appointed Surveyor-General to James I, but, finding the office greatly in debt, he not only served without pay till the embarrassments were removed, but prevailed upon his fellow officers to do the like,—by which expedient the debt was soon cleared. He wrote, by the desire of the king, an account of Stonehenge, in 1620, in which year he was appointed one of the Commissioners for repairing St. Paul's Cathedral. On the death of James, he was continued in his situation by Charles I, for whom he executed the Banqueting House, *barely the fiftieth part of a palace*, at Whitehall, the designs for which had been made in the previous reign. During the usurpation he was denounced as a *malignant*, and compelled to pay a composition for his estate. Jones was restored to his post by Charles II, but it was then little more than an empty title; and grief, it is supposed, occasioned by the calamity of his former master, put a period to his existence on the day named at the head of this notice. He was interred in the chancel of Saint Bennet's, Paul's-wharf, London. His principal designs were published by Kent, fol. 1727; some of his lesser designs fol. 1744; and others were also published by Mr. Ware. His first work in London was the interior of the church of St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. A correct engraving of the water front of Somerset House, as executed by him, together with a fac-simile of his autograph, may be seen in Mr. GWILT'S new and splendid edition of *Sir Wm. Chambers's Civil Architecture*, p. 234, to which we are indebted for the preceding sketch. This edition of a highly valuable work will prove extremely acceptable to the architect (particularly to students), as the scientific editor has prefixed to it a truly classical and learned '*Ex-*

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amination of the Elements of Beauty in Grecian Architecture, with a brief investigation of its origin, progress, and perfection,' but only the germ of a larger work on the subject; and has further enriched the volume with many curious and useful notes: it is accompanied also with a life of Sir Wm. Chambers, from the pen of one of his pupils. The correct and elegant plates, likewise, which illustrate the work, contribute to render this edition greatly preferable to any other that has yet appeared.

22.—MARY MAGDALEN.

This day was first dedicated to the memory of St. Mary Magdalen, by King Edward VI; and in his Common Prayer, the *Gospel* for the day is from St. Luke, chap. vii, verse 36. Our reformers, however, upon a more strict inquiry, finding it doubtful whether this woman, mentioned in the Gospel, was really Mary Magdalen, thought it prudent to discontinue the festival.

25.—SAINT JAMES.

It is simply related in Scripture that Herod Agrippa 'killed James the brother of John with the sword.' This was in the second year of the Emperor Claudius, about ten years after our Lord's ascension. A remarkable conversion attending the condemnation of this apostle has been handed down on the authority of one of the primitive fathers. The informer who brought James to trial was so struck with his cheerful courage and meek resignation of life, that he instantly professed his own sudden belief in the glorious faith which produced such fruits, and implored the Saint's forgiveness. James, after a pause of delightful surprise, prayed for him, and admitted him into the Covenant of Christ with a holy kiss; upon which both of them were hurried away, and executed together. Thus fell St. James, the first of the Apostles who gained the crown of martyrdom.—*Protestant Beadsman.*

In reference to this day we introduce the following

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singular anecdote. In that portion of '*Mr. Ellis's Original Letters, from Autographs in the British Museum,*' dedicated to the reign of Charles I, (vol. iii, p. 237, et seq.) are some curious particulars respecting the Queen's French attendants, and the final routing of the *Messieurs* and *Mesdames*, along with their *petits chats* and *petits chiens*, by which it appears that their influence over her Majesty had arrived at an insufferable height, particularly among the priests. In a letter from Mr. Pory to Mr. Joseph Mead, it is observed.—'The reste of that clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and jesuited priests that could be found in all France; very fitt to make firebrands of sedition in a forren state; so that his Majesty, so long as he gave them intertainement, did but nourishe so many vypers in his bosome. Nay, their insolencies towardes the Queene were not to be endured; for besides that those ***** knaves would by way of confession interrogate her Majestie *** **** ** * ***** *** **** *** ***** *** and no longer agon then upon ST. JAMES *his day last*, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queen to walke a foot (some add barefoot) from her house at St. James to the gallowes at Tyborne, *thereby to honor the Saint of the day* in visiting that holy place where so many martyrs (forsooth) had shed their bloud in defense of the Catholique cause. Had they not also made her to dable in the durte in a foul morning from Somersett House to St. James, her Luciferian Confessour riding allong by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (wooden) dishes, to waite at the table and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances.'—It was, certainly, 'high time' that this French train should be dismissed; and packed off they were ('contumaciously refusing to go') in coaches, carts, and barges to Gravesend, where they slept; from thence they made easy stages of it, taking

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one day to go to Rochester, another to Canterbury, and another to Dover, from whence, says the writer, 'God send them a faire winde.' During their stay at St. James's 'they so defiled the house, as a week's worke would not make it cleane.' Before their departure, the King ordered more than £22,000 to be distributed amongst them, that they might have no cause to complain of their sudden dismissal.

*25. 1824.—WILLIAM SHARP DIED, ÆT. 74,

One of the most celebrated engravers of the day. His works are well known, not only in England, but throughout Europe. His engravings were so much admired on the Continent, that he was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Academy at Vienna, and of the Royal Academy of Munich.

26.—SAINT ANNE.

She was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and the wife of Joachim her father. Her festival is celebrated by the Latin church.

Astronomical Occurrences

In JULY 1825.

Short is the reign of night, and almost blends
The evening twilight with the morning dawn.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Leo at 38m. after 5 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

July	1st,	Sun rises	45 m. after	3.	Sets	15 m. after	8
	6th,	.....	48	3	.....	12	8
	11th,	.....	52	3	.....	8	8
	16th,	.....	57	3	.....	3	8
	21st,	.....	3	4	.....	57	7
	26th,	.....	10	4	.....	50	7
	31st,	.....	17	4	.....	43	7

Equation of Time.

The time given by a good sun-dial may be re-

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duced to that which ought to be shown at the same time by a well regulated clock, by adding the quantities in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Friday, July	1st, to the time by the dial *add*	3	21
Wednesday,	6th,	4	15
Monday,	11th,	5	1
Saturday,	16th,	5	36
Thursday	21st,	5	59
Tuesday,	26th,	6	7
Sunday,	31st,	6	1

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	8th day, at	24 m. after	7 in the morning
New Moon,	15th,	25	10 at night
First Quarter,	22d,	34	3 in the afternoon
Full Moon,	29th,	57	9 at night

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following times will afford opportunities of observing the Moon as she passes the meridian this month, should the weather prove favourable, viz.

July	6th, at	17 m. after	4 in the morning
	7th,	58	4
	8th,	39	5
	9th,	23	6
	10th,	8	7
	24th,	32	7 in the evening
	25th,	29	8
	26th,	25	9
	27th,	20	10
	28th,	11	11

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
July	1st, at	51 m. after	2	8 m. after	3
	6th,	30	5	49	5
	11th,	43	9	17	10
	16th,	24	2	49	2
	21st,	37	5	0	6
	26th,	3	11	38	11
	31st,	1	3	15	3

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For the numbers to be added to or subtracted from these to obtain the time of High Water at various other places, see the Occurrences in January, in the present volume.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet having lately passed the point of her greatest illumination, is now an object of great beauty, and the proportions of her enlightened and dark phases are:

July 1st, { Illuminated part = 3·82212
Dark part ..... = 8·17788

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be several eclipses of these satellites this month, but none of them will be visible in this country.

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The opening of this ring is now as great as it usually attains, its conjugate axis being nearly half that of the transverse.

July 1st, { Transverse axis = 1·000
Conjugate axis = — 0·498

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

July 2d, with β in Capricorn at 5 in the morning
11th, ... ♑ in Aries ..... 1 .....
13th, ... Saturn..... 6 .....
24th, ... ♑ in Scorpio..... 9 in the evening
26th, ... Jupiter..... 7 in the morning

Mercury and Mars will be in conjunction with each other at 3 in the morning of the 2d of this month. Mercury will also be in his superior conjunction at 7 in the morning of the 10th. Georgium Sidus will be in opposition at 45 m. after 2 in the afternoon of the same day. Mercury will be in conjunction with Jupiter at 7 in the morning of the 26th; and Venus and Saturn will also be in conjunction at 10 in the evening of the same day.

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The following touching lines shall close the Occurrences of this month:—

The LANDSCAPE.

Soft roams the balmy wind among
The deep recesses of the grove;
While gliding thro' the *starry* throng,
The MOON unclouded sails above,
And hovers o'er this Landscape long,
For ever sanctified by Love!

And there thou art, lone Alder-tree,
Whose boughs fantastically wreathe;
Dark clustering berries hang from thee,
And scent the zephyrs as they breathe:—
Yes! there thou blooms't, but where is she,
Who oft has sate and sighed beneath?

The very rose-bud in the shade,
Which long ago was planted there,
Stands in its beauty undecayed,
As fresh, and delicately fair:
Although unplucked, its roses fade,
And only charm the silent air.

How beautiful, O lonely MOON,
Thy rays of silver glance and gleam,
Rejoicing in thy cloudless noon
Upon the rushing mountain stream!
The stars that gild the blue saloon
Before thy face diminished seem.

And soft thy beams of amber light
Upon the fairy landscape fall,
Awaking dreams in memory bright,
Past—past, but unforgotten all;
Long years ago, on such a night,
I must not thus be held in thrall.

D. M. MOIR.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For JULY 1825.

Awake! awake! the flowers unfold,
And tremble bright in the sun,
And the river shines a lake of gold,—
For the young day has begun.
The air is blithe, and the sky is blue,
And the lark, on lightsome wings,
From bushes that sparkle rich with dew,
To heaven her matin sings.
Then awake, awake, while music's note
Now bids thee sleep to shun;
Light zephyrs of fragrance round thee float,—
For the young day has begun.

I've wandered o'er yon field of light,
Where daisies wildly spring,
And traced the spot where fays of night
Flew round on elfin wing:
And I've watched the sudden darting beam
Make gold the field of grain,
Until clouds obscured the passing gleam,
And all frowned dark again.
Then awake, awake, each warbling bird
Now hails the dawning sun;
Labour's enlivening song is heard,—
For the young day has begun.

Is there to Contemplation given
An hour like this one,
When twilight's starless mantle's riven
By the uprising sun?
When feathered warblers fleet awake,
His breaking beams to see,
And hill and grove, and bush and brake,
Are filled with melody?
Then awake, awake, all seem to chide
Thy sleep, as round they run;
The glories of heaven lie far and wide,—
For the young day has begun.

RICHARD RYAN[1].

THESE ballad stanzas (says the author) were addressed to a friend who was *not* an early riser; and we would fain hope that they had the effect of making him one; for, if he 'turned a deaf ear' to

[1] Poems on Sacred Subjects, &c. 1824.

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such a spirit-stirring invitation as this, and still courted a 'little more sloth—a little more slumber,' we believe that he will ever remain insensible to the beauties of that Original Picture of which the poet has produced so exquisite a copy: he will still consume in sleep those hours which might have been usefully devoted to study or recreation—to an acquaintance with the beauties and wonders of Nature; and, above all, to the offering up of his morning devotions at the shrine of NATURE'S GOD.

> The feathered tribe can chaunt their lays,
> And hymn their great Creator's praise;
> But man, for whom on every thorn
> The daylight falls, till close of even,
> Ungrateful views each sun-bright morn,
> Nor whispers forth a prayer to heaven. R. RYAN.

It is not, however, the *Morning* alone which commands our admiration; NOON, at this season, has its beauties and its attractions. There is no part of a Summer's day in the country (observes Dr. Drake[1]) more delightful, perhaps, to the contemplative man, than are its NOONTIDE HOURS, provided the fervency which usually attends upon them be sufficiently attempered by the grateful contrast of protecting shade. All nature, indeed, seems at this sultry season sunk in lassitude and repose, and an universal stillness reigns around, even deep as that which waits upon the noon of night. It is then we fly to woods, to waters, and to caves, whose comparative coolness, whilst it breathes a delicious balm through every nerve, singularly disposes the mind, not only to the full enjoyment of the scenery itself which secludes us from the blaze of day, but to the indulgence of those trains and associations of thought which spring from, and luxuriate in, the realms of fancy and meditation.

> O Nature! lovely Nature! thou canst give
> Delight thyself a thousand ways, and lend

[1] See '*Dr. Drake's* '*Noontide Leisure*,' (vol. i, p. 1)—a delightful lounging book for an alcove in a hot summer's day.

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To every object charms! With thee, even books
A higher relish gain. The poet's lay
Grows sweeter in the shade of wavy woods,
Or lulling lapse of crystal stream beside;
Dim umbrage lends to philosophic lore
Severer thought; and Meditation leads
Her pupil Wisdom to the green resort
Of solemn silence, her inspiring school.

BIDLAKE[1].

All is vigour and activity in the vegetable kingdom in this month, and the most patient observer of Nature is almost bewildered by the countless profusion of interesting objects. The *garden* affords many gay inmates, as lilies, convolvuluses, pinks, and carnations; and marigolds, and poppies of various colours, which are now in blossom. Speedwell (*veronica*) is in perfection; and when there are two varieties of it, the towering alternate spikes of white and purple form a pretty contrast with the deep yellow of the lofty great flowering *solidago*, or golden rod; both plants being highly ornamental to garden borders. Towards the middle of the month, the spiked willow, hyssop, and the bell-flower (*campanula*), have their flowers full blown. The virginian sumach now exhibits its scarlet tufts of flowers upon its bright green circles of leaves. The berries of the mountain ash turn red. Lavender and *jessamine* are now in blossom.

On the INDIAN JASMINE FLOWER.

How lovelily the Jasmine flower
Blooms far from man's observing eyes,
And having lived its little hour,
There withers, there sequestered dies.
Though faded, yet 'tis not forgot:
A rich perfume, that Time can't sever,
Lingers in that unfriended spot,
And decks the Jasmine's grave for ever.

[1] The 'Melodies of Morn,' and the 'Beauties of Evening,' have already been depicted in our volumes;—see particularly the last, pp. 200-205, 213-215.

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Thus, thus should Man, who seeks to soar
On Learning's wing to Fame's bright sky,
Far from his fellows seek that lore,
Unheeded *live*, sequestered *die*.
Thus, like the Jasmine, when he's fled,
Fame's rich perfume will ever keep
Ling'ring around the faded dead,
As saints that watch some infant's sleep.

RICHARD RYAN.

As summer advances, the vocal music of the groves is lessened, and in this month may be said to cease altogether—if we except the chirping of the wren and two or three small birds. The yellow hammer[1] (*emberiza citrinella*) forms its nest and lays its eggs very late in the year, it being quite the end of June, or the beginning of July, before any number of them are found: the eggs are to be distinguished from those of every other bird by their being figured with irregular hair-like scratches, as if marked with a pen; so much so, that, in the midland counties, this bird is called a 'scribbling lark'—in the northern counties he becomes a 'blakeling'(from blake, *yellow*). —The yellow-hammer is perhaps one of the commonest birds we possess, being found in the summer season universally scattered about the hedge-rows of both open and inclosed places, though it never visits our gardens; in the winter they collect in large flocks, and frequent the farm-yard and home-stalls, feeding upon the small seeds they find there, but they retire to the hedges again on the approach of the breeding season. The nidification of birds is in general influenced by the facility of obtaining requisite food for their young; and it is possibly this circumstance that necessitates the yellow-hammer to breed so late, as they feed entirely upon seeds, and those of the grasses are ripe and in profusion at this period; and, no sooner is the herbage cut down for hay, than we see this most innocent little bird light upon the swathe, and animate the field. The rook

[1] Or yellow-head, from the Saxon *hamer*, a head.

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builds very early, actuated by the same motive; she hatches in April, when the agriculturist is so busy in turning up the ground, now affording abundance of grubs and worms, which would not be found in a later and drier season. When this supply becomes scarce, the common chafer abounds, and affords these birds a long supply of food; and, towards the end of May or June, our oak-trees are covered with the old birds and their clamorous broods, feeding upon this insect. The turdus race (blackbirds and thrushes) are early breeders; for in that moist season of the year, slugs and worms, fitting food, abound every where. The beautiful regulations of Nature in all her departments are admirable! The peculiar fitness and adaptation of every portion of organized life to its original design; the provision made for the continuation of this harmony, without collision or interruption; and the mutual chain of dependance which connects each portion, as far as human penetration can perceive, are wonderful to man! but only the natural result of Supreme Intelligence. We know that the 'ways of Providence are past finding out;' and should we pry into her forbidden mysteries, it will be with confusion and abasement: at times, small portions of divine appointments are unfolded to our view, and the contemplation of these lights forms perhaps the highest range of intellectual pleasure, and convinces us that there is yet concealed a superlative excellence of wisdom far beyond the comprehension of 'poor human nature.'

There is no God, the fool in secret said—
There is no God that rules on earth or sky:
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That GOD may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God?—the *stars* in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—the *stream* that silver flows,
The *air* he breathes, the *ground* he treads, the *trees*,

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The *flowers*, the *grass*, the *sands*, each *wind* that blows,
All speak of God; throughout ONE VOICE agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these.
London Magazine.

Towards the close of the month, the splendid fringed water-lily (*menyanthes nymphöides*) is seen on the slow-flowing rivers and on ponds. When the fructification of this wonderful plant is completed, the stem, which rose many feet in order to support the flower above the surface of the water, sinks considerably beneath it, and there remains till the next season of flowering, when it again resumes its annual task. What consummate wisdom do we see in all the works of the great Author of Nature! That flower which would be injured by the severity of the weather, is endowed with a stem pliant and elastic, which, at a given time, refuses to support its burthen above the surface of the water, while that which is strong, and capable of enduring the inclemency of the seasons, is supplied with a stem capable of defying the rigour of the tempest.—'Constant, fervent, and unchanging love,' has been aptly compared to the *water-lily*;—

A rude breath
May shake its leaves a moment, but its root
Is far too deep for storms.
H. NEELE.

Roses now lose their beauty, and it is with regret we see their fragrant petals scattered beneath our feet.

The *rose* is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past its prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away;
Such and so withering is our blooming youth.
DRYDEN.

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live.

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The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue's only in their show,
They live unmoved, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves: sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

SHAKSPEARE.

The enchanter's nightshade; the Yorkshire sanicle; the water horehound or gypsy wort; the great cat's tail, or reed mace; the common nettle; goose grass; solanum; the belladonna (dulcamara and nigrum); asparagus, and some species of rumex; with buck-wheat, and a variety of other plants, may be almost said to bloom, fade, and die, within the present month.

The *fields* now glow with every hue and shade of colorific radiance, the several species of *lychnis, cerastium,* and *spergula* contributing their share of beauty to animate this delightful scene.—*Insects* now take the place of the feathered tribe, and, being for the most part hatched in the spring, they are now in full vigour.

In this and the following month, POMONA, with liberal hand, offers her fruits to allay the parching thirst: currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, and *cherries,* are all peculiarly refreshing at this season.

So we grew together
Like to a *double-cherry,* seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

The storms of wind and rain and *hail,* in this month, are not unfrequently accompanied by *thunder* and *lightning;* and in July and August, 1824, there were some terrific *hail-storms*[1], and a more than

[1] There was a tremendous storm of hail on the 14th of July 1824, which did very considerable mischief in different parts of the country. Upon a valuation, it appeared that the damage done to

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usual quantity of sheet and forked lightning, accompanied with loud-rolling thunder. Many lives were lost[1] in different parts of the country, and the cattle fell victims to the sudden and widely extended power of the electric fluid. The awful and terror-striking, but salutary phenomena of thunder and lightning, are well depicted by Mr. BALFOUR in the following powerful lines, with which we will conclude our Diary for the present month.

Sudden, on the dazzled sight,
Darts the keen electric light;
Shooting from the lurid sky,
Quick as thought it mocks the eye:
Rolling thunder rends the ear,
Seems to shake earth's solid sphere;
Hill and dale prolong the sound,
Echoes deep, each cavern round;
Till afar, in distant skies,
Fainter still, it fades and dies.
Hushed the peal—a pause succeeds—
Again the forky lightning speeds;
Bursting from the black cloud's womb,
Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.
Shattered by the arrowy flash,
At my feet, with groaning crash,
Falls the forest's branching pride,
All its honours scattered wide!
Louder peals, and louder still,
Shake the vale, and rock the hill;
Mountains tremble, green woods nod;
Nature hears, and owns her GOD!
Soon the rushing shower descends,
The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends;
Bright again the lord of day
Sheds abroad his cheering ray;
Creation smiles, and joy and love
Enliven mountain, glen, and grove;
Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume;
And Nature glows in renovated bloom[2].

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the growing crops of corn near Dunmow, in Essex, in consequence of this storm, amounted to £14,827..6..6; and its effects were felt upon 3487 acres of land, occupied by 77 persons.

[1] See directions to persons overtaken by a thunder storm, in T.T. for 1817, pp. 217-219.

[2] Contemplation and other Poems, 8vo, Edinb. 1820.

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DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from p. 182.]

MUSHROOM (*agaricus campestris*).—Lord Bacon says that Mushrooms 'have two strange properties: the one, that they yield so delicious a meate; the other, that they come up so hastily, as in a night, and yet are unsown. Another author cited by Mr. Phillips, referring to the opinion that these plants assimilate more closely to the animal creation than any other class of vegetables, observes that mushrooms resemble animals in some of their species, in growing vigorously without light, and underground; that, when burnt, they smell like ignited feathers; and that their liability to putrefaction also indicates their near relation to the animal kingdom. The stem of the common mushroom is solid, from two to three inches high, and half an inch in diameter. It is the best and most savoury of the genus, and is in much request for the table in England. It is eaten fresh, stewed, or broiled, and preserved either as a pickle, or in powder. The sauce vulgarly called *ketchup* is made from its juice with salt and spices.

The danger attending this sort of food is alluded to by Horace, who recommends the mushroom found in meadows, and says it is not safe to trust to the others; and the advice of the poet may still be attended to, for the true mushroom springs up *chiefly in open pastures*, and should be gathered only in such places. When of a middle size, it is readily distinguished by its fine pink or flesh-coloured gills, and *pleasant smell;* in a more advanced age the gills become of a chocolate colour, and it is then more apt to be confounded with other kinds of dubious quality: but the poisonous species, which nearly resembles the edible mushroom, is not only destitute of the fine odour, but has a disagreeable smell: further, the *noxious* kind grows in woods or on the

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margins of woods. The unwholesome sorts, however, are sometimes known to spring up on a bed, and to precede the genuine crop of mushrooms.

All *fungi* should be used with great caution, for even the *champignon* and edible garden mushrooms possess deleterious qualities when grown in certain places. All the edible species should be thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, as this greatly lessens the effects of poisons. When accidents of this sort happen, vomiting should be immediately excited, and then the vegetable acids should be given, as vinegar, lemon-juice, &c. The safest way, however, is not to eat any of the *good*, but less *common* sorts, until they have been soaked in vinegar.—*Loudon*, and *Botanist's Companion*, vol. ii, p. 145.

There is great merit due to *Mr. Sowerby* in taking so much pains to point out the poisonous tribe of agarics, which he has done very successfully, by publishing all the varieties.—See his splendid work on *English Fungi*.

The mushroom always comes out of the earth as a bud which closely protects the interior, with a thin skin, called the *veil*, until it is fully grown, and begins to fructify. It then expands like flowers, the seed of which appears to lie among what are called the *gills*. In order to cultivate mushrooms, the small white knobs which are always found near their roots, and are the spawn offsets or young mushrooms, should be carefully gathered with the earth about them. When this spawn cannot be found in pastures, it may be procured from old dunghills and hot-beds, where it shoots out in long strings. The beds should be made of dung laid a foot thick, covered with four inches of strong earth, succeeded by two more layers of dung, each ten inches thick, finished by another layer of earth, contracting the sides of the bed like the roof of a house. Cover this bed with litter or thatch, to keep out the wet. In

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ten days it will be warm enough to receive the spawn, which must be placed upon a fresh covering of rich light earth, in lumps four or five feet asunder. It must be immediately spread over with the same kind of earth half an inch deep, and the whole covered up as before. In warm weather the mushrooms will probably appear in a month, but it will be longer in cold weather. A bed thus managed will remain good for months, and produce finer mushrooms than can be gathered in the fields. When the bed is destroyed, plenty of spawn for a new one may be taken out of it; and a supply of mushrooms may be thus secured throughout the year.—For various other methods of cultivating the mushroom, both English and foreign, see *Loudon's Encyclopædia*, pp. 597-606.

The *Morel* grows on hedgebanks, in woods and in bushy places, chiefly in a sandy soil. Its height is about four inches, and it is in perfection in May and June: it should not be gathered when wet with dew, or soon after rain. Gathered dry, it will keep several months. The morel is among those fungi which were first used as regular articles of food, being much praised even before the time of *Clusius*. The ways of dressing them for the table are various and well known. They mostly enter into ragouts, but are sometimes served by themselves. On the continent they are frequently stuffed. The country people in Germany made the observation, that morels grow most plentifully where fires had been kept; and, in their endeavours to cultivate them by this strange method, the woods frequently fell a sacrifice, until the practice was interdicted by law.

The *Truffle* is about the size of a walnut in its outer coat, the surface being irregularly tumid, harsh, and covered with sharp warts. It is found under ground just below the surface in light dry soils; and dogs are taught to discover it by the smell, and to scratch it out of the earth. It is brought to table, either simply boiled or stewed in various

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forms. The French and Italians introduce it into made dishes, sauces, and pies. They were highly esteemed by the Romans, who imported them from Africa: and the luxurious Athenians enfranchised the children of Cherips, a person who had invented a ragout made of Truffles!

There are many other *edible* sorts of mushrooms, natives of Great Britain, but they are seldom gathered for use except by experienced botanists: we had intended to enumerate and describe them, as well as the species of *fungi* available for culinary purposes, and useful in medicine and the arts; but want of space alone prevents us from entering more at large into this interesting subject. On some future occasion, however, we hope to lay before our readers a sketch of the British Fungi, and in the mean time we beg to refer them, for further information on the subject, to 'Mr. Sowerby's British Fungi,' 'Mr. Purton's Midland Flora,' and particularly to '*Mr. Greville's Scottish Cryptogamic Flora*, or coloured figures and descriptions of cryptogamic plants found in Scotland, belonging chiefly to the order Fungi; and intended to serve as a continuation of English Botany.' This elegant work is published *monthly*. There is also a great variety of splendid works on the subject to be procured from Germany and other parts of the continent.

MUSTARD.—*See* SALADS.

ONION (*allium cepa*).—This bulb has been the common seasoning for food from the earliest times to the present day. The principal varieties of the common onion are, the *Strasburgh* or common oval; the *Spanish* silver skinned and red skinned; the *Portuguese* great oval onion; and the *Tripoli*. The cultivation of onions and leeks is exactly the same. Onion seed should be sown at the end of February, on good rich light ground well dug, levelled and cleared from weeds. Nothing should be sown with them, except a little cos lettuce. The

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seed must be fresh, and six pounds of it will plant an acre. Six weeks after sowing, hoe, weed, and separate them, which must be repeated five weeks afterwards, and again at the end of another month. Continue to keep them well weeded, and about the middle of August they will be fit to pull, which will be known by the withering of the blades. When drawn out, the end of the blades must be cut off, and the onions laid upon dry ground, turning them daily to keep them from striking fresh root. In a fortnight they will be fit to house, which must be done in very dry weather, taking care to remove all the earth from their roots, and to take out all the faulty ones, which would rot the sound in great numbers. The *Scallion*, or *Escallion*, is a sort of onion which never forms any bulbs at the roots, and was chiefly used in the spring for green onions, but is now scarce and not much esteemed.

The *Spanish* and *Portuguese* onions are celebrated for their superior size and mildness. Our own require boiling to take away their rankness, and are then probably equal to any other, for culinary purposes. A small piece of bread stuck upon the end of the knife employed to peel onions, is said to prevent their unpleasant effect upon the eyes. Onions are supposed to have been originally brought from Egypt, where they were worshipped, and must have had a most bewitching taste, since the Israelites would fain have returned to bondage for the sake of enjoying them again. Alexander the Great sent them to Greece, and thence they became common over the whole continent of Europe.

The *Shallot* or *Eschallote (allium ascalonicum)*, is by some said to be the same with the scallion. It was found growing in Palestine. It is easily propagated by the small roots or offsets; and is mostly used with the beef steaks and mutton chops of modern epicures, who prefer it to rub their plates with, as of a finer flavour and less rank than the onion.

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The *Leek* (*allium porrum*) is very useful in broth, and has long been the favourite cockade of Welshmen on St. David's Day.—See the different volumes of Time's Telescope under the 1st of March.

It seems as if, antiently, *leeks* (observes the erudite author of Tabella Cibaria) were in this country an indispensable ingredient in the soup; since *porridge* is evidently derived from *porrum*. It has been asserted, but upon what authority we do not know, that *leeks* came originally from Arabia. Martial mentions *Aricia*, a town of Latium, recommended for the excellent qualities of this vegetable, which was cultivated there with great success; and Columella says, *mater Aricia porri*—Aricia the mother of leeks. Although a distant or slight flavour of leek may prove agreeable, yet it leaves about the mouth strong miasmata which affect the breath. We read again in Martial,—

PORRI SECTIVI.

Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
Edisti quoties, oscula clausa dato.

The juice of leeks who fondly sips,
To kiss the fair must close his lips.

Pliny states, that the monster Nero brought this species of onion into great repute, by eating them with oil to clear his voice for singing. His folly in this respect obtained for him the satirical name of *Porrophagus*, or the Leek Eater; which was most appropriately bestowed.

The COMMON GARLIC (*allium sativum*) is said to grow wild in the island of Sicily. It has many bulbs, commonly called *cloves*, invested with a white shining skin. It is easily propagated by planting the cloves or small bulbs of the root, in spring, with a dibber or in drills. The beds should be four feet wide, the rows six inches from each other, and the plants five inches asunder. Weed them well, and tie the leaves in knots, which will enlarge the

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bulb and prevent their running to seed. Towards the end of July the leaves will begin to wither; then take them up, clean them, dry them in the sun in bunches, and lastly hang them up in a dry room for winter use. This as well as the onion was worshipped by the Egyptians. The Romans gave it to their labourers to strengthen them, and to their soldiers to excite their courage. Upon the same principle they fed their game cocks with it; and Persius says it was antiently eaten by criminals for several days, under the idea of *purifying* them from their crimes!

The CHIVE (*allium schœnoprasum*) is a very small kind of onion, which never produces any bulbs, and seldom grows very high in the blade, which is very slender, and forms round bunches. It is preferred for early spring salads, being very hardy and milder than the other species. All the roots of this genus are of unquestionable benefit to cold, phlegmatic constitutions, though they should rather be mixed up with the general diet than administered as direct medicines. A few fresh walnuts or raw leaves of parsley, eaten immediately after dinner, will speedily remove that disagreeable taint, which always infects the breath after taking garlic or onions in any portion whatever.

[To be continued.]

AUGUST.

SEXTILIS was the antient Roman name of this month, being the sixth from March. The Emperor Augustus changed this name, and gave it his own, because in this month Cæsar Augustus took possession of his first consulship, celebrated three triumphs, reduced Egypt under the power of the Roman people, and put an end to all civil wars.

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Remarkable Days

In AUGUST 1825.

1.—LAMMAS DAY.

THIS day, in the Romish church, is generally called *St. Peter in the Fetters*, in commemoration of this apostle's imprisonment. It is probably derived from an old Saxon term, signifying *Loaf-Mass;* as it was customary for the Saxons to offer an oblation of loaves made of new wheat, on Lammas-day, as the first fruits of their new corn.

Lammas Tower is a hut or kind of tower erected by the herds of a district against the time of Lammas, and defended by them against assailants. All the herds of a certain district, towards the beginning of summer, associated themselves into bands, sometimes to the number of a hundred or more. Each of these communities agreed to build a tower in some conspicuous place, near the centre of their district, which was to serve as the place of their rendezvous on Lammas-day. This tower was usually built of sods, for the most part square, about four feet in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point at the top, which was seldom above seven or eight feet from the ground. The name of *Lammas-towers* will remain (some of them having been built of stone) after the celebration of the festival has ceased.—*Trans. Ant. Soc. Scot.* vol. i, p. 194, 198.

6.—TRANSFIGURATION.

Though this day was observed in remembrance of our Lord's *Transfiguration* on the Mount, by the primitive Christians, yet it is but of recent date in the church of Rome; as it was not instituted by Pope Calixtus until the year 1455.

7.—NAME OF JESUS.

Before the Reformation, this day was dedicated to *Afra*, a woman who had been converted to Christianity by Narcissus, Bishop of Jerusalem, and who

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afterwards suffered martyrdom; and the breviary was recognized by Paul V. Afterwards Donatus, who became a martyr in the time of Julian for refusing to sacrifice, was substituted in her place. Our reformers devoted it to the NAME OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

10.—SAINT LAWRENCE.

St. Lawrence was, by birth, a Spaniard, and treasurer of the church of Rome, being deacon to Pope Sextus, about the year 259. Soon afterwards, his bishop was killed by the soldiers of Valerian the emperor, with whom our saint would willingly have died. Lawrence refusing to deliver up the church treasure, which they imagined to be in his custody, he was laid upon a gridiron, and broiled over a fire. The celebrated palace of the Escurial is dedicated to this saint: see this described in T. T. for 1814, p. 199.

12. 1762.—KING GEORGE IV BORN.

*14. 1823.—A SUTTEE AT SERAMPORE,

Or widow-burning, took place. Actuated by false enthusiasm a fine young woman immolated herself on her husband's funeral pile. The victim had just attained her sixteenth year. The following short descriptive poem from the pen of a correspondent, we think, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers:—

The SUTTEE.

The Sun shines bright thro' every tree,
The mosques are glittering in his rising beam,
The birds are chaunting forth their minstrelsy,
And sails are shadowing the fair Ganges stream.

They come—they come, in hosts now from afar,
They come in tribes from every shadowing wood,
To view a festival o'er which Day's star
Shines pure and calm, although 'tis tinged with blood.

But, see, a form moves slow in tears along,
And round her brow earth's choicest flow'rets twine;
The Brahmins point exulting to the throng,
Who pause and gaze as if on forms divine,
While on the victim moves towards the dreadful shrine.

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Her hair drops odour, and her dark eyes' fire
By stupifying drugs is nearly quelled;
She scarce has strength to mount the funeral pyre,
A sight so piteous rarely is beheld.

And who is *he* now gliding thro' yon porch,
Fear in his aspect, in his young heart fright;
His trembling hand can scarcely bear the torch,
Whose blaze is dimmed by Day's halo of light?

It is the *Son*—his limbs near sink to earth,
The tear stands ready in his youthful eyes;
He comes to slay the form that gave him birth,
And bid the flames roll upwards to the skies.

The victim lies upon her husband's arm,
The flame is raised, and soon in death reclined
(In death by fire!) is that once beauteous form—
Her ashes now are wafted by each wind.

Oh, dreadful deed—from those who urge it on,
What tears of penitence must trembling stray;
What sighs of true remorse must oft be won
To cleanse the heart from guilt, and wash such stains away!

RICHARD RYAN.

15.—ASSUMPTION.

This is a festival in the Greek and Romish churches in honour of the supposed miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven.—See an account of a splendid pageant formerly exhibited at Dieppe in honour of this day, in T.T. for 1823, pp. 224-227.

*15.—CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

In the evening the male children assemble in the castle, where, in the presence of the governor and all the officers of state, they play, sing, dance, wrestle, and fence with sabres. They afterwards partake of a supper, consisting of various kinds of delicacies. Kumaddschero assured us, that on this occasion upwards of one thousand five hundred children were assembled in the castle; but none are admitted whose parents cannot afford to dress them well. Those who are badly dressed are, indeed, ashamed to appear in the assembly. Girls are never admitted, as the Japanese laws prohibit females from entering fortified places.—*Golownin's Captivity in Japan.*

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*19. 1823.—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD DIED, ÆT. 57.

A brief notice of this amiable man and delightful poet was given in our last volume, p. 217, with some beautiful stanzas by our friend and contributor Bernard Barton; and we now repeat the record of the death of that child of Nature, the 'Farmer's Boy,' for the express purpose of strenuously recommending to the patronage of our readers his afflicted widow and destitute family, for whom a subscription has been commenced, and is now in progress,—thanks to the warm benevolence and unconquerable perseverance of MR. JOSEPH WESTON: to this gentleman, also, the public are indebted for the '*Remains of Robert Bloomfield*,' lately published in two small volumes, for the *exclusive benefit of the family*. These fragments of song are, it is truly said in the Preface, 'the gleanings of that rich harvest which, in days gone by, afforded to many a luxurious treat; filling their hearts with rapture, and their eyes with delicious tears. On this account they must be welcome to his former admirers, who will immediately recognize in them the same sweetness, simplicity, and feeling, which distinguished his earlier productions[1].'

Bloomfield's 'SONGS' have ever been esteemed for the *purity of their sentiment*, as well as the beauty of their poetry: no poet displays the influence of 'the tender passion' with more feeling, and very few treat the amiable objects of it with so much delicacy and respect. It will be gratifying, therefore, to the ladies to hear, that twenty-four of his best Songs *have been set to music* by eminent composers, and are now published for the benefit of Mr. B.'s widow and family.

It affords us the highest pleasure to find that CHARLES BLOOMFIELD, at present in a printing-office at Canterbury, inherits much of his father's

[1] See 'Æolus,' a specimen of the 'Remains,' in our *Naturalist's Diary* for this month.

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poetic talent; and that the lamented parent received the following agreeable specimen of his son's powers, only just before his own vital spark was extinguished. He expressed himself highly gratified, and shed a few sympathetic tears. In a few days after, his reason became obscured, and, in less than three weeks, he died.

SONNET *to the* STREAM.

Still rippling on:—whether the wintry sky
Frowns in reflection from thy crystal bed,
And the drear landscape nakedly is spread
In sullen weakness to the dreary eye;—
Or when, as now, skimmed by the darting fly,
'Mid th' o'erarching shade of full-robed trees,
That wave their proud heads in the summer breeze;—
Or at the evening hour, when light winds die
Into the midnight stillness, and the Moon
Upon the margin throws her glittering beam;
Thy silvery current still, with murmuring sound,
Unsullied flows; or if disturbed, as soon
To purity returns; a beauteous stream—
An unexhausted stream, through all the seasons round[1].

July 1, 1823.

The editorship of these elegantly printed volumes is very creditable to Mr. Weston, who deserves the highest praise for the perfect disinterestedness and unceasing philanthropy he has displayed towards the Bloomfield family. He was an intimate friend of the poet, and often contributed, by numberless acts of kindness and attention, 'to smooth the brow of care,' and to keep alive, for a time, the expiring embers of health and happiness in the unfortunate and neglected author of '*The Farmer's Boy*'—a poem which will be read as long as the English language is known, and while there exists a relish for simple enjoyments, or a taste for the beauties and wonders of Nature:—

[1] Remains of Robert Bloomfield, vol. i, p. 87.—See also our '*Naturalist's Diary for May*,' for some beautiful lines entitled 'Morning,' by the same juvenile votary of the Muse.

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Long as the wild thrush carols through the wood;
Long as the ploughshare cleaves th' indented lea;
So long thy strains shall charm the wise and good,
And Fame shall twine her fairest wreaths for thee.

24.—SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

He preached the Gospel in Armenia, converted the Lycaonians, and afterwards visited India. He was flayed alive, by order of Astyages, King of Armenia.—On the massacre of St. Bartholomew, see T. T. for 1821, p. 217.

28.—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Augustine was born at Thagaste, a town in Numidia, in the year 354. He was a judicious divine, and the most voluminous writer of all the Fathers. He died in 430, at the age of seventy-seven.

29.—JOHN BAPTIST BEHEADED.

This day was formerly denominated *Festum Collectionis Sancti Johannis Baptistæ;* or the feast of gathering up St. John the Baptist's relics; but afterwards, by corruption, *Festum Decollationis*, the festival in remembrance of his being beheaded. His nativity is celebrated on the 24th of June, which see. Consult also T. T. for 1823, p. 234.

*AUGUST 1516.—THE POMP AND STATE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY,

When Chancellor, were even greater than those of Royalty itself. The Cardinal rose early; and as soon as he came out of his bed-chamber, he generally heard two masses, either in his ante-chamber or chapel. Returning to his private apartments, he made various necessary arrangements for the day; and about eight o'clock, left his privy chamber ready dressed, in the red robes of a cardinal, his upper garment being of scarlet, or else of fine crimson taffeta, or crimson satin, with a black velvet tippet of sables about his neck, and holding in his hand an orange, deprived of its internal substance and filled with a piece of sponge, wetted with vinegar 'and other confections against pestilent airs, the which hee most commonly held to his nose, when he came to

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the presses, or when he was pestered with many suitors.' This may account for so many of the old portraits being painted with an orange in the hand. The Great Seal of England and the Cardinal's hat were both borne before him 'by some lord, or some gentleman of worship right solemnly;' and as soon as he entered the presence-chamber, the two tall priests, with the two tall crosses, were ready to attend upon him, with gentlemen ushers going before him bare-headed, and crying 'on masters before, and make room for my lord.' The crowd thus called on consisted not only of common suitors, or the individuals of his own family, but often of peers of the realm, who chose, or were perhaps obliged, thus to crouch to an upstart—a character not in very great repute in those days. In this state the proud Cardinal proceeded down his hall, with a sergeant at arms before him, carrying a large silver mace, and two gentlemen, each bearing a large plate of silver. On his arrival at the gate, or hall-door, he found his mule ready, covered with crimson velvet trappings.

When mounted, his attendants consisted of his two cross-bearers, and his two pillar-bearers, dressed in fine scarlet, and mounted on great horses caparisoned in like colour, of four men on foot, with each a pole-axe in his hand, and a long train of gentry who came to swell his triumph as he proceeded to the Court of Chancery, where he generally sat until eleven o'clock to hear suits and to determine causes. With all this state, he seems to have affected some degree of familiarity; for, previous to taking his seat in the court, he generally stopped at a bar made for him below the chancery, conversing with the other judges, and sometimes with individuals of less apparent consequence.

As soon as his chancery business was over, he commonly proceeded to the Star-chamber; where, as has been, we hope truly, reported of him, 'hee neither spared high nor low, but did judge every one

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according to right.' Indeed, amidst all contending accounts, there still appears to have been much virtue in this extraordinary man, who might even claim merit as being one of the chief causes of the rapid extension of the Reformation in England, from his sedulous endeavours to detect the disorders amongst the clergy at home; disorders, the knowledge of which was now producing such memorable events in Germany, and leading to the Reformation there also.—See *'Wolsey the Cardinal, and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical,'* an interesting volume lately published, by G. Howard, Esq., author of 'Lady Jane Grey and her Times.'

*31. 1824.—WILLIAM JEFTON DIED, ÆT. 108!

He was for many years employed as a *gardener*, and had, throughout life, enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health and spirits.

Astronomical Occurrences

In AUGUST 1825.

THE refulgence of the Summer's Sun now sheds his golden tints over the orchard, the garden, and the field; and leads us to exclaim with the poet,

Could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created things adore,
We might with rev'rence kneel and worship Thee!

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

The Sun enters Virgo at 4 m. after midnight of the 22d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same interval as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

August 1st,	Sun rises	19 m. after	4. Sets	41 m. after 7
6th,	27	4	33	7
11th,	35	4	25	7
16th,	44	4	16	7
21st,	53	4	7	7
26th,	2	5	58	6
31st,	12	5	48	6

Equation of Time.

To find mean time from apparent, the numbers in

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the following Table must be used as there directed, and those for any intermediate periods must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	*s.*
Monday, Aug. 1st,	to the time by the dial *add*	5	58
Saturday, ... 6th,	.....	5	53
Thursday, ...11th,	.....	4	54
Tuesday, ...16th,	.....	4	1
Sunday, ...21st,	.....	2	55
Friday, ...26th,	.....	1	38
Wednesday, 31st,	.....	1	0

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

O MOON! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship:
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine;
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nestled wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And, from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf,
Takes glimpses of thee. J. KEATS.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	7th day, at	14 m. after	0 in the morning
New Moon,	14th	58	6 .....
First Quarter,	20th	33	9 in the evening
Full Moon,	28th	0	0 midnight

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the meridian at the following times this month, which will afford opportunities of observation, viz.

August	6th, at	1 m. after	5	in the morning
	7th, ..	47	5	.....
	8th, ..	37	6	.....
	9th, ..	29	7	.....
	10th, ..	24	8	.....
	21st, ..	28	6	in the evening
	22d, ..	25	7	.....
	23d, ..	19	8	.....
	24th, ..	11	9	.....
	25th, ..	0	10	.....
	26th, ..	47	10	.....

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TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
August 1st,	at 39 m. after 3	42 m. after 3
6th,	.. 12 6	37 6
11th,	.. 31 11	0 0
16th,	.. 26 3	44 3
21st,	.. 16 7	48 7
26th,	.. 20 0	45 0
31st,	.. 35 3	47 3

Should the time of high water be required for any intermediate day, it may be found nearly by proportion. For other places, see the observations in the Occurrences for January. On the 16th of the month the tide will rise to more than the usual height, and, if favoured by the wind, may do considerable damage on some parts of the coast.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

As this planet is now receding from the earth, her illuminated phase increases, but her brilliancy is on the decrease. The proportions of her phases are,

August 1st, { Illuminated part = 6·21288
Dark part .... = 5·78712

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Jupiter being now so near the Sun, the eclipses of his satellites are not visible this month.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

August 7th,	with ♑ in Aries,	at 9	in the morning
9th,	..... Saturn,	.. 8	in the evening
10th,	..... Venus,	.. 8	.....
21st,	..... Scorpio,	.. 2	in the morning
25th,	....β Capricorn	.. 7	in the evening

Jupiter will be in conjunction at 45 m. after 5 in the evening of the 17th of this month; and Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 19th.

The following lines are too beautiful to be omitted in this place:—

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The MORNING STAR.

Pale star! that lookest o'er the waters blue,
When earth and ocean wear a twilight hue,
From slumber waking, oft I turn to thee,
And marvel what the day shall bring to me!

Oh! happy years of innocence and joy,
When pleasure smiled upon the careless boy,
How have ye swiftly fled, to leave behind
Sorrows, dark clouds, and misery's hollow wind!

Then like the morning lark I woke and sung,
Mirth in my heart, and music on my tongue;
Now fearful I awake to Morning's light,
And ask seclusion and the face of night.

Through mazy crowds my heartless path I trace,
Nor greet a smile upon one friendly face;
Mid courts and camps I murmur and repine,
And sigh that peace and privacy were mine.

Oh, world, at distance smiling so serene!
Oh, world, thou motleyed and tempestuous scene!
Oh, world, where purity receives her blot,
And virtue is eschewed—I love thee not!

Then fare thee well, bright star, that ushered in,
Alike the morning calm, the evening din;
More welcome shall thy next appearance be,
When, gemming Twilight's robe, I gaze on thee!

D. M. MOIR.

The Naturalist's Diary

For AUGUST 1825.

When SUMMER'S universal blush
Spreads o'er the scene; when the broad woods expand
In screen umbrageous, and bank and bush
Are hung with roseate wreaths, by zephyr fanned;
When panting heat lists to the cooling gush
Of gelid springs, or marks the sportive band
Of skimming swallows o'er the gray lake rush;
When sunny fruitage woos each gath'ring hand,
And all mature the year; O let the flush
Of raptured joy be mine, nor aught its transports hush.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THE 'mother of the months' has many times waned, and now again refills her horn, and SUMMER, with its treasure of blue skies, painted flowers, merry insects,

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chirping birds, and luscious fruits, again bids the world be happy. And all this may, generally speaking, be said of an English *August*, which forms the 'brief Summer' of these northern regions, notwithstanding the Almanack-makers have fixed Midsummer Day on the 24th of June. In some years, however, we have not more than a fortnight of *continued* fine, hot, weather, and which may happen in any month between April and September. In 1823, the first 14 days of the latter month constituted the Summer for that year; and in 1824, the warm, sunny season occurred in the beginning of June, and towards the end of July. August was changeable, with gleams of heat; occasionally, however, this month is cold and wet: this has occurred a few years since, as well as in the year 1766: Gray in one of his letters, dated August 26 of that year, says, 'the *rain* continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month; and *quite effaced the Summer* from the year: but it was owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that *tender emerald green*, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the Spring.' The poet also observes, that it was so cold in the *June* of this year, that they had fires in the day-time as well as in the evening.

If, however, 'all change be sweet,' this variety of season and temperature must greatly enhance the pleasures we derive from those bursts of sunshine,—those 'visits few and far between,' of solstitial splendour, that light up, as it were, the grand scene of Nature, and give an adventitious glory to the picture, truly delightful when contrasted with the dark and murky gloom in which it is usually enveloped. Summer clouds are doubly beautiful from their evanescence, and, from the terrific phenomena in their train, possess an interest which no other circumstance could give: of this, the great poet, so lately numbered with the dead, has most felicitously availed himself in the following beautiful simile:—

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Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like *Summer clouds*, all silvery, smooth and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

About the 11th of August, the puffin migrates; and soon afterwards the swift disappears, probably winging its way to more southern regions. Young broods of goldfinches are now seen; lapwings and linnets congregate, and the nuthatch chatters.

The mountain ash, or rowan tree, now displays its bunches of red berries amid its elegant and light foliage, rivalling the flaming honours of the pyracanthus at a later period. The *jessamine* shows its pretty *gentils*, little flowers, and diffuses its fragrant scent.

The JESSAMINE.

From the Spanish of Gongora.

From my Summer alcove, which the stars this morn
With lucid pearls o'erspread,
I have gathered these jessamines, thus to adorn
With a wreath thy graceful head.

* * *

Their blossoms a host of bees, alarmed,
Watched over on jealous wing;
Hoarse trumpeters seemed they all, and armed
Each bee with a diamond sting:
I tore them away, but each flower I tore
Has cost me a wound which smarteth sore.

Now as I these jessamine flowers entwine,
A gift for thy vagrant hair,
I must have, from those honey-sweet lips of thine,
A kiss for each sting I bear:
It is just that the blooms I bring thee home
Be repaid by sweets from the golden comb.

J. H. WIFFEN.

The *geranium* tribe now add to the beauty of the garden, and many pretty species also decorate our

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sunny banks; the malvaceous order, and the spurges, bearing the seed always elevated on the flower, are seen in great variety. The *genista* or broom flowers in this month; and the common flax, with its pretty pale blue flowers. The *sun-flower* now adds its stately beauties to the garden:—

Real faith is like the *sun*'s fair flower,
Which midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
That wave it to and fro, and all the change
Of air and earth and sky, doth rear its head,
And looketh up still stedfast to its God.

From the Spanish.

The sweet scabious is in flower, and the common blue passion flower[1], which flowers from June to October, may, in the general dearth of flowers, be introduced to our notice in August. Still we may say with the poet, that although

Summer's woodland wreath
Is faded, yet the garden's gay parterre
Is rich with gorgeous hues; and glorious things
Haunt the cool stream, and flutter in the air
Resplendent forms.—

Insects now abound, and afford a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to the inquiring entomologist. In this month, the truant school-boy

Plucks the wings from painted butterflies,

and carries home the *papilio argus* and *phlæas* as a prize,—to him, worth all the diamonds of Golconda, or the gold and silver of Peru[2].—See a beautiful poem to a 'Butterfly resting on a skull,' in our last

[1] See some beautiful lines on the Passion-flower in our last volume, p. 233.

[2] We have much pleasure in recommending to our readers a pretty little book, printed and sold by Mr. Raw, at *Ipswich*, this year (1824), entitled, the '*Butterfly Collector's Vade-Mecum*;' it contains some useful introductory remarks, and explanations of terms; a list of butterflies and their families, and a synoptical table of English butterflies, with the *times of their appearance*, and a description of the different species. — It may be had of Messrs. Longmans, in Paternoster Row.

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volume, p. 233, and some fine stanzas on this prolific subject in 'Barton's Poetic Vigils.'

The harvest-bug *(acarus ricinus)*, in this and the following month, proves a very troublesome and disagreeable insect, particularly in some of the southern counties of England. The best cure for the bite is *hartshorn*. Flies now abound, and torment both men and animals with their perpetual buzzing.—*Wasps* also become very troublesome.—See T.T. for 1822, p. 240.

For these temporary annoyances, however, we are in some measure compensated by the presence of the *lady-bird*, and the *glow-worm*; the first for its *utility* (see T. T. for 1823, p. 248), and the second for the *beautiful effect* it produces.

To the GLOW-WORM.

Thou fairy flame of wildly beaming light!
When Nature's tints in one unvaried hue
Of misty shadow fade, I love to view
Thine emerald blaze that gems the robe of Night.
What means the tiny beacon? Say they right,
Who deem it kindled for some winged mate,
Like that fond light (to liken small with great)
Which o'er the Hellespont did erst invite
Th' heroic lover to his perilous visit?
Or, like a watch-fire, is it for defence—
To keep aloof each insect foe? Or is it
Of any other purpose to the wearer,
That mail of flame? Or does it warmth dispense?
Or are there fays, and thou their lantern-bearer?

J. CONDER[1].

Much amusement may be derived, in this month, from searching for insects among the weeds thrown up in clearing ponds. Among these will be found the larvæ of the *phryganea*, or caddis-fly. (See our last volume, p. 234.)

The solitary bee and the white moth are observed in this month: the *ptinus pectinicornis* also makes its appearance, the larvæ of which are very destructive to wooden furniture, boring holes in tables,

[1] Star in the East, and other Poems, 12mo, 1824.

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chairs, bed-posts, &c. The vapourer-moth (*bombyx antiqua*) may be found in this month. The caterpillar is studded with brush-like bunches of long hairs, and the curious will be repaid their trouble of collecting and feeding it, by the opportunity they will have of observing the singular circumstance of the females being without wings, when the change from the chrysalis state takes place.

The various kinds of grain are generally ripened in this month by the powerful influence of the solar ray; and as *every* month has its *peculiar* beauties, so August has its fields of waving corn, its groups of nut-brown reapers, and its cheerful HARVEST-HOME. The heat is sometimes intense in this month; and while the more favoured (but not happier) patrician throws his listless length upon the luxurious sopha, and listens to the soft but melancholy murmurs of the harp of Æolus[1], the laborious peasant is exposed to the full glare of a noontide sun: but let

[1] I am not disposed, says Robert Bloomfield (*Remains*, vol. i, p. 62), to court the powers of this poet-made god—except on a sultry summer's day, when not a breath of air is in motion; at such a moment one might exclaim,—

Oh, breeze, where sleep'st thou? Come, oh, come,
  This languor of my frame dispel;
Arise,—thy own loved harp is dumb;
  Arise, and bid thy chorus swell.

Stop not, but breathe with fresh'ning power
  O'er full-blown roses in your way;
Wave the laburnum's pendent flower;—
  Yet stop not 'midst their sweets to play.

Sweep o'er the hay-field and the grove;
  Thy own harp waits thee, come along;
Whose soft vibrations whisper love,
  And fancied choirs of heavenly song.

Thanks, charming zephyr.—Hark! That tone!
  Be true, sweet harp; hush all but thee;
Perform thy task untouched, alone,
  And pour thy tide of harmony.

In the same volume whence we have taken these beautiful lines, there is a reprint of a very agreeable tract, called *Nature's Music*; consisting of extracts from several authors, with practical observations and poetical testimonies in honour of the 'Harp of Æolus;' it contains some choice poetic gems, and is full of pleasant reading.

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us retire to our *jasmine* and *clématis-covered* alcove, and read the poet's beautiful description of a 'NOON IN HARVEST,' in which, while he 'points the moral,' he 'adorns the tale.'

The scorching splendours of the orb of day
On every hill and verdant valley lay;
The shepherds drove their flocks to cooling streams,
O'erhung with willows and wild scented flowers,
Then fled to hide them from the mid-day beams,
Seeking a shelter in sequestered bowers.

The reapers left their fields; and every hind
Beneath some kindly shadowing hedge reclined;
The trembling gleaners took their children's hands,
Exclaiming, 'Come, my sweet ones; for no more
'We'll wander up and down these fertile lands,
'Until the parching noon-tide heat is o'er.'

But whereso'er they fled,—if 'twas within
Some shaded spot, where light ne'er yet shone in,—
Some abbey walls,—or antient ruined tower,—
Or where perhaps, with many a device rare,
Man's skill had reared a thick and close-wove bower,
The piercing beam they fled pursued them there.

Thus man from human sight may turn and fly,
But on him still rests GOD's all-seeing eye,
Which views the fugitive where'er he roam,
And gazes on him 'mid the noon-tide's light,—
Is round him in each changing clime and home,
And still beholds him in the starless night.

Oh! then each night, and at returning day,
May we before His throne in meekness pray,
That this one thought may dwell within each breast,
That heav'n's eye is on us;—and where'er
We dwell, that eye on us must ever rest;
And may,—oh! may it rest approving there'![1]

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from page 207.]

ORACH.—*See* SPINACH.

PARSLEY (*apium petroselinum*) is a very useful garnish to most cold meats. It should be sown in

[1] Ryan's Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, 8vo, 1824.

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the spring, and will appear above ground in about six weeks time. It is in great request for preserving sheep from the rot, and for purifying the breath from the smell of onions and garlic. In some sauces it is an agreeable ingredient, and it has been extolled as a remedy for almost all disorders. It was in great repute in the time of Homer, since he adorns with it and the violet the precincts of Calypso's arbour in his beautiful description, Odyss. Book V, v. 73:—

> In verdant meads, and thriving all around,
> Sweet violets and parsley deck the ground.

The elegantly indented leaves of this vegetable adorned, in antient architecture, the Corinthian capital as well as those of the Acanthus; and we are told that the Carthaginians, having found it in the delightful vales of Sardinia, brought it to the Phocean gardens of the Marseillois. If, after having bruised some sprigs of parsley in your hands, you attempt to rinse your glasses, they will generally snap and suddenly break.

The poisonous herb *fool's parsley* (*æthusa cynapium*) has been sometimes mistaken for common parsley; but they are easily distinguished, the leaves of the former being of a darker green and of a different shape, and emitting a disagreeable odour when bruised. The timid should cultivate only the *curled* variety of this useful pot-herb; it also makes the prettiest garnish.—*Loudon.*

The *Hamburgh* parsley root is little attended to in Britain, but is a great favourite in Holland, where it is seen plentifully on the green stalls, being constantly eaten along with perch and carp, in the national dish of *waterzootje.—Horticultural Tour.*

PARSNIP (*pastinaca sativa*).—The wild parsnip is a native of most parts of Europe; and from it the garden or common parsnip is produced by cultivation. This root is sweeter than the carrot, and forms an agreeable accompaniment to salt fish and

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various boiled meats. They are highly nutritious, and yield in some countries a large proportion of sugar. The wine made from them requires little trouble and expense, and, when kept a few years, is not only as wholesome, but quite as agreeable to an unvitiated palate as any foreign wine whatever. In the north of Ireland parsnips are brewed with malt and hops, fermented with yeast, and yield a very agreeable beverage.

They may be sown singly, or with carrots, in February or March. The soil should be mellow and well dug, that the roots may grow long and large. They must be hoed and weeded, treated in the same way as carrots, and, when the leaves decay, dug up for use.

The PEA.

With here and there a well supported stem
Of *pea* that overtops the scene, and waves
The healthy banner of its crimson flower
High in the liberal air; with royal ease,
And condescension graceful, to the gale
Still bowing.

—

The *martial pea* observe,
In column square arrayed line after line
Successive. HURDIS.

The COMMON PEA (*pisum sativum*) is said to be a native of the south of Europe: it is found in China and Japan. The following are the principal varieties of garden peas, arranged in the order of time in which they are gathered for the table. The golden hotspur, the Charlton, the Reading hotspur, the master's hotspur, the Essex hotspur, the dwarf pea, the sugar pea, the Spanish morotto, the nonpareil, the sugar dwarf, the sickle pea, the marrowfat, the dwarf marrowfat, the rose or crown pea, the rounceval pea, gray's pea, and the pig pea. The first six require sticks only three or four feet high, and the dwarf pea not so much. The rest need sticks six or seven feet high.

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See in continuous rank
The pea-plant ill-supported, soon to fall,
And with weak elbow lean upon the ground,
Save where the gard'ner with indulgent hand
Plants in her neighbourhood the leafless stake:
There with grand tendril to the branchy staff
She clings, and with ambitious finger climbs
To wave her limber blossoms high in air. HURDIS.

Our limits will not admit the necessary hot-house directions for forcing early peas, which in fact are never worth the trouble and expense. The soil should be strong, especially for growing *rouncevals* and *marrowfats;* but the common white pea will do best on light sandy land, or on a loose rich soil. Sow them at the beginning of March or April in the common way, or else in drills, for which purpose a bushel and a half may be allowed to each acre: careful hoeing and weeding is all that they will afterwards require. The English name of this pulse, which was antiently written *peason,* is an evident corruption of the Latin *pisum.* The pottage with which Jacob purchased Esau's birthright (Gen. xxv, 29-34) is supposed to have consisted of *lentils,* a species of tare, belonging to the same natural order as the pea and bean. Lentils were formerly used in English soups as well as to feed cattle; and they appear to have been supplanted, about the time of Henry VIII, by the introduction of the garden pea, then brought from France, and sown at Fulham, which has ever since been famous for the best and earliest sorts of peas. Dried peas are seldom seen at table, except when formed into a pudding to eat with boiled pork, or as the principal ingredient in the soup to which they give their name. They are extremely serviceable at sea, affording the seaman a most salutary change of diet, when boiled in the soup made from the excellent Irish salt pork with which our navy is liberally supplied.

PEPPERMINT.—*See* MINT.

POTATOE (*solanum tuberosum*).—This root, which

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at the present moment is cultivated in such immense quantities, about two centuries ago was retained merely as a curiosity in a few botanic gardens. It was unknown to the antients, and was found by Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia, and by him imported into the British Isles. By some curious and inexplicable accident, whilst the other sorts thrive in Europe, Asia, and Africa, under the name of *Batata*, from which our name potatoe is derived, this their near relation was propagated in an unknown part of the globe. Queen Elizabeth had some of them upon her table at the very moment when she received the intelligence that the Spanish Armada was destroyed. How rare and delicate they were esteemed at that time, may be inferred from Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor (Act 5, Scene 5), where Falstaff says, 'Let the sky *rain potatoes* and hail-kissing comfits.' They were first eagerly cultivated in Ireland; and though they spread from thence over the whole of the continent, in that country they have attained to the greatest perfection, and are now, indeed, the principal food of the lower classes of its inhabitants. To enumerate all the varieties that have been raised from seed would be impracticable; but the following are the best known and the most esteemed. The *Apple*, one of the kidney variety, cultivated in Ireland and the Isle of Man. The *blackamoor*, which is a late sort, and keeps well till August: it is very heavy, yields a good starch, and is fit either for cattle or the table. The outer coat is sooty, but appears, when rubbed, of a dark or bright purple: it will grow in moist heavy soils. The *champion* or *globe-white*, which has been preferred in Essex, because it does not curl. The *cluster* or *hog potatoe*, red, and streaked with red within, having a saccharine taste, for which some value it highly. The *kidneys*, both whites and reds. The *pink eye* or *red streak* is hardy

'umed sugar-plums, formerly used to sweeten the breath.

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and strong; it comes late, and eats best from the spring to July. The *russet*, red and white, for winter use. The common way of planting potatoes is to set either the small roots or offsets entire, or to cut the larger roots into pieces, preserving a bud or eye to each: the latter is generally the best method. The soil in which they thrive best is a light sandy loam, not very dry nor very moist. They will be fit to be taken up as soon as the stalk or holm decays.

On *forcing potatoes*, and for a method of preserving young potatoes for winter use, as such, consult *Loudon's Encyclopædia*. See also *Mr. Phillips's History of Cultivated Vegetables*, (vol. ii, p. 78, *2d edition*) for some curious historical notices of this useful plant.

The disease called the *curl* has, in many places, proved extremely troublesome and injurious to the potatoe. According to Mr. Loudon, and the authorities cited by him, the best method of preventing the curl is 'to preserve the tubers as much as possible in the wet and immature state, and not to expose them to the air:' the beneficial results too of using, as seed-stock, potatoes which have grown late or been imperfectly ripened in the preceding year, have been clearly demonstrated. By planting late in the season, perhaps in June or even in July, an exhausted good variety may in a great measure be restored. Seed stock kept in barns and outhouses for months together seldom fails to show the curl.

On the subject of this disease, we have received a communication from the *Rev. Henry Cotes, of Bedlington Vicarage*, near *Morpeth, Northumberland*, and have much pleasure in presenting it to our readers. 'It is well known to every one who cultivates potatoes, that, when the leaf of the plant is curled, the few roots attached to it are of diminutive size, and not well tasted. In the year 1794, about the end of May, several rows of *curled* potatoes were taken up, the tops, or *plants*, broken off, the *sets* examined, and all

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of them found sound and perfect, but extremely hard; these were all transplanted into a better soil, and a warmer situation. These sets again produced plants, *all* with *curled* leaves; and the sets, or cuttings, being again taken up and examined, were found to be as hard and sound as they were before. It should be observed, that the sets of the healthy broad-leaved potatoe plants are invariably found dissolved, in proportion as the plants advance in their growth.

'The following year a few *apples* of potatoe plants were collected in the month of October, and buried all the winter in a flower-pot. Towards the end of the February following, these *apples*, then reduced to a pulp, were spread upon a cloth, and laid in a sunny window; and towards the end of March the seeds were dried and separated, and sown in a bed of fine rich earth: in a few weeks the plants appeared, and were soon afterwards transplanted a few inches asunder. In another month, they were transplanted again; and in July were again transplanted at a greater distance, and small potatoes were produced from them, hardly so large as a walnut, the first and second year. But these, planted *whole* and *cut*, produced the third year an excellent crop of good, sound, mealy potatoes, with *not one curled leaf* plant. The writer, after intervals of six or seven years, has in the same manner raised potatoes from seed to renew the stocks for setting, and found the like results.

'Hence it would appear that the too frequent setting of potatoes, without this renewing of the stock from seed, is the cause of the curl, the old stock having degenerated.

'In order, therefore, to prevent the curl, the writer would recommend potatoes to be raised *occasionally* from seed, and the produce of the new potatoes fit for planting to be marked according to their growth from the seed; that new potatoes of the third years' growth should be widely distributed: and that a few

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farmers in every county should, at certain intervals, be encouraged to raise *potatoes from seed*, that there may be a general renewal of the stock.'

[To be continued.]

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is composed of *septem*, seven, and the termination *ber*, like *lis* in *Aprilis, Quintilis, Sextilis*. This rule will also apply to the three following months, Octo-ber, Novem-ber, Decem-ber.—This is the season of sleep to London. The Leviathan having spent his activity in the months from March to July, lapses into utter slumber from July till October: then merely opens his ears to receive the sounds of the opening theatres—finds them drowsy, according to custom, and plunges into a sleep of tenfold profundity, to be broken by nothing less exciting than politics and the Christmas pantomimes. He then springs up to life and appetite—opens his jaws with the vigour of a giant refreshed, to a grand deglutition of poetry, personality, criticism, debates, Spain, Ireland, and the slave trade; till, surcharged with his meals, he lapses again, and lays down his enormous head in sleep and summer.

Remarkable Days

In SEPTEMBER 1825.

1.—SAINT GILES.

GILES, or Ægidius, was born at Athens, but, after he had disposed of his patrimony in charitable uses, came to France in the year 715. He lived two years with Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, and afterwards retired into solitude.

2.—LONDON BURNT.

The fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, September 2d, 1666, O.S.; and being impelled by strong winds, raged with irresistible fury nearly four

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days and nights: nor was it entirely mastered till the fifth morning after it began.—See an interesting narrative of the fire of London, by an eye-witness, in T.T. for 1820, pp. 213-219.

*6. 1586.—INSURRECTION OF THE LONDON APPRENTICES.

From a curious letter in the Lansdown MSS. printed by MR. ELLIS, in his 'Original and Royal Letters,' (vol. ii, p. 307) it appears, that the apprentices of London were considered a formidable body, being the authors or abettors of almost all the slighter insurrections of the metropolis. Sergeant Fleetwood writing to Lord Burghley, says—'We have taken fyve, all of an age, yet all under xxj^{tie}; fower of them Darbishier borne; the fyrste borne in Norhamshier. We are searchinge and seekinge for the principall captayne; we hope we shall heare of him this night, for he hath ben workinge all this daie in the Whyt Hall at Westminster, and at his cominge home we trust to have him. * * The aforesaid apprentices being of the Mysterie of Plastorers, are commytted unto Newgate uppon the Quenes Highnes and her Councells commaundement, where they are lyke to remayne untill they be delivered by speciall warrant.'

A more formidable insurrection than the one just related took place on *May eve*, in the year 1516, when some apprentices having been imprisoned for insulting foreigners in the street, an immense crowd of these redoubtable heroes assembled about eleven o'clock at night, broke open the Compter, and released their companions; and soon after they did the same at Newgate, in spite of the mayor and sheriffs, who attended to make due proclamation. This scene of riot and confusion lasted some hours, in which much damage was done; but the rioters about three in the morning, having left off their work of destruction, were seized in detail by the city police, and about *three hundred* committed to various

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prisons. In a few days the prisoners were tried, and Lincoln and twelve others adjudged to die, for which purpose ten gallowses were erected in the most public spots in the metropolis, where they were executed. On the 7th of May, some others were sentenced to death, and immediately drawn on hurdles to Cheapside, where one of the party, Lincoln Shirwin, suffered his sentence, and the others had the ropes about their necks when a respite arrived, and they were remanded to prison.

The good policy of this merciful change cannot be doubted; but Henry was, or appeared to be, very unwilling to grant it: for, as Stowe affirms, it was not determined on until three queens, Katharine, Queen of England, and by her means, Mary, the French Queen Dowager, and Margaret, Queen of Scots, the king's sister, then resident in England, had, for a long time on their knees before Henry, solicited a pardon, 'which, by persuasion of the Cardinall Wolsey (without whose councell hee would then doe nothing), the king granted unto them.' A few days afterwards, on the 13th of May, the king came to Westminster Hall, where he was received by the lord mayor and corporation, when the remainder of the prisoners were brought up with halters round their necks, and ultimately pardoned; but not until Wolsey had severely censured the corporation for their negligence. The pardon being pronounced, the prisoners shouted and threw up their halters to the roof of the hall; then they were dismissed with a severe reproof, the gallowses were taken down, and peace and tranquillity restored[1].

On another occasion (circ. 1509) the people of Islington, of Hoxton, and of Shoreditch, had so inclosed their grounds, that it was considered as debarring the citizens from their accustomed freedom

[1] See *Wolsey the Cardinal and his Times; Courtly, Political, and Ecclesiastical*, (p. 171) *by George Howard, Esq.* Author of 'Lady Jane Grey' and her Times.

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of walking and exercises; when the apprentices, then a powerful and united body, rose in a mass, and with various implements soon levelled the hedges and ditches that interrupted a free intercourse. It is said they were first incited to this by an individual, a turner by trade, who ran through the streets in a fool's coat, calling out for shovels and spades; and as so extensive a riot was allowed by the magistracy to take place, particularly from so small an excitement in the first instance, Sir George Monoux, the Lord Mayor, was sent for by Wolsey and reprimanded, *gently* some say, for not taking better care to preserve the peace of the city, and then dismissed with an exhortation, which is stated to have had the desired effect.

7.—SAINT EUNERCHUS.

Eunerchus, or Evortius, was Bishop of Orleans, and present at the council of Valentia, A.D. 375. The circumstances of his election to this see were considered as miraculous, and principally ascribed to a dove, which alighted upon his head in consequence of the prayers of the electors.

8.—NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

A concert of angels having been heard in the air to solemnize this important event, the festival was appointed by Pope Servius about the year 695. Innocent IV honoured this feast with an octave in 1244, and Gregory XI, about the year 1370, with a vigil.

*9. 1824.—EXHUMATION AND RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF KING JAMES II.

Some workmen who were employed to dig the foundation of a new church at St. Germains, near Paris, having discovered the remains of James II: they were, at the desire of our present King, removed in great state, and deposited, on the above day, beneath the altar, until the new church is completed.

14.—HOLY CROSS.

This festival was first observed in the year 615; see our last volume, p. 236. For an account of the ce-

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remony of *kissing the cross*, performed in the Greek Church on this day, see T.T. for 1822, p. 245.

*16. 1824.—LOUIS XVIII, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, DIED, ÆT. 68.

Louis Stanislaus Xavier de France, Count de Provence, second son of the Dauphin, the son of Louis XV, was born at Versailles, November 17, 1755. He was educated with his two brothers, the Duc de Berri (Louis XVI) and the Count d'Artois: he made considerable acquirements in classical literature, and bore the reputation of being an elegant scholar and a man of wit. On the 20th of June, 1791, he fled secretly from Paris, at the same time as Louis XVI; but, by a most fortunate route, he sought refuge in Germany: he afterwards resided at Turin, Verona, and Venice. In 1798, Louis was invited by the Emperor Paul to live in the ducal castle of Mittau, where he remained for some time; but being ordered to quit at a week's notice, he, with his faithful adherents, wandered about the wilds of Prussia: he afterwards inhabited the castle of the dethroned king of Poland at Warsaw. But, a plot to assassinate the unfortunate king having been discovered, he sought refuge on the hospitable shores of Albion.

In this last and only safe asylum of the House of Bourbon, they were received not only with the kindest hospitality, but when all the pensions from the several crowned heads of Europe (at one time amounting to 120,000*l.* a year) had ceased, they still received sufficient to enable them to live in splendour. The Royal Palace at Holyrood was assigned to them; but Louis XVIII principally resided at Hartwell, a seat belonging to the Marquess of Buckingham. There he remained until the fall of Buonaparte enabled him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

When the Senate and Legislature of France had recalled this long-persecuted Monarch, he passed

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through London on his way to Paris. His entry into the British metropolis on the 20th of April, 1814, was like a triumph. The Prince Regent went to Stanmore to meet him, from which place they were to proceed in state. When his Majesty had got within a short distance of the village, the populace took the horses from his carriage, and drew him into the town. The Prince received the exiled Monarch at the door of the inn, according to the French custom, by affectionately embracing him. They then rode together in the state carriage to town, where an immense concourse of spectators of all ranks had assembled to view this interesting procession. On the 23d, the King left town for Dover, and the Prince Regent, who had set off from London two hours before him, dined with him in the evening on board his yacht. The next day he proceeded in triumph to his capital, after an exile of twenty-three years.

The Crown of France has devolved on CHARLES PHILIP OF FRANCE, now KING CHARLES X, who was born at Versailles on the 9th of October, 1757, and is consequently sixty-seven years of age. The following are the members of the House of Bourbon, of the male side, in the order of their succession to the French Throne :—

1. Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angouleme (now Dauphin), born August 6, 1775.
2. Henry, Duc de Bourdeaux, son of the Duc de Berri, born September 29, 1820.
3. Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, born October 6, 1773, who married Maria Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily, by whom he has male issue—
4. Ferdinand, Duc de Chartres, born September 3, 1810.
5. Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours, born October 25, 1814.
6. Francis Ferdinand, Duc de Joinville, born August 14, 1818.
7. Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Penthievre, born January 1, 1820.
8. Henry Eugene, Duc de Aumale, born June 16, 1822.

Of that illustrious branch of the Bourbons, the HOUSE OF CONDE, there is but one individual re-

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maining, Louis Henry Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, born April 13, 1756, who is the ninth in succession to the French Crown.

17.—SAINT LAMBERT.

Lambert was Bishop of Utrecht, in the time of King Pepin I; but, reproving the king's grandson for his irregularities, he was cruelly murdered at the instigation of an abandoned woman.

21.—SAINT MATTHEW.

In the year 64 or 65, Matthew wrote his Gospel in Hebrew, which was afterwards translated into Greek. After many labours and miracles, he closed his life at Nadabar, in Ethiopia, probably by martyrdom.

21, 23, 24.—EMBER DAYS. *See* p. 45.

26.—OLD HOLY ROOD. *See* HOLY CROSS, p. 234.

26.—SAINT CYPRIAN.

He was an African by birth, of a good family, and well educated. He behaved with great courage and resolution in the Decian persecution, and openly invited the people to constancy and perseverance: this conduct so enraged the Pagans, that he soon fell a victim to their fury, and suffered martyrdom under Valerianus and Gallienus, in 258.

29.—SAINT MICHAEL.

Saint Michael was an archangel who presided over the Jewish nation, and had an army of angels under his command and conduct; he fought also with the Dragon or Satan, and his angels: and, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses. See Rev. xii, 7; Jude 9.—This was formerly a season of great celebrity: at present, all that we do in honour of it is to *eat a goose*. And to our readers we would say, *franchement*, as the old fiddler did to Mr. and Mrs. Minikin,

We wish them many a merry *Christmas*, with plenty of mince-pies and spicy lamb's-wool;
And every *Midsummer* a syllabub from the cow, all in a china bowl;
And plenty of pancakes, well tossed and crisp, at every return of *Shrovetide*;
And a *fat goose* every MICHAELMAS-DAY full of onions and sage inside.

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*29. 1818.—JOHN BERNARD TROTTER DIED,

Once secretary to Charles James Fox, and a literary character of no small eminence. After undergoing every species of misery which the human frame is capable of enduring, he was shamefully suffered to perish in the vigour of life, the victim of *actual want*. He died in Cork, the pauper-patient of a dispensary, in the 43d year of his age. During his illness he was constantly visited by a poor woman who sold oranges. She daily and anxiously enquired after his health, and insisted on leaving her best fruit for his use, for which she would accept no compensation. Though apparently in good health, she gradually pined away as his malady increased. When he died, her strength sunk rapidly; and, in six days, she died also, without any visible disease but excessive grief.

Lines written after walking through the Church Yard where TROTTER *lies buried.*

Sweet is thy sleep—some proud ones now,
Who gazed on and bid thee die,
Companions again are of thee, and as low
As your own dark bed they lie.

Their hearts are as cold as the red, red snow
That floats on the Polar wave,
And the name of the form that rests below
Is sculptured on every grave.

Poor things! could they spring back to life again,
And behold the annoying care
Their heirs had taken each epithet vain
Should be lavished profusely there,

They'd blush if ever the slumberer's cheek
A crimson hue could paint,
To think that he who *was* wicked or weak
Was *now* made a sage or saint.

And meet it is, *wronged one*, now freed from life's strife,
That this place for thy rest was decided,
For the *heartless* and *cold* were thy portion in life,
And in Death's sleep ye are not divided.

RICHARD RYAN.

30.—SAINT JEROME.

Jerome was born in a town called Stridon, on the

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confines of Pannonia and Dalmatia. He translated the Old Testament into Latin; and died in the eightieth year of his age, A.D. 422.

*SEPT. 1703.—SAMUEL PEPYS DIED.

He was the intimate friend of the celebrated John Evelyn, and secretary to the Admiralty in the time of Charles II and James II. He was elected president of the Royal Society in 1684, and held that office two years. In 1690, he resigned his place in the Admiralty. He wrote 'Memoirs of the English Navy;' and made a large collection of MSS., particularly old poetry, *facetiæ*, &c. &c., which he bequeathed to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Some notices of the rarities in the *Pepysian* Library will be found in Mr. Dibdin's 'Library Companion.'—A valuable accession to our auto-biographical literature is, we are delighted to hear, just (October 1824) completed at press; it consists of the *Diary of Samuel Pepys*, the subject of this brief notice, forming two quarto volumes, and illustrated by ten or twelve highly finished portraits: this work is edited by Mr. UPCOTT, of the London Institution, the same gentleman who put forth the '*Evelyn Memoirs*,' and will doubtless form a popular companion to that very agreeable publication. See REMARKABLE DAYS, November 12, in the present volume.

Astronomical Occurrences

In SEPTEMBER 1825.

'The study of Astronomy tends more than any other to improve the mind, and increase the force and penetration of the human understanding. To the superficial glance, indeed, the heavens display merely a promiscuous collection of shining atoms; but to the attentive observer they present a scene of such exquisite harmony and regularity as fills the mind with delight and astonishment.'

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Libra at 42 m. after 8 in the morning of the 23d of this month; and he rises and sets during the same interval as in the following

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TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

September 1st,	Sun rises	14	m. after	5.	Sets	46	m. after 6
6th,	.....	23	.....	5	.....	37	 6
11th,	.....	33	.....	5	.....	27	 6
16th,	.....	43	.....	5	.....	17	 6
21st,	.....	53	.....	5	.....	7	 6
26th,	.....	2	.....	6	.....	58	 5

Equation of Time.

When apparent time is known, and true time is required, the one may be found from the other by using the numbers as in the following table. If the operation is required for any intermediate period, the numbers to be subtracted must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Thursday, September 1st,	from the time by the dial *subt.*	0	9
Tuesday 6th,	.....	1	46
Sunday, ... 11th,	.....	3	27
Friday 16th,	.....	5	11
Wednesday 21st,	.....	6	56
Monday 26th,	.....	8	40

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter .	5th day, at	8	m. after	4	in the afternoon
New Moon .	12th	0	.....	3	.....
First Quarter .	19th	20	.....	6	in the morning
Full Moon .	27th	13	.....	4	.....

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

September 5th, at	26	m. after	5	in the morning
6th	19	.....	6	.....
7th	13	.....	7	.....
8th	8	.....	8	.....
9th	2	.....	9	.....
10th	57	.....	9	.....
18th	28	.....	5	in the evening
19th	24	.....	6	.....
20th	17	.....	7	.....
21st	7	.....	8	.....
22d	34	.....	8	.....
23d	39	.....	9	.....
24th	21	.....	10	.....
25th	3	.....	11	.....

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TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
September 1st, at	8 m. after	4	16 m. after	4
6th, ..	37	7	5	8
11th, ..	46	0	15	1
16th, ..	31	4	54	4
21st, ..	24	9	58	9
26th, ..	38	1	38	1

For the quantities necessary either to be added to these or subtracted from them, to find the time of high water at other places, see page 24 of the present volume.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This beautiful planet still continues to recede from us; and though the enlightened part of her disk increases, her brilliancy diminishes. The proportion of the light and dark parts is,

September 1st, { Illuminated part = 7·93029
Dark part..... = 4.06971

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

None of the eclipses of Jupiter's first or second satellites are visible at the Royal Observatory this month.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

September 3d, with ☽ in Aries, at		5 in the afternoon
6th, ...	Saturn.....	9 in the morning
13th, ...	Mercury ..	3 .....
17th, ...	♂ in Scorpio..	9 .....
20th, ...	G. Sidus....	8 in the evening.
22d, ...	β in Capricorn	1 in the morning
30th, ...	☽ in Aries.....	11 at night

Mercury will be stationary on the 2d. Saturn will be in quadrature at 45 m. after 6 in the afternoon of the 14th. Mercury will be in his inferior conjunction at 45 m. after 12 on the 16th, and stationary on the 25th. G. Sidus will also be stationary

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on the same day. Venus and Mars will likewise be in conjunction with each other at 10 in the evening of the 28th.

As we wander, on one of the beautiful evenings of this month, amidst the in-gathering harvest, and survey the golden treasures which Nature has bountifully spread over the plains, while the heaven is partly overspread with fleecy clouds, and the full orbed Moon is gradually ascending in all her majesty, we cease to wonder that she is so frequently the subject of the poets' addresses.

To the MOON.

Chaste Moon, I saw thee like a silver thread,
And nightly waning, fill thy circling horn;
Full orbed, I saw thy flood of glory spread,
Sweet as the lustre of the orient morn:

Now thou art waning to the watcher's eye,
And soon wilt dwindle to a thread again;
A little while, and we shall search the sky,
And, gazing, try to trace thy path in vain.

Literary Olio.

The Naturalist's Diary

For SEPTEMBER 1825.

There is no sunshine like the sky
Of those mild, breezy, cloudless Autumn days,
Which tempt once more abroad the *butterfly*
To search for lingering flowers; when the green sprays
Of ash, now loosened, drop on him who strays
Through woodland paths, while the light yellow leaves
Of fading trees come dancing down all ways,
Like winged things; and oft the stream receives
Full many a tiny voyager, whirled along
Amid its eddies;—when the *gossamer* spreads
O'er the fresh clods her trembling silvery threads;
And *Robin*, thinly screened, his sweetest song
Pours forth, as if, triumphant o'er the scene,
He said, Spring will return, and all again be green.

J. CONDER.

MILD and pleasant weather is generally experienced in September; often, indeed, this is the finest month

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in the whole year, unless the summer have been hot and dry, when rain may be expected both in this and the succeeding month.

In September and October, the generality of our *singing birds* are to be no longer distinguished by their voices: the sweet sounds they are giftedwith, which we call their *song*, seem to proceed from the male bird only during the season of incubation, and, except from accidental causes, all these cares have terminated before this period. One little bird, however, yet delights us with the sweetest harmony: in the calm mornings of this season of the year the *woodlark* carols in the air, chiefly in the neighbourhood of thickets and copses, with a soft quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy stillness of the hour. He sings likewise in mild spring days; but at that season the contending songsters of the grove, and the variety of voice proceeding from every thing that has utterance, confuse, and render almost inaudible, the woodlark's plaintive note. It is a humble unobtrusive bird, associating only in little families, which upon our approach crouch close to the ground, then dart away with a sudden start, mount to a little elevation, and settle again almost immediately. The *skylark*'s song is very sweet, full of harmony, and cheerful as the blue sky and bright sunny beam in which he sports and circles, and he is heard and admired by all, from the ploughman to the prince; but the note of the woodlark is local, not generally known, and from its remarkable softness must almost be listened for to be heard, and claims nothing of the hilarity of the other. Its gentle, quiet melody, seems rather that of placid contentment. This little creature will often continue his song, and circle in the air by the hour together; and the vast distance from whence his voice reaches us in a calm day, is almost incredible.—The call of *anas clangula* (golden eye) and the duck tribe may be heard from great elevations, but

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this is, perhaps, less surprising, considering their magnitude, than we should hear the clear, soft note of the woodlark. The strength of the larynx (throat muscles) in birds is infinitely superior to that of the human race; the *tally-ho* of the fox-hunter is but a feeble cry, compared with the voice of the wild-goose and the lark.—In our admiration of the sweet note of the woodlark, we must not forget the autumnal music of the red-breast:—

> —We love the *robin*'s simple lay
> When the leaf is red and sere;
> And the plaintive note
> From his tiny throat
> Falls sweetly on the ear.

Although *Flora* is not lavish of her beauties in this month, she still presents specimens worthy of our admiration. There are in blow, in September, heart's-ease, nasturtia, china aster, marigolds, sweet peas, mignionette, golden rod, stocks, tangier pea, holly-hock, michaelmas daisy, saffron, and ivy. The dahlia, unless it have been injured by excessive rains, exhibits an abundance of beautiful flowers in this and the succeeding month. If, however, they are trained against walls, the flowers will be superior both in number and magnitude, and there will be a certainty of the seeds ripening. The *marvel of Peru* is another showy plant at this season, and flowers most vigorously when taken up annually and replanted, like the dahlia. The flowering rush, smallage, and the great burnet saxifrage (which, as a cosmetic, is inferior to none, freckles being quickly removed by it), are now in flower. The *convolvuli*, or bind weeds, adorn almost every hedge with their milk-white blossoms.

Abundance of ripe fruit is now presented to the willing touch:—

> Apricots and dew-berries,
> With grapes, green figs, and mulberries,

contend for our preference, and 'purple clusters,

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blushing through the green,' gratify the eye by their beauty, and the palate by their exquisite taste.

> Now mellow Autumn reigns; the garden teems
> With golden fruitage———
> And from the west the Sun in glory streams
> His crimson radiance on the mossy wall,
> Where, netted o'er and sheltered from the reach
> Of boy and bird, hang *nectarine* and *peach*,
> And *plum* and *apricot*, delicious all. D. M. MOIR.

The privet hawk-moth may now be found on the privet shrub, and its elegant appearance affords a contrast to the uninviting form of many of the caterpillar tribe. See our last volume, p. 248.

The *phalæna russula* and the saffron butterfly appear in this month. The sulphur butterfly also will frequently be seen in the bright mornings of September, flitting about the gay flowers of our gardens: this creature, like the nettle-fly, appears at two distinct seasons of the year, being one of the earliest butterflies that animate our spring. Even in the month of March we sometimes see him sporting about under the sunny side of some sheltered copse, like a primrose fluttering in the breeze. In his autumnal visit, however, he is not the gay, animated beau that he appears in spring, for, though recently produced, his colour is much paler, and he is feeble and inert in all his actions: in his early visit he is wary and shy, in his latter one, he frequently suffers himself to be captured by the hand.—Of the few colours that vary the hues of spring, yellow seems the predominant one: our wild and cultured plants, the primrose, cowslip, pile-wort, globe-flower, buttercup, cherlock, the brassica tribe, and multitudes of others, assume this colour; and this fly, the only bright yellow one we have, displays his most brilliant tints at this season of the year.

Herrings pay their annual visit to England in September, and afford a rich harvest to the inhabitants of its eastern and western coasts. Towards the end of this month the nut-hatch visits our orchards, par-

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ticularly those which contain nut-trees, or filbert hedges. See our last volume, p. 248.

Much amusement may be derived, in September, from watching the curious operations of the *garden spider*, and observing the rapidity with which he forms his beautiful web,—and the artifices he uses to entangle his victims, entrapping not only the small defenceless fly, but the armed wasp and honey-laden bee in his gluey toils[1].

On taking a FLY *from a* SPIDER'S WEB.

Poor little giddy, fluttering thing!
Keep still thy light transparent wing;
Thy fluttering drives thee further in
The 'tangling knot;
Alas! thou feel'st the bitter sting
By folly got.

Ah! see from out his silken shed
The spider darts with eager speed,
Whilst thou with fear art almost dead,
And still dost lie;
Ah! now he fastens 'neath thine head,
And must thou die?

There; take again thy liberty,
But still to pleasures thou wilt flee,
And soon again, I fear, 'twill be
Thy overthrow:
A grateful buzz thou givest me,
And warning too.

Thus youth rush on in pleasure's round,
And in its sunshine frisk and bound,
Nor heed the cobwebs hung around
With mischief fraught,
Nor till too late the truth is found
So often taught.

W. S.

[1] The poet Bloomfield was a close and accurate observer of the economy of this (to some) repulsive insect, and has recorded the result of his researches in some very interesting papers printed in his 'REMAINS,' (vol. ii, p. 123) and illustrated by wood engravings.

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DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from p. 231.]

RADISH (*raphanus sativus*).—The common garden radish is divided into four sorts. The first or long-rooted radish is the sort commonly cultivated in kitchen gardens for its roots. There are several varieties of this sort, as the small-topped, the deep red, the pale red or salmon, and the long-topped striped radish. The *small-topped* is usually preferred. The *second* or small round-rooted radish is not very common in England, but in many parts of Italy it is the only one cultivated; the roots are white, round, small, and very sweet. If eaten young, it is mild, crisp, and pleasant. The *third* sort, or large turnip-rooted white Spanish radish, has a moderately large white root, and is esteemed chiefly for eating in the autumn and the early part of the winter. This and the second sort are confounded together under the name of turnip radishes. The *fourth* sort, or black turnip-rooted Spanish radish, has a black skin, a white root, and is greatly esteemed by many for autumn and winter eating. The seasons for sowing the seeds of the common radish are various: the earliest is at the end of October or the beginning of November. They are commonly sown on warm borders near walls and hedges, where they can be defended from the cold winds. There are some persons who sow them among other crops in the middle of September, and, if not destroyed by frost, they will be fit for use early in February. The second general sowing is usually about Christmas; these, if protected from frost, will be fit for use at the beginning of April. In order to secure a succession of these anti-scorbutic roots, the seeds should be sown once a fortnight from the middle of January till the beginning of April: they require a light soil inclining to sand.

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This wholesome vegetable was one of the most esteemed roots among the antient Greeks, who, in offering their oblations of garden fruits to Apollo, presented at his Delphic shrine the turnip in lead, the beet in silver, and the *radish in beaten gold*. They were also highly valued by the Egyptians; and by the Romans boiled as a winter sauce to their meat, their physicians judiciously recommending them to be taken raw with salt in a morning before any other food. They are now principally eaten with salt as a salad, with butter or cheese. The leaves are sometimes boiled as greens; and the boiled roots form an excellent dish, when served up as asparagus.

RHUBARB (*rheum rhaponticum*).—This is generally called *bastard rhubarb*. It is a plant of the dock kind; and belongs to the same genus as the medicinal rhubarb, for which it was mistaken when first imported into Europe. It is now commonly cultivated in gardens for the sake of the footstalks of the leaves, which are peeled and made into tarts in the spring. Some persons prefer these tarts either to apple or green gooseberry pies, but it is usually blended with those fruits. It is also served up in creams, and many physicians recommend it as very cooling and wholesome. The seeds should be sown where the plants are designed to remain. When the plants appear, hoe and weed them, and separate those that grow too close together. The roots have the same aperient qualities as the rhubarb brought from foreign countries.

The OFFICINAL RHUBARB (*rheum palmatum*) was first brought by the Portuguese from Canton, in China, though the most esteemed sort has long been obtained from Turkey, and is so universally known that further particulars are superfluous. But it is not generally understood that the stalks of this rhubarb are as good for culinary purposes as those of the plants above noticed. The palmated rhubarb is

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three weeks earlier. Both sorts are productive in beds: the plants should be two or three feet asunder.

SAGE *(salvia officinalis)*.—The *red* sage is the principal sort in culinary use, having the most agreeable and fullest flavour; the green is next in estimation with the cook; but the small-leaved green, or *sage of virtue*, is preferred as a raw herb, and for decoctions: while the broad-leaved balsamic species is used, for its medicinal qualities as a tea-herb. The sanative properties of sage were formerly in great repute. 'Why (says an old proverb) should a man die while he has sage in his garden?' and the poet has not forgotten to enumerate 'the salubrious leaf of cordial *sage*.'

Many of the sages are cultivated for *ornament*, on account of the pretty flowers they produce. The following are some of the handsomest: 1. The apple-bearing has blue flowers. 2. The two-coloured, a native of Barbary, blue and white flowers. 3. The Indian, the same, blowing from May to July. 4, 5. The Nubian and Mexican, blue flowers, from May to July. 6, 7, 8. The fulgid, shining-leaved, and scarlet-flowered, severally from Mexico, Peru, and East Florida, have beautiful scarlet flowers, blowing most part of the summer. 9. The gold-coloured, from the Cape, has silver leaves and golden flowers, blowing from May to November. 10. *Salvia involucrata*, from Mexico, produces an abundance of rose-coloured blossoms.—*Flora Domestica*, p. 333.

[To be continued.]

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OCTOBER.

Remarkable Days

In OCTOBER 1825.

1.—SAINT REMIGIUS.

REMIGIUS was born at Landen, where he so closely pursued his studies, that he was supposed to lead a monastic life. After the death of Bennadius, he was, on account of his exemplary piety and extraordinary learning, chosen bishop of Rheims. Having held his bishopric 74 years, he died at 96 years of age, A.D. 535.

*4. 1816.—CAPTAIN J. H. TUCKEY DIED,

Off the southern coast of Africa, in his fortieth year, one of the most enterprising navigators of modern times. His life, which was little else than an uninterrupted series of calamities, was terminated by extreme exhaustion, brought on by fatigue, exposure to the weather, and the privations he had endured. Captain Tuckey was a native of the Sister Isle, and was author of a valuable professional work on *Maritime Geography*, in 4 thick vols. 8vo.

6.—SAINT FAITH.

This virgin martyr suffered death under Dacianus, about the year 290, the most cruel torments being inflicted upon her. A great fair is held on this day at the village of St. Faith's, near Norwich, at which the gentry round about and from Norwich meet in gay attire.

9.—SAINT DENYS.

Saint Denys, or Dionysius, the Areopagite, was converted to Christianity by St. Paul. See *Acts* xvii. He was, at first, one of the judges of the celebrated court of the Areopagus, but was afterwards made Bishop of Athens, where he suffered martyrdom for the sake of the gospel.

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11.—OLD MICHAELMAS DAY,

Still observed, in many places, as the end of one year, and beginning of another, in hiring servants.

13.—TRANSLATION OF KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

He was the youngest son of King Ethelred; but as all his elder brothers were either dead, or had fled away, he succeeded to the crown of England in the year 1042. He collected all the most useful laws made by the Saxon and Danish kings. The additional title of Confessor was probably given him by the pope, for settling what was then called *Rome Scot*, but now is better known by the name of *Peter's Pence*.—For some pretty lines on this subject, see T. T. for 1815, p. 281.

17.—SAINT ETHELDREDA.

She was a princess of distinguished piety, daughter of Anna, King of the East-Angles, and Hereswitha his queen, and was born about the year 630, at Ixning, a small village in Suffolk.

18.—SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

Luke was born at Antioch, the metropolis of Syria, a place celebrated for the study of the liberal arts. He lived a single life, and died in the 84th year of his age, about the year of Christ 70; probably a natural death.

*20. 1532.—SECOND INTERVIEW BETWEEN FRANCIS I AND HENRY VIII.

On the 20th, the two kings met in a valley between Calais and Boulogne: from the 20th to the 25th, Francis entertained Henry at Boulogne; and from the 25th to the 30th, Henry entertained Francis at Calais, which on this occasion provided no fewer than *twenty-four hundred beds*, with stabling for 2000 horses. Storms and contrary winds detained Henry and his suite at Calais till the 13th of November, on which day at midnight he took ship, and landed at Dover the next morning. See an interesting sketch of this extraordinary interview in

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Mr. Ellis's Original Letters from Autographs in the British Museum (vol. ii, p. 22), and also a letter on King Henry the Eighth's return.

25.—SAINT CRISPIN.

Crispinus and Crispianus, two brothers, were born at Rome; whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion. Being desirous, however, of rendering themselves independent, they gained a subsistence by shoemaking. It having been discovered that they had privately embraced the Christian faith, and endeavoured to make proselytes of the inhabitants, the governor of the town immediately ordered them to be beheaded, about the year 308. From this time, the shoemakers chose them for their tutelar saints. There is a curious anecdote relative to this day in T. T. for 1816, p. 291. See also our last vol. p. 259.

28.—SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, *Apostles.*

Simon, after enduring various troubles and afflictions, with great cheerfulness suffered death on the cross. *Jude,* after great success in his apostolic ministry, was, at last, for a free and open reproof of the superstitious rites of the Magi, cruelly put to death. He has left one epistle of universal concern to Christians.

*30. 1823.—EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, D.D. DIED.

He was justly admired for the pathos and elegant simplicity displayed in his poems, the most popular of which was 'Armine and Elvira,' a legendary tale. His mechanical discoveries have greatly contributed to the commercial prosperity of the country. The application of machinery for the purpose of weaving, and *the propelling of carriages on land and vessels on the water by* STEAM, are his inventions, and it is but justice to the Doctor's memory to ascribe these important discoveries to their rightful owner. He also took out patents for combing wool and making ropes by machinery, and was the author of many valuable improvements in the arts, manufactures, and agriculture.

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*OCT. 1818.—JOSEPH ATKINSON DIED.

He was a native of Ireland, and was treasurer of the Ordnance under the administration of the Earl of Moira. Mr. Atkinson was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was himself a poet of more than ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:—

I'am sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,
Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,
When I say that your wife had a *right* to a boy,
For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

But since Fate the boon that you wished for refuses,
By granting three girls to your happy embraces,
She but meant, while *you* wandered *abroad* with the *Muses*,
Your *wife* should be circled at *home* by the *Graces!*

He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities. — *Ryan's Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland*, vol. i, p. 28.

Astronomical Occurrences

In OCTOBER 1825.

'To contemplate the grand spectacle of the heavens, has ever been considered as the noblest privilege of our nature. For it is here that we discover the wonders of the Deity, and see his wisdom in the works of creation. Nor is there any knowledge attained by the light of nature that gives us juster ideas of this great Being, or furnishes us with stronger arguments by which to demonstrate his existence. "*The heavens*," as the Psalmist observes, "*declare "the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work; day "unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge; "and there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard.*"'

BONNYCASTLE.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Scorpio at 51 m. after 4 in the afternoon of the 23d of this month; and he rises

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and sets, during the same period, as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

October 1st,	Sun rises	12	m. after	6.	Sets	48	m. after 5
6th,	.....	22	.....	6	.....	38	 5
11th,	.....	32	.....	6	.....	28	 5
16th,	.....	42	.....	6	.....	18	 5
21st,	.....	51	.....	6	.....	9	 5
26th,	.....	1	.....	7	.....	59	 4
31st,	.....	10	.....	7	.....	50	 4

The Sun's rising and setting on any of the intermediate days may be found very nearly by proportion.

Equation of Time.

When it is required to regulate a clock by a sundial, or to find true from apparent time, the equation must be employed as directed in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Saturday, October	1st, from the time by the dial *subt.*	10	18
Thursday, ...	6th, ...	11	49
Tuesday, ...	11th, ...	13	10
Sunday, ...	16th, ...	14	19
Friday, ...	21st, ...	15	14
Wednesday, ...	26th, ...	15	53
Monday, ...	31st, ...	16	13

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

The MOON.

Such is our progress o'er life's changing stage,
From infancy to pride of youthful bloom,
From ripened manhood to decrepid age,
We, pale and trembling, totter to the tomb.
Some friend may sigh who spreads our turf of green,
Then, mingling with the world, forget that we have been.

Literary Olio.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	5th day,	at	22	m. after	6	in the morning
New Moon, ..	11th		30	.....	11	at night.
First Quarter,	18th		6	.....	7	in the evening
Full Moon, ..	26th		2	.....	10	at night.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The following transits of the Moon over the first

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meridian will afford favourable opportunities for observing her in that position, during this month, if the weather prove favourable at the respective times, viz.

October	4th, at	14 m. after	5 in the morning
	5th, ..	6	6 .....
	6th, ..	59	6 .....
	7th, ..	52	7 .....
	8th, ..	45	8 .....
	16th, ..	23	4 in the afternoon
	17th, ..	18	5 .....
	18th, ..	10	6 .....
	19th, ..	58	6 .....
	20th, ..	45	7 in the evening
	21st, ..	27	8 .....
	22d, ..	9	9 .....
	23d, ..	51	9 .....
	24th, ..	32	10 .....
	25th, ..	15	11 .....

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
October	1st, at	16 m. after	4	35 m. after	4
	6th, ..	28	8	3	9
	11th, ..	22	1	50	1
	16th, ..	12	5	35	5
	21st, ..	55	9	23	10
	26th, ..	39	1	2	2
	31st, ..	42	5	2	5

By adding or subtracting the quantities given in the Occurrences for January, as there directed, the times of High Water will be obtained at various other places, from the above hours.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

The enlightened phase of this planet now becomes broad in proportion to the obscured part, as they now are,

October 1st, { Illuminated part = 9·39024
Dark part ..... = 2·60876

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

There will be twenty-seven eclipses of the first and second of these satellites this month; but only the two following will be visible, viz.

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Immersions.

First Satellite, 3d day, at 14 m. 23 s. after 4 in the morning
26th ..... 24 .. 8 ..... 4 .....

Form of Saturn's Ring.

The opening of this ring still continues nearly at its maximum breadth, as the proportions of its axes are,

October 1st, { Transverse Axis = 1·000
Conjugate Axis = — 0·495

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

October 3d, with Saturn, .. at 5 in the evening
14th .... ♑ in Scorpio .. 6 .....
19th .... β in Capricorn, 7 in the morning
28th .... ♓ in Aries .... 5 .....

Saturn will be stationary on the 4th, and Venus and Jupiter will be in conjunction with each other at 9 in the evening of the same day. G. Sidus will be in quadrature at a quarter past 4 in the afternoon of the 9th. Venus and Jupiter will be in conjunction with each other at 10 in the evening of the 12th. There will also be an occultation of Saturn by the Moon on the 30th. The immersion will take place on the illuminated disk of the Moon at 10 m. 30 s. after 8 in the evening, and the planet will reappear on the opposite side of the Moon at 5 m. 9 s. after 9; apparent time at Greenwich. This will consequently require a slight reduction either to reduce it to mean time, or to any other meridian than the first. Should the weather prove clear, this will be an interesting phenomenon to those who have good telescopes, and will take place about an hour and a quarter after the Moon rises.

The moonlight nights of this month are sometimes peculiarly beautiful, and the following lines on this subject will not be unacceptable to our readers.

On MOONLIGHT.
From the Swedish of Ingelvain.

Still that same aspect—placid, cold, and bright!—
Oh, how dost thou reproach us for the hours
That in delusive pleasures took their flight,
For time that vain anxiety devours—

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For life consumed by many a poisonous blight,
That might have yielded else immortal flowers!
What sad reproof thy pallid gleams impart!
How speaks thy solemn silence to the heart!

Though changeful, yet unchanged—thou art the same,
While we scarce call to mind what once we were!
Some praise the mildness of thy lambent flame,
And falsely deem thy quietude to share;
Far different homage rather shouldst thou claim—
Even Mockery lurks amid that chilling glare;
And thou art placid—calm—from trouble free:
The storm clouds ride aloft, but vex not thee!

Yes—there are Scorn and Mockery in that gaze!—
Thou tell'st of hopes that will revive no more—
Of sunny hours and aye departed days—
Of beauteous forms that smiled and bloomed of yore!
Well—be it mine, beneath thy silvery rays,
To brood on recollection's mournful store;
Let visions triumph o'er this present scene,
And that shall seem to be, which once has been!

Blackwood's Magazine.

In the northern parts of Europe, and even in the farthest parts of Great Britain and its islands, the evenings are not unfrequently enlivened by a very brilliant and ever varying spectacle, which is thus beautifully described by the poet:—

The AURORA BOREALIS: *a Sonnet.*

'Tis midnight, and the world is hushed in sleep:
Distant and dim the southern mountains lie;
The stars are sparkling in the cloudless sky;
And hollow murmurs issue from the deep,

Which like a mother sings unto its isles.
Sure spirits are abroad! Behold the north
Like a volcano glows, and starting forth
Red streaks like Egypt's pyramids in files.

Lo! Superstition, pallid and aghast,
Starts to his lattice, and beholds in fear;
Noiseless the fiery legions thronging fast,
Portending rapine and rebellion near:
For well he knows that dark futurity
Throws forward fiery shadows on the sky!

D. M. MOIR.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For OCTOBER 1825.

The faded woods a sallow livery wear;
Each leaf that quivers on the drooping spray,
Or, with the transient breeze-fit drops adown,
Speaking, in tones of deepest influence,
Of the decay of all things, of the pomp
How passing! and the changes of the earth.—
In May that fence was sprinkled with white flowers
Of hawthorn, over-mantling every bough,
And hiding the green beauty of the leaves:—
In June that chesnut shot its blossomed spires
Of silver upward, 'mid the foliage dark,
As if some sylvan deity had hung
Its dim umbrageousness with votive wreaths;—
Over that turbid stream, from dark, moist rocks,
Descending in wild foam, the willow hangs
Its drooping boughs, half-leafless: pastoral flowers
Withering decline their languid heads: the haw,
Food for the small birds, 'mid the brumal dearth,
In redness decorates the yellowing hedge;
The orange hip o'ertops the eglantine;
And from the bramble's lithe, and prickly boughs,
The wild rasp hangs in juicy ripeness black.

D. M. MOIR.

How agreeable is it to observe the quick succession in the productions of Nature, during the spring, summer, and autumnal seasons! And, notwithstanding, before the commencement of autumn, some fruits and many flowers are gone, yet we scarcely miss them, so quickly are they succeeded by others, the greater part of which are much more important; for the autumnal fruits are those chiefly which are preserved for future use.

The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves of trees in this and the succeeding month, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, offer a pleasing spectacle to the eye of the admiring observer of Nature's varied beauties, and give to the philosopher and the moralist a subject for the deepest reflection.

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'Tis not in spring, in summer, in the sun,
The cloudless sky, and the reposing storm,
The soul can glean such lessons; these awake
Thoughts of light interest, vacant joyfulness,
Fantastic visions; but the dim aspect
Of all earth's beauties fading,—the hoarse winds,
The heavy clouds, and the unsheltered fields—
Calls to their silent home the wandering thoughts;
Hushes unruly passion; quenches pride;
And, in a still voice, whispers to the heart,
'Prepare—for thy departure is at hand!'

D. M. MOIR.

At the beginning of this month, or latter end of September, some summer birds of passage, of which the *swallow* is the first, take their departure for warmer regions. The time of their leaving this country varies in different seasons; it is sometimes protracted till the end of October or the beginning of November, and swallows have been seen in mild weather to congregate previously to taking their departure so late as the middle of December. A great diversity of opinion has existed respecting the torpidity and migration of this bird: it is an established fact, that, although the greater part of the swallows that visit England quit the country before the approach of winter, many remain and continue in a state of torpidity till the enlivening sun of April wakes them from their long sleep. In a respectable American periodical, the New York Christian Journal and Literary Register for 1824 (vol. vii, p. 256), there is an additional confirmation of the *torpidity* of the swallow; it is as follows: 'A Mr. David Evans, of Plymouth, (U. S.) while chopping in the woods on the 20th of May last, felled a hollow tree, which contained from four to eight thousand swallows. They were of the kind generally denominated the wood-swallow; the breast white, the tail forked, and the tail-feathers sharp-pointed: when discovered, they were principally in a torpid state.' We must confess we were rather startled at the *number* of the swallows said to be found in this hollow tree, but we think the

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statement, as far as regards their torpidity, not the less worthy of credit on this account. The *throstle*, the *red-wing*, and the *field-fare*, which migrated in March, now return; and the *ring-ouzel* arrives from the Welsh and Scottish Alps to winter in more sheltered situations. About the middle of the month, the common martin disappears; and, shortly afterwards, the smallest kind of swallow, the sand-martin, and the stone-curlew, migrate. The Royston or hooded crow *(corvus cornix)* arrives from Scotland and the northern parts of England, being driven thence by the severity of the season. The *woodcock* returns, and is found on our eastern coasts.—On the *migration* of *birds*, see our former volumes, particularly T. T. for 1823, pp. 303-307, and for 1824, p. 271.

Small birds now begin to congregate, and the common linnet is the first to lead the way.

Various kinds of *waterfowl* make their appearance; and, about the middle of the month, *wild geese* quit the fens, and go to the rye and wheat lands to devour the young corn; frequently leaving a field as if it had been fed off by a flock of sheep. *Rooks* sport and dive, in a playful manner, before they go to roost, congregating in large numbers. The starling *(sturnus vulgaris)* sings. The awk or puffin visits, for the purpose of incubation, some of the rocky isles of Britain, in amazing numbers.

That singular appearance in nature, the *gossamer*, occurs in this month.—See T. T. for 1821, p. 261.

> Soft as the *gossamer* in Autumn shades
> Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray.

In mild seasons there are many flowers still in blow in this month; and the following were observed in the neighbourhood of London[1], in October 1824: sun-flowers, hollyhocks, sweet peas, perennial sun-flowers; love-lies-bleeding, white and red;

[1] In Baker's fruit, flower, and nursery garden, Kentish Town.

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prince's feather, persicaria, the xeranthemum, sea rag-worts, red zinnia; scarlet, white, and purple stocks; china-asters, the aster punctata, Indian pinks, carnations, French and African marigolds, yellow and scarlet chrysanthemum, golden rod and American groundsel; mignonette, snap-dragon, sweet williams; valerians, sweet scabious, marvel of Peru, dwarf white campanula, rose-campion, heart's ease, African sun-flower, nasturtium, calceolaria, balsam, and cock's combs; globe amaranth, various species of the St. John's wort; convolvulus, major and minor; the shrub and tree althæa, woodbine, jasmine, with the Cape variety; French honeysuckle, clématis, corchorus japonica, laurestinus, dahlias of various colours, and abundance of *monthly roses*.

The BLIGHTED ROSE.

How gay was its foliage, how bright was its hue,
How it scented the breeze that blew round it;
How carelessly sweet in the valley it grew,
Till the blight of the mildew had found it.

Now faded, forlorn, scarce the wreck of its charms
Remains e'en for Fancy's renewing;
Its branches are bare, like its thorny alarms,
And it lies the pale victim of ruin.

Discontent is the mildew that feeds on the mind,
That robs the warm cheek of its roses;
That cankers the breast of the rude or refined,
Where'er it a moment reposes.

'Tis a wizard, whose touch withers beauty away,
And forbids every pleasure to blossom;
Insidiously creeps to the heart of its prey,
And invites cold despair to the bosom.

Amid the floral gaieties of autumn may be reckoned *the Guernsey lily*, which is so conspicuous an object in October in the windows and green-houses of florists in London and its vicinity. In this month the *common ivy* blossoms, and affords a supply of food to the large black fly *(musca grossa)*, the multitudes of his race, and many other insects, when their usual sources of subsistence have nearly failed; and with the smaller tribe of insects we frequently see that

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beautiful creature, *papilio atalanta*, the admirable butterfly, basking with expanded wings; and an old ivied wall, or the sheltered side of a large tree, during the sunny mornings of the day, is animated with creatures feeding upon the sweet liquor that distils from the nectary of the plant. These blossoms expand in succession, and afford nutriment until the frosts of November destroy the insects, or drive them to their winter's retreat. The late blooming of this plant, and the early expansion of the catkin of *salix capræa*, and some of the willow tribe, are essential to the existence of many of the insect race; and in the yellow catkin the honey-bee collects her earliest food. It is very delightful to contemplate the bountiful provision that is made for the poor beings who are solely dependent upon Nature's care, by that Power which permitteth not 'the young raven to cry in vain'—exemplified even in this common ivy plant; for its honey not only supplies the last autumnal food, but its fruit becomes ripe in profusion in that bitter and severe month of March, when all the other wild products of the earth are consumed, or very difficult to be obtained, and then constitutes nearly the entire food of the *missel thrush* and the *wood-pigeon;* and these shy and wary birds, which generally distrust and avoid man, will, at this season, driven by hunger, approach his dwelling, to feed upon the berries of the ivy. The *yew tree* exhibits its scarlet berries amid its thick-set dark green leaves, and which keep falling and strewing the ground beneath during several weeks. The *alkekengi* now holds up its scarlet bladders, encompassing a scarlet cherry full of seeds.

Hips and *haws* now ornament the hedges. The berries of the bryony and the privet; the barberry, the blackberry, the holly, and the *elder* from which an excellent winter wine may be made—with sloes, bullaces, and damsons, are now in great plenty.

In this and the preceding month, the different

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watering-places on the coast of the United Kingdom are crowded with visitants; many of whom, perhaps, are now admitted to that magnificent sight—'A *first* view of the sea:' to such we would recommend the perusal of some fine stanzas on this subject, as well as an 'Address to the British Channel,' in '*Robert Bloomfield's Remains*' (vol. i, pp. 74-81), a pleasant book for loungers, and a fitting supplement to the other works of this charming poet.—During a sojourn in the vicinity of Neptune's domains about the time of the equinox, many a scene will be witnessed like that described by the poet,—

> Of a white sail on a dusky sea,
> When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
> Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
> * * *
> Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
> Attracts our eye amid the rudest gale:
> Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
> The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.
>
> BYRON.

May our readers never witness the dreadful catastrophe so feelingly described by the Bard of Avon!—may they never be enabled to exclaim with this master-painter of Nature's scenes, and vivid delineator of all the passions that agitate the human breast,

> O, we have suffered
> With those that we saw suffer!—a brave vessel
> Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
> Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
> Against our very heart! Poor souls! THEY PERISHED[1].

[1] We cannot pass by this opportunity of noticing the establishment of the 'ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE PREVENTION OF SHIPWRECK, AND THE PRESERVATION OF SHIPWRECKED MARINERS;' and we heartily wish it the success it so amply deserves. It is under the immediate patronage of HIS MAJESTY; and, as the list of the Committee exhibits nautical talent—as well as rank and wealth—there can be no doubt as to the efficacy of its management and its ultimate permanence. Of its extensive *utility* it were idle to speak: every one who has been at sea, or who has from our own iron-bound coasts witnessed the heart-rending scene of a '*Ship in Distress*,' must at once admit the necessity for such an Institution, and will, we trust, cheerfully contribute towards its support.

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DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from p. 251.]

SALADS.

CELERY (*apium graveolens*).—This plant is known in its wild state by the name of *smallage;* and is frequently found by the sides of ditches and brooks, and near the sea, where it flowers from July to September. The fresh roots, especially in their native watery places, are acrid and unwholesome. Culture alone corrects its noxious qualities, and renders it mild and esculent. The lower parts of the stem and leaf-stalks are blanched, by being covered up with earth; they thus become useful either raw, stewed, or boiled in soups; and are excellent antiscorbutics. The seeds should be sown soon after they are ripe, in a moist spot of ground; and when the plants come up, they may either be transplanted into a moister soil, or hoed out, and left to remain six or eight inches asunder.

The name *celery* is derived from the Italian. It is merely a large species of parsley. The cultivated sort has come so universally into use during the last half century, that it is now grown at all seasons of the year; and, instead of forming a winter salad only, it is a principal vegetable in most soups where herbs are employed. Sometimes it is served up stewed in white sauce; and an agreeable conserve is made of it blanched, which is prescribed as a remedy for flatulent complaints. The seed will vegetate after remaining several years in the earth.—*Phillips's Cultivated Vegetables,* vol. ii, p. 40.

CRESS.—1. Garden Cress *(lepidium sativum)* is cultivated in gardens for the young leaves, which are used in salads, and have a peculiarly warm and grateful relish. All the varieties are raised from seed, of which one ounce or $\frac{1}{8}$th of a pint will suffice for a bed 4 feet by 4. Cress should be sowed three or four

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times every month, to have crops delicately young in constant succession.

CRESS.—2. Water Cress *(nasturtium aquaticum)*. —The antients ate this cress with lettuce, to correct the colder quality of the latter. It only requires to be thrown upon the water, having the power of propagating itself at a considerable distance from the mother plant. The seeds are contained in a pod with two cells opening in two valves, which twist spirally, and throw out the seeds, when ripe, by their innate elasticity! Water cresses are most esteemed when grown upon running streams and a gravelly soil, where

> fresh at the bottom
> Smiles the green cress aquatic.

The Dutch eat great quantities of them in the spring, as an antiscorbutic. They are peculiarly suited to counteract the ill effects of too much animal food, and have been eaten as a salad by our ancestors from time immemorial. Gerard says, eating water cresses restores the 'wonted bloom to the cheeks of young ladies:' and Lord Bacon himself praises them, as friendly to life while young and tender.

The *cultivation* of the water cress is said to have been first attempted, in 1808, by a Mr. Bradbury, near Gravesend. This cultivator now grows five acres near Rickmansworth: he sends the cress in hampers, each containing eight dozen bunches, to the London markets, every day throughout the year, excepting Sundays; and in consequence of this and other supplies, the wholesale price of the article is reduced one-half. There are also several cultivators of water cresses at Hackney, Bayswater, Uxbridge, and other places. The Paris market is partly supplied from gardens in the neighbourhood, but chiefly from places at a considerable distance, where the culture of water cress forms a distinct branch of industry. Great quantities are constantly to be seen on the stalls, being much used both in salads, and

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dressed like spinage or sorrel. The picked leaves are very generally served along with roasted fowl, and form the favourite dish of *poulet au cressons.*—*See Loudon,* and the *Horticultural Tour.*

CUCUMBER (*cucumis sativus*).—The cucumber is of nearly as great antiquity as the vine, for Moses mentions it as abounding in Egypt, when the children of Israel were there about 3000 years ago. In England, it is cultivated generally and extensively in forcing frames and in the open air, and especially near large cities and towns. In Hertfordshire, whole fields are annually seen covered with cucumbers, without the aid of dung or glass, and the produce of which is sent to the metropolis for pickling. In *March,* cucumbers fetch in the London market a guinea a dozen; in August and September one penny a dozen. The village of Sandy, in Bedfordshire, has been known to furnish 10,000 bushels of pickling cucumbers in one week. The culture of the cucumber as a table esculent is generally carried on by artificial heat; but as it would lead us too much into detail to give full directions for forcing this agreeable salad, we must refer to *Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia,* pp. 569-580, where every thing known relative to the cultivation of the cucumber is collected and systematically arranged.

DANDELION (*leontodon taraxacum*) is eaten in salads early in the spring, while the leaves are hardly unfolded. The French eat the roots and leaves blanched with bread and butter. Our common name is well known to be a mere corruption of their *dent-de-lion,* lion's tooth: it is a notorious weed, and common all over Europe. If taken from the road sides, and planted in a garden, it may be blanched in the spring; and will become an agreeable herb to mix with other salads, which may be procured when lettuce and endive are not easily to be obtained.

ENDIVE (*cichorium endivia*) is a native of China and Japan. The plain broad-leaved endive is not

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much cultivated in the English gardens, for the curled sort, being tenderer and not so bitter, is generally preferred. It is one of the principal ingredients in autumn and winter salads. The first season for sowing the seeds is in May, the next about the middle of June, and the last at the middle of July. These three crops will furnish a supply for the whole season. As soon as they appear, weed and water them in dry weather, and remove them, when fit to transplant, to a rich spot of well-dug, dry, open ground. Here place all the largest plants, drawing them up from the seed-bed, with their roots even, cutting off the tops of the leaves of every handful as they are taken up. Afterwards mark out the ground in rows a foot asunder, and set the plants ten inches apart in the rows, closing the earth well to their roots. The quantity of plants first transplanted will be fit to blanch by the latter end of July at farthest, and, when properly managed, will be fit for use in a month or three weeks. There should not be too many plants tied up to blanch at the same time: the largest should be tied first; in a week after those of the next size, and in the week following the next; so that for small families there will be three distinct blanchings, and for larger families more plants each time in proportion. In tying them up, gather all the inner leaves of the plant into one hand; then those of the outside that are sound, pulling off all that are decayed or injured, next to the ground, and placing all of them in the order of their growth; next tie the whole plant very close about two inches below the top, with a twig; and in a week's time again about the middle; and in three weeks or a month they will be quite blanched, and will keep good in that state for about a fortnight longer.

Mr. Grange, who keeps a large fruit and market-garden at Hoxton, plants out endive on the slope of the banks at the roots of his hedges; and when he has not enough of these, he throws up others with the

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sloping face to the south; on them he places four rows of tiles, stuck more than half way into the earth, with the convex side to the sun: a plant of endive is then placed on the opposite side of each. These banks he covers in winter with clippings of hedges, or with straw, to protect them from severe frosts.—*Horticultural Tour.*

LETTUCE *(lactuca sativa).*—The garden lettuce appears to have been known all over Europe and Asia in the remotest ages; it was served up in its natural state at the table of the kings of Persia many centuries before the Christian era.

The several varieties of the lettuce cultivated for use in kitchen gardens are, the common garden lettuce, the cabbage lettuce, the Cilicia, Dutch brown, Aleppo, imperial, green capuchin, Versailles or upright white cos, black cos, red capuchin, Roman, prince, royal, and the Egyptian cos. The *common* sort is sown for cutting very young, to mix with other salad herbs. It should not, however, be cultivated for that purpose only; it may be sown at any season of the year, during hot weather in shady borders; in spring and autumn upon warm borders; but in winter under glasses, to protect it from frost. The *cabbage lettuce* may also be sown at different times of the year, in order to have a continuation of it through the whole season. The Cilicia, imperial, royal, black, white, and upright cos lettuces, may be sown first at the latter end of February, or the beginning of March, upon a moderate hot bed, or on a warm light soil, in a sheltered situation. Transplant them at the beginning of April, where they are to remain, placing them sixteen inches apart each way. After they have taken fresh root, weed them carefully, which is all the culture they will require, except the black cos lettuce, which should be tied up when they are full grown, as directed for blanching the endive. These sorts may be continued throughout the lettuce season by sowing them

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in April, May, and June, observing to put down the late crops in a shady situation. The most valuable sorts are the Egyptian green cos, and the Versailles or white cos, and the Cilicia; the first of which is the best of all. The brown, Dutch, and green capuchin lettuces, are very hardy, and may be sown at the same season as the common cabbage lettuce. The red capuchin, Roman, and prince's lettuces, are pretty varieties, which cabbage early, and are good in soups. The *lactuca virosa*, or strong-scented lettuce, is a native of the south of Europe, in hedges, on ditch-banks, and borders of fields. It abounds with a milky juice, which is an opiate so powerful as to be nearly as strong as that imported from abroad. Among the products of the kitchen garden, the poet does not forget to enumerate

> the thick-scattered bed
> Of soporific lettuce.

The Romans first introduced the lettuce at the end of supper, but the Emperor Domitian changed that order, and with it *began* his feast. Great quantities of lettuce, mixed with oil and pepper, are still eaten at the commencement of dinner by our Gallic neighbours. But the Romans, it may be presumed, knew nothing of that *ne plus ultra* of modern luxuries, a LOBSTER-SALAD, of which the *lettuce* forms so prominent a portion. Some years since, a man went about town offering his services to *construct* this dish at *half-a-guinea* per operation:—but we will give our readers a receipt, by an amateur, worth twice the money; here it is, and may be easily committed to memory:—

> Three measured spoonfuls first of purest Oil
> The flask must yield—the growth of Lucca's soil;
> These first with Salt the knowing artist blends,
> (On this the union of the whole depends)
> Then pungent Mustard add, then acid Wine;
> And thus, the adverse fluids so combine,
> No oily spots the keenest eye may note,
> That on the homogeneous liquid float.

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Now Cayenne's generous warmth I add; and now
Of macey essence half a drop allow.
Now bring the Lobster o'er whose shell is spread
The mottled white amid the darkest red;
Crack well the crooked claw, and slit the tail,
And tear the thorax from its solid mail;
Extract the pulp, the coral too divide,
And place them all in order by my side.
Now the crisp LETTUCE in the bowl I shred,
(Blanched Endive serves in winter in its stead;
Nor then the snowy Celery disdain);
Now from the Tyrrhene wave Anchovies twain
I add; and Gherkins slice, and buds of Caper rain.
With these alternately the fish I spread,
And mingle with the white the coral's red;
And solid egg in even slices lay,
In which round yellow orbs white circles play;
Again the blended fluid in I throw,
And join, at last, the Beet-root's crimson glow.

But if our readers prefer a less sublime receipt than this,—one in *plain prose*, 'short and sweet'—let them take the following from 'CONRAD COOKE'S COOKERY AND CONFECTIONARY[1].

No. 510. *Lobster Salad.*—Pick two lobsters; put a handful of salad or lettuce cut in a dish; cover it over with the pieces of lobster; add three eggs, boiled hard, half a dozen slices of beet root boiled, and cover all over with salad mixture, which is directed to be made as follows:—

No. 112. *Salad Mixture.*—Chop and rub four shalots in a mortar, with six boiled yolks of eggs, a spoonful of salt, and ditto of made mustard; add half a pint of salad oil by degrees: when perfectly smooth, add also half a pint of vinegar; mix it well, and keep it in an incorporator well stopped, shaking it before using.

MUSTARD.—Of this there are three principal sorts, the *sinapis arvensis*, wild mustard or charlock; the

[1] This is not only the *best*, but the most *economical* Cookery-book extant: one great advantage peculiar to this important *family manual* is, that the *weights* and *measures* of the different articles are accurately defined, as well as the TIMES *required* for roasting, boiling, frying, &c. fish, flesh, and fowl, of all sorts and sizes. *All* the receipts have, we understand, been *worked* by the author, who has been for many years, and is now well known at Brighthelmstone, as an accomplished professor of the very useful art upon which he has written.

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alba or white mustard; and the *nigra*, the black or common sort. The first is commonly sold under the name of Durham mustard seed: the second is generally cultivated in gardens as a salad herb, for winter and spring use. The seed of the third kind reduced to powder forms the mustard used at our tables. In this state it will curdle milk and impregnate boiling water very strongly. Sow the seeds of the white mustard, which is the principal kind for salads, in very thick drills, upon a warm border, or in very cold weather upon a moderate hot-bed, and they will be fit for use in ten days or a fortnight.

This warm salad and its seed were of great repute among antient cooks. Columella elegantly calls it *fletum factura sinapi*, the tear-creating mustard; and Plautus, on account of its pungent taste, names it *scelerata sinapi*, the wicked mustard. The etymology of mustard ought to be recorded. In 1382, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, going to march against his revolted neighbours, and Dijon having furnished for that expedition its *quantum* of 1,000 armed men, the duke, in kind acknowledgment, granted to the town, among other privileges, the permission of bearing his armorial ensigns with his motto, *moult me tarde*, 'I long, I wish ardently.' In consequence of this mark of princely condescension, the Dijonese municipality ordered the arms and motto to be beautifully sculptured over the principal gate of the city, which was done accordingly. But time, *tempus edax*, and that incessant drop of water which causes the destruction of the hardest stone, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*, or some particular accident, having obliterated the middle word *me*, the remaining ones, *moult, tarde*, gave occasion to the name in the following manner. For a long lapse of time, the merchants of Dijon have been and are still great dealers in *sénevé*, or *sinapi* (mustard seed), and have a method of grinding it with salt, vinegar, and other ingredients, in order to preserve it and send it to all parts

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of the world. On their *sénevé*-pots they used to paste a label, ensigned with the Duke of Burgundy's arms and the motto as it accidentally remained then over the gate of the city, *moult-tarde;* hence the name which the sinapi composition has preserved to this day. It might be observed that the natural pungency of this little seed, expressed in Latin by *multum ardet*, and in old French by *moult arde*, 'it burns much,' might be taken as the real *thema* of the word. But it does not appear that the Dijonese were ever scholars enough to borrow from the tongue of Cicero a denomination for the object of their trade. However, in latter times, an eminent mustard-manufacturer of that place proved himself somewhat acquainted with Latin, since he wrote jocosely over his shop-door, *Multum tardat, Divio rixam;* that is, *Moult-tarde, Dijon-noise;* 'Dijon-mustard.' Pliny pretends that mustard is an antidote against venomous mushrooms. —*Tabella Cibaria.*

The *white mustard* seed (sold by seedsmen at one shilling per pound) has lately been used in medicine as an aperient: it is said to act not only on the bowels, but on the skin, &c. It is likewise found to strengthen and invigorate, in a remarkable degree, the whole line of the alimentary canal, and consequently to improve digestion and assimilation, and with that appetite, sleep, and general health. When the seed is used as a remedy for occasional constipation, it should be taken fasting, about an hour before breakfast; and, generally speaking, a *small* table spoonful is the proper dose. With some constitutions a tea spoonful in the morning is sufficient, while others require a second large dose to be taken at night[1]. The mustard seed is also recommended in a variety

[1] As the mustard seeds will float at the top of the water in which they are taken, they should be soaked in a wine glass half full of water, about three or four hours before they are taken, as they then become enveloped in a kind of mucilage, and, adhering to each other, are swallowed by the patient without the least difficulty.

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of diseases. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xciv, part 1, p. 583.

SORREL *(rumex acetosa)*.—This native vegetable is now almost entirely discarded in England, where it was once used in sauces and salads, though the French still cultivate it for their tables. *Fricandeau a l'ozeille*, stewed veal and sorrel, is one of the best among the *entrées* or substantial elements of the first course of a French dinner. A well-chosen piece of veal, weighing under three pounds and without bones, is stewed gently on an even fire for several hours, in the native strength of its own juice and gravy; the learnedly directed needle, we will suppose, has been busily employed to lard the subject before it was confined: when properly done, the meat is placed upon a bed of sorrel, subdued by gentle boiling in water, and then blended with the gravy and juice of the veal. Sorrel, possessing a naturally strong acid in the composition of its leaves and stalks, has been employed as a dentifrice; and in some parts of Ireland they eat the leaves plentifully with fish and other food. Sow the seeds, early in spring, in a shady moist border; and if the plants be afterwards removed into another shady border at the distance of four or six inches square, they will produce larger leaves and for a longer period. The dried root affords a beautiful red colour when boiled. The whole plant is a very powerful antiscorbutic.

Among the other acetarious plants, occasionally used either as salads, or ingredients for them, may be mentioned rape, corn-salad, mint, the American and winter cress, brook-lime, wood sorrel, purslane, tarragon, fennel, chervil, Indian cress, *burnet*, and *borage:* the last two are favourite herbs for negus and cool tankards; and a few leaves of the wood sorrel communicate an agreeable flavour to dishes of mashed greens.

[To be continued.]

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NOVEMBER.

Remarkable Days

In NOVEMBER 1825.

THE lively and amusing writer, so often quoted, thus characterizes the much-abused FOGS of *November:* 'The frosts and snows of December,' he says, 'are as welcome to me in their turn as the flowers in May. Nay, the so much vituperated fogs of November I by no means set my face against; on the contrary, I have a kind of appetite for them—both corporeal and mental. As an affair of mere breath, there is something tangible in them. In the evanescent air of Italy a man might as well not breathe at all, for any thing he knows of the matter. But in a November fog there is something satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like *breathing water*—as I suppose the fishes do. And then the taste of them, when dashed with a due seasoning of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid. Not that I would recommend them medicinally; especially to persons of queasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for one of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, which such, by the bye, never are, there is nothing better in its way than a well-mixed Metropolitan fog. There is something substantial in it. You may 'cut and come again.' It is at once meat and drink, too—something between egg-flip and omelette soufflée; but much more digestible than either. And it wraps you round like a cloak, into the bargain. No—I maintain that a London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.—*Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad—such as Scotch mists, and the like, which are no less deleterious than disagreeable—please to ask for the "true

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London Particular," as manufactured by Thames, Coal-gas, Smoke, Steam, and Co.—No others are genuine.'—*The Months*, No. III.

1.—ALL SAINTS.

THIS festival is not of very great antiquity. It originated in a gift of the Roman Pantheon, the temple of all the Pagan deities, made by the Emperor Phocas, about A.D. 610, to Pope Boniface, who consecrated it and dedicated it to All Martyrs, and appointed a feast in honour of them. The *present* and *final* condition of departed saints is one of the most interesting enquiries that can occupy the human mind. Their company is said to be 'innumerable,' and to consist of 'all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.' 'No distinction in happiness will be awarded to particular complexions, or languages, or forms of worship; no distinction but what may be likened to the beautiful variety which God hath given to the flowers of the field, enriching some with different colours to delight the eye, some with various perfumes to gratify the smell.'—See some admirable reflections on this momentous subject in the *Protestant Beadsman*, pp. 100-109.

In the early ages of Christianity, the word *saint* was applied to all *believers*, as is evident in the use of it by Saint Paul and Saint Luke; but the term was afterwards restricted to such as excelled in Christian virtues.

Hallowe'en is the eve of this day, on which many superstitious ceremonies are still observed in distant parts of the United Kingdom: see our former volumes.

*1. 1822.—A MERMAID EXHIBITED IN LONDON,

Which continued to be shown to the *curious* in these matters for many months. The *Literary Gazette*, with much ingenuity, endeavoured to prove that it consisted of the members of various animals dexterously put together; and this, we believe, *was* the fact. The following amusing lines appeared in

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some ephemeral publications of the day; and, as they deserve a less perishable record than has been hitherto assigned to them, we now present them to our readers.

ADDRESS *to the* MERMAID, *now exhibiting in London.*

Come, Mistress Mermaid, tell us, for you've seen
The deeps and things proud Science pines to see;
Be kind, and say if you have ever been
In worlds the poets deck with imagery—
Say, as you floated on the green sea's billow,
Didst e'er see Neptune's car, or Amphitrite's pillow?

Now, are there really coral caves below,
Or beds of amber, or of precious stone,
To which the blushing Nereids languid go
In idle hours to recline upon?
And are there fays to fan them while they're dreaming,
Whose wings seem like two diamonds purest, gleaming?

Come, tell the truth, for none, dear Mermaid's, by,
To stop you short, or tweak you by the nose,
Or contradict you, should you tell a lie—
As you the secrets of the deep disclose;
Therefore, be candid, and declare this minute,
The wonders of the sea, and all that's in it.

Alas! you're dumb, and cannot even say,
As quick you sped from giant sea to sea,
How many sharks you've numbered in a day,
Or if you fought them, or thought it best to flee:
Quite mute you are, and quite absurd the notion,
From thee to pump the secrets of the ocean.

Farewell, dumb thing! perhaps the next we find
So long a time may not require to woo—
'Twill speak, perchance, and haply prove most kind,
And tell us all we've useless sought of you—
Rare information yielding on the morning,
She's clapp't within the glass-case you're adorning.

RICHARD RYAN.

2.—ALL SOULS.

In Catholic countries, on the eve and day of All Souls, the churches are hung with black; the tombs are opened; a coffin covered with black, and surrounded with wax lights, is placed in the nave of the church; and in one corner, figures in wood, repre-

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senting the souls of the deceased, are halfway plunged into the flames.

3.—KING WILLIAM LANDED.

The glorious revolution of 1688 is commemorated on this day, when the throne of England became vested in the illustrious House of Orange. Although King William landed on the 5th of November, as is specified in the prayers of the Church for that day, the almanacks still continue the mistake of marking it as the *fourth*.

5.—POWDER PLOT.

This day is kept to commemorate the diabolical attempt of the Papists to blow up the Parliament House. The best account of this nefarious transaction is detailed in Hume's History of England, vol. vi, pp. 33-38 (8vo edition, 1802.)—See also T. T. for 1814, p. 280.

*5. 1711.—SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

In the evening of this day, a very violent storm, attended with thunder and lightning, passed over the town. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, a small flame, not larger than a candle would emit, was perceived by those who lived near the church to rise from the very summit of the south spire. There was a very high west wind the whole night, which blew the timber and wood work of the spire, as it burned, on the roof of the church; so that, before midnight, the spire and the roof of the whole west end of the building were in flames. Before morning, the fire was communicated to the roof of the middle tower, and had melted the bells and destroyed the organ. The damage was estimated at four thousand pounds.

6.—SAINT LEONARD.

Leonard, or *Lienard*, was a French nobleman of great reputation in the court of Clovis I; he was instructed in divinity by Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, and afterwards made Bishop of Limosin. Several

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miraculous stories are told of him by the monks, not worth relating. He died about the year 559, and has always been implored by prisoners as their guardian saint.

9.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

All that remains of the Lord Mayor's Show, to remind the curiously informed of its antient character, is in the first part of the procession. These are the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, bearing painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age. Their obsolete costume and hobbling walk are sport for the unsedate, who, from imperfect tradition, year after year, are accustomed to call them *old bachelors*. The numerous band of gentlemen-ushers in velvet coats, wearing chains of gold and bearing white staves, is reduced to half-a-dozen full-dressed footmen, carrying umbrellas in their hands. The antiquarian reminiscences occasioned by the throwing of substances that stone-eaters alone would covet from the tops of the houses, can arise no more[1]. Even the *giants in Guildhall*, elevated upon octagon stone columns, to watch and ward the great east window, stand unrecognized, except in their gigantic capacity. A propos of Gog and Magog:—before the present giants inhabited Guildhall, there were two giants made only of *wicker-work* and *pasteboard*, put together with great art and ingenuity: and those two terrible *original* giants had the honour yearly to grace my Lord Mayor's Show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the *pageants;* and when that eminent annual service was over, remounted their old stations in Guildhall, till, by reason of their very great age, old TIME, with the help

[1] This practice, derived perhaps from the kindly showering of comfits and sweet-cakes peculiar to the pageant, has been abolished by the efforts of successive Lord Mayors.

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of a number of city rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails.

Until the last reparation of Guildhall, in 1815, the present giants stood with the old clock and a balcony of iron-work between them, over the stairs leading from the Hall to the Courts of Law and the Council Chamber. They are made of wood, and hollow within, and, from the method of joining and gluing the interior, are evidently of late construction; but they are too substantially built for the purpose of being either carried or drawn, or any way exhibited in a pageant.

The Lord Mayor's Show is the only state exhibition in the metropolis that remains as a memorial of the great doings in the times of the *Pageants*. Part of a description of the Show as it was managed in the year 1575, copied from 'W. Smythe's Breffe Description of the Royal Citie of London,' may be seen in T. T. for 1820, pp. 274-277, or in *Mr. Hone's Ancient Mysteries*, p. 246. In 1585 there were children in the procession, who personified the City, Magnanimity, Loyalty, Science, the Country, and the river Thames; they also represented a soldier, a sailor, and nymphs, with appropriate speeches. The Show opened with a moor on the back of a lynx. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty, in 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the cost, art, and magnificence of the shows, pageants, chariots, morning, noon, and night triumphs. In 1655, the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fourteen years, were revived. Edmund Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says, that 'our metropolis for these planetary pageants was as famous and renowned in foreign nations, as for their faith, wealth, and valour.' In the Show of 1659, an European, an Egyptian, and a Persian, were personated. On Lord Mayor's Day, 1671, the king, queen, and duke of York, and most of the nobility,

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being present, there were 'sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches, and songs, in parts;' and the like, in 1672, and 1673, when the king again 'graced the triumphs.'

At the alteration of the style, the Lord Mayor's Show, which had been on the 29th of October, was changed to the 9th of November. The speeches in the pageants were usually composed by the *city poet*, an officer of the corporation, with an annual salary, who provided a printed description for the members of the corporation before the day. Settle, the last city poet, wrote the last pamphlet intended to describe a Lord Mayor's Show; it was for Sir Charles Duncombe's, in 1708, but the Prince of Denmark's death, the day before, prevented the exhibition. The last lord mayor *who rode on horseback* at his mayoralty was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the reign of queen Anne.

The modern exhibitions, bettered as they are by the men in armour under Mr. Marriott's judicious management, have no pretension to vie with the grandeur of the 'London Triumphs.' In 1760, the Court of Common Council recommended pageants to be exhibited for the entertainment of their Majesties on Lord Mayor's day. Although such revivals are inexpedient, yet, surely, means may be devised for improving the appearance of the present procession, without further expenditure from the city funds, or interfering with the public appropriation of the allowance for the support of the civic dignity.—See *'Hone's Ancient Mysteries,'* to which we are indebted for the above information, pp. 246-276, for a treasure of curious particulars respecting *'Lord Mayor's Show'* and the *'Giants in Guildhall.'*

Such is the brief notice of the civic festival 'ycleped 'Lord Mayor's Day,' which the limits of this work enable us to present to our readers. And, as some of them, perhaps, may be tempted to *assist*

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at the dinner at Guildhall, and, anxious to do honour to the august ceremonies of the day, may sacrifice a little too freely at the shrine of the wine-god, we will tell them 'what to do' the next day, when 'with head-ache they awake;'—the advice is from a man of experience in these matters:

Ring for your valet, bid him quickly bring
Some *hock* and *soda-water*, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
For not the best sherbet sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desart-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sun-set glow,
Then vie with draughts of hock and soda-water.

Having followed the poet's advice, and somewhat less oppressed with *ennui* than before they resorted to the refreshing draught, will our friends have the patience to hear 'what constitutes a feast?'

Not haunch of venison, of flavour true,
Fat, juicy, nicely drest;
Nor turtle calipash of verdant hue;
Not soup, in whose rich flood
French cooks a thousand relishes infuse;
Not fricassees well stewed,
Nor France's greater boast, high-fumed ragouts;
Not a sirloin of beef,
Crowning a dish in which rich gravy lies;
Not turbot, ocean-chief,
Which ruddy lobster-sauce accompanies;
No—a good appetite,
And good digestion, turn into a feast
Whate'er front-tooth can bite,
And grinders manducate, and palate taste.
Be it homely bread and cheese,
Or bacon smoked———
Be it onion, fiery root,
Whose rank effluvia draws unbidden tears;
Potato, Erin's fruit,
With which the Irishman his stomach cheers;
Or oatmeal porridge, chief,—
Undoubted chief of Scotland's rustic slops.
Yet in these meals so plain,
Let but sharp appetite as guest attend,
And *napkined Aldermen*
May grudge the *goût* with which the bits descend.

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This constitutes a feast,
To experience hunger, and have wherewithal
(Though it be not of the best)
To stop the void bread-basket's healthy call.
Blackwood's Magazine.

11.—SAINT MARTIN.

He was a native of Hungary, and for some time followed the life of a soldier; but afterwards took orders, and was made Bishop of Tours in France, in which see he continued for twenty-six years. Martin died about the year 397, much lamented, and highly esteemed for his virtues.—For some lines on this day, see T. T. for 1821, p. 271.

The few fine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November, have been denominated 'St. Martin's little Summer;' to this Shakspeare alludes in the first part of King Henry IV (Act i, Sc. 2), where Prince Henry says to Falstaff, 'Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, *all-hallown* summer!' and in the first part of King Henry VI (Act i, Sc. 2) Joan la Pucelle says,

Assigned I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect *St. Martin's Summer*, halcyon days,
Since I have entered thus into these wars.

*12. 1817.—LADY EVELYN DIED.

To this lady the public are indebted for the very interesting MEMOIRS OF JOHN EVELYN, from which various extracts have been given in some of our preceding volumes; the origin of their publication, as given by Mr. DIBDIN, in his '*Library Companion*[1],' (p. 550, *Note*) is one of the most curious anecdotes of Literary History. At the beginning of April 1813, Mr. WM. UPCOTT, of the London Institution (author of the most valuable bibliographical work extant on *British Topography*), being on a visit at

[1] We are glad to hear that a *second* volume of this useful work will appear in the course of next year. It will embrace every topic of literature, the arts and sciences, omitted or only slightly noticed in the volume already published.

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Lady Evelyn's, at Wotton, in Surrey, early in 1814, and sitting after dinner with Lady E. and her intimate friend Mrs. Molineux, Mr. Upcott's attention was attracted to a tippet being made of feathers, on which Lady Evelyn was employed: 'We have all of us our hobbies, I perceive, my lady,' said Mr. Upcott.—'Very true,' rejoined her ladyship; 'and pray, what may *your's* be?' 'Mine, madam, from a very early age, began by collecting *provincial copper tokens*, and latterly the *hand-writing* (or autographs[1]) of men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life. '*Hand-writings!*' answered Lady E., with much surprise—'what do you mean by *hand-writings?* surely you don't mean OLD LETTERS?' at the same time opening the drawer of her work-table, and taking out a small parcel of papers, some of which had been just used by Mrs. Molineux, as patterns for articles of dress. The sight of this packet, though of no literary importance, yet containing letters written by eminent characters of the 17th century (more particularly one from the celebrated *Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*) afforded the greatest pleasure to Mr. U., who took occasion to express his exceeding delight in looking them over. 'Oh!' added Lady Evelyn,' if you care for papers like these,

[1] 'Mr. Upcott might well have expressed his unqualified love of AUTOGRAPHS, when he was, and *is*, in the possession of such a collection of this description, as the like before—for an *individual*—hath never been heard of. And be it further premised, that these precious original relics of past times are preserved in a most inviting parlour-like boudoir, fully equal to the above-mentioned mysterious ebony cabinet, into which the owner freely invites every lady and gentleman who has any love or curiosity about the 'olden time.' There you sit and look about you, as if you were holding familiar converse with the great originals—whose letters, memorials, or journals, in their genuine, unsophisticated condition, are contained in not fewer than ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOLIO VOLUMES, arranged in chronological order, and coated, in an uncut state, in morocco and russia bindings.'—See a list of the contents of these valuable tomes in Mr. Dibdin's 'Library Companion,' pp. 551, 552, *Note.*—It is now so much the fashion to collect autographs, that we understand the sum of £30 has lately been offered for that of Archbishop Cranmer.

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you shall have plenty; for SYLVA EVELYN (the familiar appellation applied to John Evelyn by his descendants), and those who succeeded him, preserved all their letters.' Then, ringing for her confidential attendant, 'Here,' said her ladyship, 'Mr. Upcott tells me he is fond of collecting old letters:—take the key of the *ebony cabinet*, in the billiard room—procure a basket, and bring down some of the bundles.' Mr. Upcott accompanied the attendant, and having brought a quantity of these letters into the dining-room, passed one of the most agreeable evenings imaginable, in examining the contents of each packet; with the assurance from Lady Evelyn, that he was welcome to lay aside any that might add to his own collection. The following evening the delicious ebony cabinet was visited a second time, when Evelyn's '*Kalendarium*,' as he entitled it, or Diary, a small 4to volume, very closely written with his own hand, presented itself! Although this interesting family document had been lent by Lady E. from time to time to her particular friends, yet she did not consider its contents of sufficient importance for publication; and it was not until the middle of the year 1816, that she was induced to consent to its appearance in print.

It affords us much pleasure to find that a *third* volume, containing the small detached works of Evelyn, is on the eve of publication, as a companion to the two volumes of the 'Memoirs,' that have already appeared. It is edited by the indefatigable Mr. UPCOTT, of the London Institution, and will be enriched with many curious and illustrative notes. Another interesting Diary by SAMUEL PEPYS, Secretary to the Amiralty temp. Charles II and James II, and the intimate friend of Evelyn, is on the eve of publication (Oct. 1824). See p. 239, *ante*.

13.—SAINT BRITIUS.

Britius or Brice succeeded St. Martin in the Bishopric of Tours, in the year 399. He died in 444.

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*13. 1823.—CHARLES TAYLOR DIED,

Author of the improved Edition of *Calmet's History of the Bible*, and editor of Dr. Wells's Scripture Geography, and other works on the subject of Biblical Literature.

17.—SAINT HUGH.

Our saint was a native of Burgundy, or Gratianopolis, and made Bishop of Lincoln by Henry II. In this see he obtained great fame, not only for his extraordinary austerity of life and excellent economy, but for his rebuilding the cathedral from the foundation. Hugh died on this day, in the year 1200, of an ague. In 1220, he was canonized at Rome, and his remains were taken up October 7, 1282, and deposited in a silver shrine.

*17. 1823.—LORD ERSKINE DIED.

After having served both in the Navy and Army, at the age of twenty-six he commenced a course of legal study; and ultimately attained to the highest honours of his profession. His eloquence was peculiarly his own. He could not display the peculiar energy of the late Lord Ellenborough, invigorated as it was by a Latinised phraseology and a provincial pronunciation; he had not the coarse humour of Mingay, the tormenting pertinacity of Gibbs, or the interrogative acuteness of Garrow; but he possessed an opulence of imagination, a facility of fancy, and a power of commanding at the instant all the resources of his mind, and a dexterity in applying them, which the whole united bar of England could not equal.

In the interval of leisure which occurred after his retirement from the chancellorship, he published two volumes of a political romance, entitled 'Armata,' and some pamphlets in favour of the Greeks, but these added nothing to his former reputation. His last literary production was a poem humanely written in favour of the poor rooks, so unmercifully sacrificed by farmers. This was privately printed, and

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afterwards appeared in the Literary Gazette for March 20, 1819: some extracts from it will be found in T.T. for 1820, pp. 86, 87.

Besides his noble legal speeches, five volumes of which are published, he wrote, in 1797, a pamphlet entitled 'A View of the causes and consequences of the present War with France,' which went through *forty-eight* editions in a few months.

20.—EDMUND, KING AND MARTYR.

Edmund, King of the East-Angles, having been attacked by the Danes in 870, and unable to resist them, heroically offered to surrender himself a prisoner, provided they would spare his subjects. The Danes, however, having seized him, used their utmost endeavours to induce Edmund to renounce his religion; but, refusing to comply, they first beat him with clubs, then scourged him with whips, and afterwards, binding him to a stake, killed him with their arrows.

22.—SAINT CECILIA.

Cecilia was a Roman lady, who, refusing to renounce her religion, was thrown into a furnace of boiling water, and scalded to death. Others say that she was stifled in a bath, a punishment frequently inflicted, at that time, on female criminals of rank. She suffered martyrdom about the year 225. Cecilia is regarded as the patroness of music, and is represented by Raffaelle with a regal in her hand.

MUSIC.

Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of Memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,
Love—in its first deep hour of truth,—
And dreams of Life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the Enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;
And calls back moments—brief as dear—
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

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The Exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among;
And straightway on his visions rise
Hope's sunny slopes and cloudless skies.

The Warrior from the strife retired,
By Music's stirring strains inspired,
Turns him to deeds of glory done,
To dangers 'scaped and battles won,

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dreams of banished years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gate of Memory!

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smiles of Mirth away;
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep.

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone
Can make its pulses all thine own!

A. A. WATTS.

*22. 1804.—DENIS COOROBEE DIED, ÆT. 117!

He died at Glones, near Athunry, in Ireland, retaining his faculties to the last. He was an experienced farmer and agriculturist, to whose experimental labours Ireland is indebted for the propagation of that most useful article to the human species—*the black potatoe.*

23.—SAINT CLEMENT.

Clement I was born at Rome, and was one of the first bishops of that place: this see he held about sixteen years; from the year 64 or 65 to 81. He was remarkable for having written two Epistles, so excellent, and so highly esteemed, by the primitive Christians, that the first was for some time considered canonical. Clement was sentenced to work in the quarries, and afterwards, having an anchor fastened about his neck, was drowned in the sea.

23.—O. MART.

Old Martinmas day, an antient quarter-day.

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25.—SAINT CATHERINE.

Our saint was born at Alexandria, and received a liberal education. About the year 305, she was converted to Christianity, which she afterwards professed with the utmost intrepidity, openly reproving the pagans for offering sacrifices to their idols, and upbraiding the Emperor Maxentius, to his face, with the most flagrant acts of tyranny and oppression.

*26. 1799.—DR. JOSEPH BLACK DIED,

The celebrated chemist, in the 71st year of his age. His discoveries will entitle him to the admiration of succeeding ages, while his amiability of disposition, and elegant accomplishments, will ensure his being remembered by the virtuous, and those votaries of the Fine Arts which refine and embellish life. He expired without convulsion, shock, or stupor; sitting at table with his usual fare, a few prunes, some bread, and a measured quantity of milk diluted with water; having the cup in his hands, and feeling the vital powers quickly ebbing, he set it down on his knees, which were joined together, and kept it steady with his hand. In this attitude he expired without struggle or groan, or even a writhe on his countenance.

27.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

This and the three subsequent Sundays which precede the grand festival of Christmas take their name from the Latin *advenire*, to come into; or from the word *adventus*, an approach.

30.—SAINT ANDREW.

Andrew was the son of Jonas, a fisherman at Bethsaida, and younger brother of Peter. He was condemned to be crucified on a cross of the form of an X; and, that his death might be more lingering, he was fastened with cords. The *Order of the Thistle* is described in T. T. for 1816, p. 283.—See also T. T. for 1820, p. 280, for some poetry on the subject.

Saint Andrew is the tutelary saint of *Scotland*, and accordingly his fête is still celebrated in that

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part of the United Kingdom. A procession, which took place on the 30th of November, 1823, at a border town, is thus described:—First came a band of music, then four or five young men, with drawn swords and in kilts; and, next, St. Andrew, on a white charger, with blue robe and bonnet, and a most saint-like quantum of white flowing beard; the rear was brought up by fifteen or sixteen smart well-made fellows in dress and order similar to those who led the van. In this style, the mimic tutelary saint of Scotland was escorted through Scotch and English streets, to the lodging of the commanding officer, where his saintship made a long speech in broad Scotch doggrel rhyme. The captain very politely came down and saluted his venerable visitor, and was presented with snuff in a spoon, taken from a mull large enough for Pomona's cornucopia. These important ceremonies were concluded by a procession round the town.

Saint Andrew is the patron saint of *tailors* and *sempstresses*. The tailors have produced some eminent men, notwithstanding the silly jokes against them, that it requires 'nine tailors to make a man,' and that they 'live upon cabbage[1].' STOW and SPEED, the celebrated antiquaries, were both tailors; and records might be produced of many other learned men, who have not only clothed the bodies, but furnished the minds, of their customers with 'food

[1] 'Bacon and cabbage,' and 'cabbage and bacon' for variety's sake, are certainly pretty pastoral food, and are common enough, even now-a-days, among our rustic gourmands with whom 'digestion waits on appetite, and health on both;' but why the same food should be selected for a whole fraternity, whose occupation is entirely sedentary, and whose members are, in consequence, much subject to dyspepsy, we are at a loss to discover:—but let us gravely ask, are we *assured* of the fact, that the modern race of tailors still commit 'a daily and furious onset on their favourite mess' of the *brassica oleracea*—or, in plain English, that they do or *can* live upon *cabbage*? We speak this with respect of a useful class of men.

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convenient for them.'—We shall mention two learned tailors, whose names would do honour to any profession. (1.) ROBERT HILL, a native of Tring, in Hertfordshire, who died in 1777, taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was the author of Remarks on 'Berkeley's Essay on Spirit,' 'The Character of a Jew,' and 'Criticisms on Job.' (2.) HENRY WILD, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the City of Norwich about the commencement of the eighteenth century, was bound apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served seven years, and afterwards worked as a journeyman for the same period. During this time, he taught himself Hebrew, and by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part, of the Oriental Languages to that of the Hebrew. But he still laboured in obscurity, till he was accidentally discovered by the worthy Dean Prideaux, who, partly at his own expense, and partly by a subscription, sent him to Oxford, where, though he was never a member of the University, he was, by the Dean's interest, admitted into the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in translating or making extracts from Oriental MSS. All the hours that the library was open he constantly attended; when it was shut, he employed most of his leisure time in teaching the Oriental Languages to young gentlemen, at the moderate price of *half-a-guinea a language*, except for the Arabic, for which he had a guinea.—About 1720, he removed to London, where he spent the remainder of his life under the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead. The only work which he published appeared in 1734, and was a translation from the Arabic of 'Al-Mesra, or Mahomet's Journey to Heaven.'—See a further account of Hill and Wood in the *Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iii, pp. 264-269.

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Astronomical Occurrences

In NOVEMBER 1825.

'Astronomy is not only valuable as it affords us such exalted ideas of God and his works, but it also improves the mind, and increases the force and penetration of the human understanding. For by means of this science, we are taught to discover the spring and fountain of all celestial motions, and to follow the footsteps of the Creator through the immense regions of his empire.'

BONNYCASTLE.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Sagittarius at 16 m. after 1 in the afternoon of the 22d of this month, and he rises and set during the same period as in the following

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

November 1st,	Sun rises	12 m. after	7.	Sets 48 m. after	4
6th,	.....	20	7	..... 40	4
11th,	.....	39	7	..... 21	4
16th,	.....	37	7	..... 23	4
21st,	.....	45	7	..... 15	4
26th,	.....	51	7	..... 9	4

Equation of Time.

When the time of the day has been observed by a good sun-dial, and it is required to find the hour that should be indicated by a well regulated clock at the same moment, the correction must be made as specified in the following

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

		m.	s.
Tuesday, Nov. 1st,	from the time by the dial *sub.*	16	15
Sunday, ...	6th, ...	16	11
Friday, ...	11th, ...	15	46
Wednesday, ...	16th, ...	15	0
Monday, ...	21st, ...	13	53
Saturday, ...	26th, ...	12	27

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

The lovely Moon serenely shone
Like some fair eastern queen on high,
While stars, whose light proud day might own,
Were fixed in silent glory nigh,
And each bright orb around her throne
Poured streams of silver down the sky.

Literary Gazette.

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Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,..	3d day, at	21 m, after	6 in the evening
New Moon, ...	10th	13	9 in the morning
First Quarter,	17th	31	11 .....
Full Moon, ..	25th	12	4 in the afternoon.

Eclipse of the Moon.

The Moon will be eclipsed on the 25th of this month, and the eclipse will be partly visible in this country. The circumstances under which it will take place are the following: viz.

	h.	m.	s.
Beginning of the eclipse	3	24	45
Moon rises eclipsed at	4	1	0
Ecliptic conjunction	4	11	45
Middle of the eclipse	4	22	0
End of the eclipse	5	19	0

Digits eclipsed 2° 37′ on the Moon's southern limb, or from the northern side of the Earth's shadow.

Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the first meridian of this country at the following times during this month, which will afford opportunities for observation if the weather be favourable: viz.

November	3d, at	49 m. after	5	in the morning
	4th, ..	30	6	.....
	5th, ..	30	7	.....
	6th, ..	21	8	.....
	7th, ..	13	9	.....
	15th, ..	52	4	in the afternoon
	16th, ..	39	5	.....
	17th, ..	24	6	.....
	18th, ..	6	7	.....
	19th, ..	47	7	.....
	20th, ..	28	8	.....
	21st, ..	10	9	.....
	22d, ..	53	10	.....
	23d, ..	39	10	.....

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

	Morning.	*Afternoon.*
November 1st, at	22 m. after 5	45 m. after 5
6th, ..	10 ..... 10	50 10
11th, ..	51 ..... 2	15 3
16th, ..	27 ..... 6	52 6
21st, ..	19 ..... 11	19 11
26th, ..	57 ..... 2	57 2

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PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet is now fast approaching the point of her utmost illumination, but, on account of her great distance from the earth, this is by no means that of her greatest brilliancy. The proportions of her phases are,

November 1st, { Illuminated part = 10·18424
Dark part .... = 1·81576

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

The following eclipses of Jupiter's first and second satellites will be visible this month:—

Immersions.

First Satellite,	2d day, at	17 m.	45 s. after	6 in the morning
	11th	39 ..	43	2 .....
	18th	33 ..	10	4 .....
	25th	26 ..	35	6 .....
	27th	54 ..	45	0 .....
Second Satellite,	5th	56 ..	40	2 .....
	12th	30 ..	0	5 .....
	29th	53 ..	43	11 at night.

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

November	10th, with Mercury ...	at 7	in the evening
	11th, ... ♑ in Scorpio,	5	in the morning
	15th, ... β in Capricorn,	3	in the afternoon
	24th, ... ♉ in Aries,	11	in the morning
	25th, ... Saturn,	0	at midnight.

Mercury will be in his superior conjunction at 30 m. after 4 in the morning of the 1st of this month. The other occurrences are not sufficiently important to be recorded in this place.

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To the EVENING STAR.

Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening
Lingers in heaven. *Southey.*

When from the blue sky traces of the daylight
Fade, and the night winds sigh from the ocean,
Then on thy watch-tower beautiful thou shinest,
Star of the Evening.

Homewards weary man plods from his labour;
From the dim vale comes the low of the oxen,
Still are woods, and the wings of the small birds
Folded in slumber.

Thou art the lover's star! thou to his fond heart
Ecstasy bequeathest; for beneath thy soft ray
Underneath the green trees, down by the river, he
Waits for his fair one.

Thou to the sad heart beacon art of solace,
Kindly the mourner turns his gaze to thee,
Past joys awakening, thou bidd'st him be of comfort,
Smiling in silence.

Star of the mariner! when the dreary ocean
Welters around him, and the breeze is moaning,
Fondly he deems that thy bright eye is dwelling
On his home afar off.

On the dear cottage, where sit by the warm hearth,
Thinking of the absent, his wife and his dear babes,
In his ear sounding the hum of their voices
Steals like a zephyr.

Farewell, thou bright star! when woe and anguish
Hung on my heart with a heavy and sad load,
When not a face on the changed earth was friendly,
Changeless didst thou smile.

Soon shall the day come, soon shall the night flee,
Thou dost usher in darkness and day-light,
Glitterest through the storm, and mid the blaze of morning
Meltest in glory.

Thus though this dark earth holds on the good man,
Misfortune and malice tarnish not his glory;
Soon the goal is won, and the star of our being
Mingles with heaven.

D. M. MOIR.

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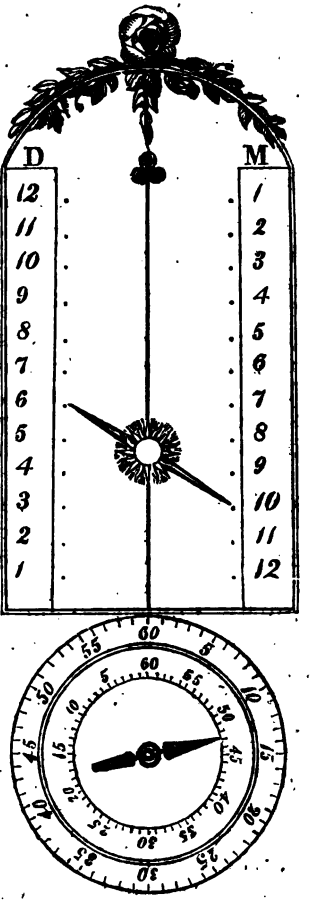
A New Hygrometer.



The following description of a new Hygrometer has been transmitted to us, and which we insert to exercise the ingenuity of our young readers in its construction.—This instrument consists of a plank, three feet in length and one in breadth, having in the

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middle a small cleft, or cut, eighteen inches long: along this cleft a little gilded sun, or any other ornament, rises and descends, agreeable to the change that is made in the air, from moist to dry, and from dry to moist; and marks, by means of a needle, the degree of drought or moisture on the two divisions that are on the right and left of the cleft, and marked D. M. The division which marks the change from dry to moist has its progression from above downwards, and the other, on the contrary, from below upwards. The needle, by which the little sun marks the degrees, has this peculiar property, that upon the least change that happens from dry to moist, it gives a half turn, and carries the longest of its ends on that division which goes from below upwards, or that which goes from above downwards, following the change that is made from moist to dry, or from dry to moist, while its other end marks the opposite division.

These two divisions contain twelve spaces or degrees; and to mark more precisely, even to the least change, there is, under the cleft, a circle marked on its border with two divisions of sixty parts each, the progressions of which are opposite; and in the middle of this circle there is another needle which goes the whole round, whilst the little sun passes one of the twelve divisions or degrees, either rising or falling, and so shows, on the border of its circle, the parts or minutes of each of these degrees.

The origin of the changes that are observed in this instrument is nothing more than several little cords or pieces of twine artificially placed on pulleys behind the board, which cords, shortening or lengthening as the air becomes dry or moist, causes the ornamental sun to rise or fall, and the needle within the circle to turn sometimes on the one side, and sometimes on the other.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For NOVEMBER 1825.

How chill and cheerless is this barren scene!
With haze and cloud the pale sky ever glooms,
And the shorn Sun, with powerless ray, illumes
Forest and field, where beauty erst hath been.
The golden grain and honied clover-flowers
Have disappeared; and, on the breezes borne,
Sere yellow leaves from the dark branches torn
Dance dizzily among the faded bowers;—
Prone o'er the steep its swoln and muddy tide,
From bleak and barren hills, the river pours,
And, downward to the ocean as it roars,
Washes lone perished flowers on either side:
Above—beneath—the wandering eye deplores
Ravage and ruin, everywhere descried!!

D. M. MOIR.

NOVEMBER is generally allowed to be one of the darkest and most dreary months in the year, arising from the lowness of the clouds, the small power the Sun's rays have in rarifying the exhalations from the earth, from the humidity of the air near its surface during the continuance of westerly winds, and the consequent obstructions of the sunshine. The November of 1823, however, formed a very striking contrast to the two preceding Novembers in respect to the quantity of rain that fell. There were only six or seven slightly frosty mornings, and the latter part of the month was distinguished for its mildness and the re-appearance of the common flies from their winter retreat. The garden also was gay with autumnal flowers; but too often, however, in this gloomy month,

tangled walks
And leafless boughs, that to the wintry air
Lift up their heads, *all* shelterless and bare,
Alone are left of Summer's gaudy store.

D. M. MOIR.

and we are led to exclaim with the anonymous author of the following pretty lines,

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Where are now the dreaming flowers,
Which of old were wont to lie,
Looking upwards at the hours,
In the pale blue sky?

Where's the once red regal *rose?*
And the *lily*, love-enchanted?
And the *pensée* which arose
Like a thought earth-planted?

Some are withered—some are dead—
Others now have no perfume;
This doth hang its sullen head,
That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife
In our blood, and quick decay,
Hang upon the flower's life
Till it fades away.

New Monthly Magazine.

Although November is usually dull and cheerless, yet there are some intervals of clear and pleasant weather: the mornings are occasionally sharp, but the hoar-frost is soon dissipated by the Sun, and a fine open day follows. There is a soothing mildness in these last 'lingering looks' of Autumn, peculiarly grateful to the feelings—and possessing a melancholy but pleasing influence. The fields and inclosures are cleared of their harvest treasure, and the web of the gossamer extends in unbroken and floating pathway over stubble and lea. Vegetation is every where passing rapidly into decay; and the solitary plaintive chirp of the *robin*[1] accords well with the withered fern and seared leaf,—with that sombre aspect of colouring, which tree and forest every where put on.

[1] When we list to the hermit *robin* singing
With a warning voice mid fading bowers,
Think we not then how life is winging
On to the tomb which must soon be *ours!*
The past—the past, like a mournful story,
Lies traced on the map of thought unfurled;
And the future reveals the promised glory
Of unending Spring in another world.

D. M. MOIR.

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On an AUTUMN LEAF.

Thou, Autumn Leaf, as low I see
  Thy light form torn from yon lorn bough,
I weep—for faithful memory
  Tells what thou wert, tho' withered now.

Thou'rt like my hopes, that blossomed fair,
  Ere life was half obscured with grief;
But love flew by—then came despair,
  And each hope withered like thy leaf.

RICHARD RYAN.

The month of November, surrounded as it is by the 'ruins of the year,' may be said to be peculiarly '*devoted to contemplation*:'—we naturally surrender ourselves to the quietude of a serious thoughtfulness, and deep and interesting impressions are borne home upon the heart, in every breath that soothes, in every beam that gilds, and in every variety of colouring that adorns the landscape. Now, in the beautiful language of the poet,

The shortening day its crimson eye
  Closes in haste, a calm delight it yields
To wander lonely through the twilight fields,
And mark the evening star gleam out on high!
While, mournfully, a twilight mantle lowers
  On hill and vale, dim forest, and blue stream;
  And cottage windows, with a casual gleam,
Speak of domestic peace.—Oh, fading bowers!
  Oh, short'ning days! and nights of dreary length!
How emblematic of the fate of man
  Are ye, and of his fast declining strength,
His chequered lot, frail life, and fleeting span!
Thousands have fall'n since joyous spring began
  Its smiling course,—say, shall the next be ours!

D. M. MOIR.

But to return to our Diary of the appearances of Nature in this month; it is, like the intervals of fine weather in November, brief indeed, and may be told in a few lines. The Virginia-creeper has now a very rich and beautiful appearance. Mushrooms are collected in abundance this month: see p. 201 of this volume. The congregating of small birds, which was noticed as commencing in October, still continues;

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and the long-tailed titmouse is seen in troops in the tall hedge-rows. The stock-dove, one of the latest winter birds of passage, arrives from more northern regions towards the end of this month. *Moles* now make their nests, where they lodge during the winter, and which are ready for depositing their young in the spring.

Now our *fashionable* birds of passage *begin* to take flight from their country seats to the sea-side, there to pass this and the succeeding months of December and January, unannoyed (as they say) by 'tradespeople and such-like vermin;' and then return to spend the WINTER (from February to July) in the great, smoky Babel, 'ycleped LONDON [1].

November *by the Sea-Side* is well described in one of the series of beautiful sonnets on this month, published some time since, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A dim blue haziness o'erhangs the sea,
While here and there, upon the surgy tide,
With bellied sails, the vessels, dim descried,
Against the opposing blast toil heavily:

[1] The afternoon and evening pursuits of the fashionable exquisite (for the mornings he devotes to Somnus) are admirably pourtrayed in the following highly descriptive lines:—

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
Lounging and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round the Parks.—
* * *
Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar
Through street and square fast-flashing chariots hurled
Like harnessed meteors; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirled;
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly paradise of 'Or-Molu!'
There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsey.
* * *
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

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On sullen wing the sea-gull wheels away
To isles remote, in crevice dank to dwell
Of bleakest rock, beyond the utmost swell
Of billow, lashing high its dizzy spray:—
The wild waves curl their bleak and foamy heads;
From the cold north the wind impatient raves;
Tumultuous murmurs through the ocean caves
Ring dismal; while the gloomy tempest spreads
Athwart the joyless deep; the showers down pour,
Toss the rough main, and drench the sandy shore.

D. M. MOIR.

DESCRIPTION *of* CULINARY VEGETABLES.

[Continued from page 273.]

SAMPHIRE (*crithmum maritimum*).—This aquatic herb, when pickled, is very agreeable to the palate; and is gathered upon our shores and used as a pot-herb by the inhabitants of the sea coast. The sort commonly called the *golden samphire*, grows upon flat ground just overflowed by salt water, whereas the best kind is only found in the crevices of lofty rocks, and generally in dangerous places; to this Shakspeare alludes:—

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

Samphire may be propagated either by seeds or by parting the roots, and, if planted on a moist gravelly soil, will thrive tolerably well, and may be preserved for some years; but it will grow best when rooted into a wall, or upon artificial rock-work. It has a warm aromatic flavour, and is reckoned a good stomachic. From the ashes of this maritime plant the salt called *alkali* is extracted; and they also make the best soap when formed into a ley and boiled with oil.

SCALLION.—*See* ONION.

SEA-KALE (*crambe maritima*) is now a common

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vegetable in Covent Garden market, but in France it is nearly unknown: it is a hardy perennial, is found in its wild state on various parts of our shores, and has, from time immemorial, been eaten by the common people on the western coasts of Britain. The young spring shoots and the stalks of the unfolding leaves, blanched by rising through the natural ground in a wild state, or by earthing up in gardens, are the parts used, and when boiled and dressed like asparagus, are considered not inferior to that vegetable. They form also an excellent ingredient in soups. Sea-kale cannot easily be overdone in cooking; but it should be thoroughly drained, and suffered to remain a few minutes before the fire to dry. It is generally and best raised from seed, of which if sown to transplant, for a seed-bed four feet by nine (sown in drills a foot apart by eight inches in the row), two ounces will suffice; if sown to remain, then the same quantity will serve for a plot five feet by fifteen, sown in drills two feet apart. Plantations may also be formed by detaching rooted offset-shoots from established plants, or by cuttings of the roots, leaving about two eyes to each cutting. The last fortnight of March and the 1st of April comprises the best time for putting in seed or cuttings, and removing plants. A light, dry, moderately rich mould of a loose texture suits it best. By forcing, sea-kale may be had in perfection from November to May.—See *Loudon's Encyclopædia*, art. 3906.

SHALLOT.—*See* ONION.

SORREL.—*See* SALADS.

SPINACH, or SPINAGE (*spinacia oleracea*).—This pot-herb has been known from time immemorial in Spain. It is nearly tasteless, very inoffensive, and an extremely wholesome vegetable for persons in the decline of life, and for all who are troubled with constipation. Both it and sorrel should be boiled, if possible, *in silver*, as it is very dangerous to cook them in brass or copper. They also make an agree-

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able mixture together, and need no more water to boil them than will adhere to their leaves when they are washed to be cooked. The spinage seed should be sown upon an open spot of ground, in wet weather, at the beginning of August. As soon as they show four leaves, hoe, weed, and part them to four inches asunder: five weeks after that hoe them again, then keep them free from weeds, and in October they will be fit for use. At first take off the largest outer leaves, and continue so to crop each plant all the winter and spring, till that sown in the spring has come to maturity, which will generally be in the month of April.

The name of this *olus* alludes to the shape of its leaf, which resembles a thorn, *spina*, or the head of an arrow or spear. No dish of the kind of herbs is more palatable than this, when fried with as much fresh butter as it can absorb, with chopped onion, pepper, salt and nutmeg, the spinage makes its appearance upon the table. Lozenge pieces of fried bread will bastion the dish, their yellowish hue contrasting most elegantly with the deep green of the spinach. This warm and pleasing herb came over from Holland two centuries ago, but was not introduced into French dishes till full fifty years before.

The GARDEN ORACH (*atriplex hortensis*), of which there are several varieties, was formerly used with other herbs, especially spinage, to make pottage. It is still a favourite in France, because its qualities are very similar to those of spinage. It may be sown at Michaelmas, or early in the spring; and only requires occasional hoeing, weeding, and thinning, when too close. It will be ripe in August, and must be eaten while young, otherwise it turns tough and good for nothing.

THYME (*thymus vulgaris*).—Garden thyme is distinguished from the wild sort by being more hoary and woody; the leaves also are whiter and narrower, and the flowers smaller. All the varieties, however, have an agreeable aromatic smell, and a warm pun-

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gent taste. Their culinary use is principally for broths and ragouts; also to savour meats, and render them more relishing. The Spaniards infuse them in the pickle with which they preserve their olives; they also use a decoction of thyme in washing out their wine vessels.

The *Lemon-thyme* is less pungent than the common garden thyme, but much more grateful; it is used as a seasoning for veal and other meats where lemon-peel would otherwise be required. Thyme grows in its natural state on arid, hilly situations, and also on banks, which Shakspeare observed,

'I know a bank whereon the *wild thyme* blows.'

When intended to be reserved for winter use, it should be cut while in blossom, and hung up in the shade to dry. The wild thyme makes a neat border for cottage gardens, and will last many years when occasionally cut. It yields camphor by distillation, and is very grateful and refreshing to those who are afflicted with nervous disorders.

We subjoin some poetical tributes to this agreeable herb. Shenstone calls it 'pun-provoking thyme;' Rucellai, in his 'Bees,' a poem, says that 'Nature made it on purpose for them to make honey of,' and designates it as

the humble creeping thyme,
Which, with a thousand roots, curling and crisp,
Goes decking the green earth with drapery.

Armstrong, in directing the choice of a site on which to build a residence, says,

Mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills, where marjoram
And *thyme*, the love of bees, perfume the air.

* * *

for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.

And Dyer, in his 'Fleece,' says,

On spacious airy downs and gentle hills,
With grass and *thyme* o'erspread, and clover wild,

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Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The fairest flocks rejoice.——
The close-woven carpet graze, where Nature blends
Flow'rets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury.——

TOMATO.—*See* LOVE-APPLE.

TRUFFLE.—*See* MUSHROOM.

TURNIP (*brassica rapa*).—This invaluable root, so beneficial to man and beast, has been brought to the greatest perfection in the county of Norfolk, where the alternate fields of wheat and turnips, and turnips and wheat, in the highest state of cultivation, present a most delightful spectacle, extremely grateful to the visual, as well as the olfactory nerves of the traveller, and compensate, in some measure, for the absence of the picturesque in this truly agricultural county. But farming in *Suffolk* should not be overlooked; it ranks next to Norfolk in this respect, and also presents some most delightful sites and views, far surpassing those in its neighbouring county—which again 'bears the bell' in *turkeys* and 'good living'—and their fitting accompaniment, genuine English hospitality.—The turnip appears to be a native of both England and France. It not only yields nourishment for the human species, but enriches the otherwise useless soil where it is sown, and furnishes the farmer's cattle with winter food. The *large green-topped turnip* is the most esteemed for the kitchen. The next is the *red* or purple-topped, but it soon becomes stringy. The *early Dutch* turnip is chiefly sown in the spring, to supply the table before the others can be procured: when young it is tolerable, but rank and stringy when thoroughly mature. The tender tops of the turnip are frequently boiled and eaten as greens in the spring. They are an excellent vegetable with salt meats. The seed should be sown in a light, loamy, sandy soil, where most other plants would perish! Such is the gracious care of HIM, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

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As a remedy for the *fly*, so destructive to turnips, it is recommended to steep the seed in sulphur water, putting an ounce of sulphur to a pint of water, which will be sufficient for soaking about three pounds of seed. But one of the easiest remedies is to 'sow thick,' and thus ensure both a sufficiency of plants for the fly and the crop.

We add the *derivation* of the word turnip, from the ingenious poem of *Tabella Cibaria*, before quoted. 'The word *turnip* or *turnep* evidently comes from *tornatus napus*, and seems to identify the globular shape of that well-known root. Turnips in France and other countries have the spindle form of the parsnip, *pastinaca napus*. *Napus* alias *Rapus* is translated, in old English, *navew, navow* (Fr. *navet*, provincially *navot*), as if from *naphus*. The numerous branches of the *napi, naphi, rapi*, and *raphani* family are so interwoven in horticultural pedigrees, that Pliny seriously asserts, that they change often from one to another—*utriusque semen in alterum mutatur*.'

Turnips are principally served up with boiled meats; they are much esteemed in broth, and make one of the most nutritious white soups. In France they are often served up with *ducks*, to which they make an excellent sauce. The duck is first scorched in hot melted butter as well as the turnips. These being laid aside for the space of half an hour, the duck is allowed to stew gently in solitary plight, till being sufficiently concocted, he again admits the waiting vegetables into his company. A few cubic bits of bacon, a sprig of thyme, and a leaf of laurel, will then enhance considerably the flavour of the dish.

VEGETABLE MARROW (*cucurbita succado*), now so much in request, was introduced a few years since from Persia. When very young, it is good, if fried with butter; when large or about half grown, it is excellent either plain, boiled, or stewed with rich sauce; for either of these purposes it should be cut in slices. The flesh has a peculiar tenderness and softness, re-

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sembling the buttery quality of the beurré pears, and this property remains with it till it is full grown, when it is used for pies. All the species are propagated from large seeds, which should be covered nearly to the depth of an inch. The mode of culture recommended by Abercrombie is as follows: Sow in April in a hot bed, under a frame or hand-glass, to raise plants for transforming to the open garden at the end of May, under a warm aspect; or for planting out in the middle of May on a trench of hot dung under a hand-glass or half shelter; otherwise sow, at the beginning of May, under a hand-glass without bottom heat, for transplanting into a favourable situation; or sow three weeks later (after the 20th) at once in the open garden, under a south wall, for the plants to remain. The smaller-fruited kinds do best trained to an upright pole or trellis. From time to time, earth up the shanks of the plants. As the runners extend five feet or more, peg down at a joint and they will take root. Water copiously whenever warm weather without showers makes the ground arid.—*Loudon.*

WATER-CRESS.—*See* SALADS.

We have now described the *principal* culinary vegetables, and have given such directions for their cultivation as the limits of our work would permit; for further instructions on this head we must refer to *Mr. Loudon's* invaluable *Encyclopædia of Gardening, second edition;* and for some curious historical notices of the different CULTIVATED VEGETABLES, comprising their botanical, *medicinal,* edible, and chemical qualities; natural history; and relation to art, science, and commerce, the reader may consult the *second edition* of MR. PHILLIPS'S book before quoted: in these repositories of horticultural knowledge will be found every particular relating to the vegetable tribe, as well as an account of

> "What *culture* to perfection brings each root,
> The wholesome food of man. In all of these,

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Although by use familiar grown, and oft
By thoughtless minds unnoticed, still appear
The Maker's matchless skill, and love benign.
How beauteous all in varied form and hue!
What num'rous grateful flavours please the taste!
What salutary juices each contains
To freshen and invigorate the frame[1]!

Remarkable Days

In DECEMBER 1825.

OUR DIARY for every month in the year records the great and manifold changes that mark the progress of the varying year in Nature's domains of fields and groves:—under the head of 'Remarkable Days' we have occasionally glanced at the 'signs' that distinguish the recurrence of these stated periods, in 'walled cities,' and among 'the busy hum of men:'—we will now recapitulate the latter for the amusement of our readers. 'First, SPRING comes with a white flounced petticoat emerging from her pelisse, with her primroses, *fresh* primroses, her water-cresses, her radishes placed in tempting order on the stalls; the shop-windows shine forth in all their glory; the carriage rattles, and the knocker sounds. Next, SUMMER is ushered in with the cry of strawberries fourpence a pottle; peas sixpence a peck; gooseberries for almost nothing a gallon: the stalls display their new temptation of black-heart cherries, and the ladies theirs of open-worked bonnets and gossamer dresses. And so matters go on till the appearance of black and green plums, and the re-appearance of a shawl or two, announce that Summer is changed to AUTUMN; birds are carried about the streets; dark pelisses emerge from their pepper and camphor; again the stalls, those indexes of the seasons, try other charms, and yellow apples, and still more yellow pears, ogle the oysters and rolls and butter by their side, and every

[1] Spring; a Poem, by the Classical Tutor at Clarence House Academy, Chelsea.

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body declares 'There's not a creature in town!' At last,

WINTER comes to rule the varied year;

known by its shawls, furs, and oranges, and the stalls smoking with slices of hot plum-pudding and roasted apples.'—*Literary Gazette.*

*2. 1791.—HENRY FLOOD DIED,

The celebrated opponent of Henry Grattan. He was a man learned, eloquent, and witty, and was so patriotic as to *devise his whole estate* (after the decease of his wife) to DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

*3. 1823.—G. BELZONI DIED.

Mr. Belzoni was a native of Padua; he came to England about fifteen years ago, and exhibited feats of strength, experiments in hydraulics, musical glasses, and phantasmagoria, at the minor theatres in the metropolis, and at Edinburgh. He was known by the appellation of the '*strong man*,' a name which he amply merited, being of the extraordinary height of six feet seven inches, and well made and stout in proportion: he was then about twenty-five years of age. Mr. Belzoni afterwards visited Ireland and the Isle of Man, every where giving the most astonishing proofs of his wonderful strength.

During his residence in the United Kingdom, Mr. Belzoni married an English lady; and, having formed the resolution of visiting the south of Europe, he first proceeded to Lisbon, taking Mrs. Belzoni with him, and who accompanied him throughout his various difficult and dangerous enterprises with a courage and a constancy almost unexampled.

At Lisbon he was engaged by the manager of the theatre of St. Carlos, to appear in the play of Valentine and Orson, and again, during Lent, in the sacred drama of SAMSON, in both of which his feats of strength and activity gained the highest applause. At Madrid he performed before the king and the court. Leaving Spain, he proceeded to Malta, where he fell

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in with Ismael Gibraltar, the agent of the pasha of Egypt, who persuaded him to visit Cairo. Here the pasha engaged him to construct a machine for raising water out of the Nile to irrigate his gardens, for which he was to be paid at the rate of 800 piastres per month, besides a considerable reward, provided it should finally be found to answer the purpose. In the course of three months it was put in operation. The pasha attended; and three Arabs, with an Irish lad whom Belzoni had brought from Edinburgh as a servant, were put into the large wheel to walk round and keep it in motion: at the second or third turn the Arabs became giddy, and jumped out; the wheel, wanting its counterpoise, flew back, and the Irish servant, in attempting to escape, broke his thigh, and must have been killed, had not Belzoni caught hold of the circumference of the wheel, and, by his extraordinary strength, stopped its motion.

This accident was equivalent to a failure; and Belzoni now determined to try his fortune in search of antiquities in Upper Egypt; but just as he was preparing to depart, Mr. Salt arrived at Cairo. This gentleman, on the representation of Sheik Ibrahim, who had witnessed his extraordinary powers, conceived him at once to be the person most proper to be employed in the arduous attempt of bringing down the head of the Young Memnon from Thebes, now in the British Museum. Belzoni, after some consideration, accordingly relinquished the plan of travelling on his own account, and engaged himself to Mr. Salt and the sheik on an enterprize that was by many deemed hopeless, but which he succeeded in accomplishing (after six months of unremitted exertions) by his uncommon dexterity in the management of the Arab peasantry, by whom alone he was assisted. From this time he was regularly employed by Mr. Salt in making discoveries.

After the uncovering and examination of the grand temple of *Ipsambul*, which had in all probability been

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buried in sand for more than 2000 years, Belzoni returned to Thebes; but not wishing to come in contact with M. Drovetti, the French consul, who was excavating in search of antiquities, he turned his attention to 'the vale of the tomb of kings,' persuaded that there still remained some interesting discoveries to be made in that quarter. Three new tombs were opened by him: in one were found many little images of wood, well carved, some with the head of a lion, others of a fox, and others of a monkey. In another tomb were mummies in their cases, lying flat on the ground, the bodies being covered with linen of different degrees of fineness. Some of the tombs had paintings beautifully executed, others were quite plain. In some of the chambers the *mummies* of cows, sheep, monkeys, crocodiles, bats, and other animals, were intermixed with human bodies; and one tomb was filled with nothing but *cats*, carefully folded in red and white linen, the head covered by a mask, representing the cat, and made of the same linen. The inconvenience, and, we may add, the hazard of visiting these sepulchres, can only be duly appreciated by those who have made the experiment; and nothing but an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm for researches of this kind could have supported our traveller in the numerous descents which he made into the mummy pits of Egypt, and through the long narrow subterraneous passages, particularly inconvenient for a man of his size. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting: see T. T. for 1822, pp. 266-270, for a vivid description of them, as well as for the celebrated 'Poetical Address to the Mummy' at his Exhibition.

Mr. Belzoni was, however, shortly afterwards amply repaid for his labours and privations, by the discovery of the grand sepulchre, supposed to be the tomb of Pharaoh Necho, which he has described at length in his interesting travels, and to which we refer. Enraptured at this discovery, Mr. Belzoni de-

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termined not to leave Egypt until he had taken models in wax of every thing within the apartments, and fac-similes of all the sculptures and paintings on the walls. This he effected by the assistance of an Italian artist, after an unremitted application of more than twelve months. Of the immense labour of this undertaking, some conception may be formed, when it is stated, that the number of figures as large as life amounted to 182; and those of a smaller size, from one to three feet, to 800; and that the hieroglyphics, which were about 500, were all of them repeated *four times* in as many different sizes. These impressions and drawings, together with the ground plan of the tomb, Mr. Belzoni brought to England, and was thus enabled to construct that beautiful and interesting *model* so much admired, and to complete an exhibition which has never been equalled in this or any other country. From this tomb Mr. Belzoni succeeded in bringing away a fine *alabaster* sarcophagus, now safely deposited in the British Museum.

The next exploit of Mr. Belzoni was to remove a granite obelisk from Philœ, about 25 feet in length, and which, we believe, now rears its head in Dorsetshire, on the estate of Mr. BANKS, who is justly celebrated for his discoveries in Egypt, and who was, occasionally, in the company of Belzoni there. The lamented Burckhardt, speaking of the obelisk removed by Belzoni, says, 'He handles masses of this kind with as much facility as others handle pebbles; and the Egyptians, who saw him a giant in figure, believed him to be a sorcerer.' It was the care with which he contrived to move these large masses, that induced him to suggest the practicability of removing the fallen obelisk at Alexandria, well known to travellers as 'one of the needles of Cleopatra.' This obelisk the pasha of Egypt presented to his Majesty, and it is now in England.

The most arduous and enterprising of all Mr. Belzoni's undertakings was the opening of the second

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pyramid of Ghizeh, of which there was a beautiful model in his exhibition. Some other dicoveries followed, which would have been still further prosecuted but from the want of funds, and from a fear of interfering with the researches of Mr. Salt, and Mr. Drovetti. Circumstances also induced Mr. Belzoni to quit Egypt without further delay: his life was attempted by two assassins, who, he supposed, were employed by some jealous rival, and he did not consider it safe to remain longer in this country.

Sometime after his return to England, Mr. Belzoni published his justly popular and highly valuable work, entitled a '*Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia, and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon,*' 4to, with an atlas folio of coloured plates. This work has been also reprinted in 8vo[1].

In the year 1823, Mr. Belzoni, accompanied by his enterprising lady, again left England, on another journey of discovery into Africa; but being taken ill with a dysentery, while attempting to reach Houssa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin, he died at Gato. He was interred the next day with all possible respect, and an English gentleman furnished a large board with the following inscription, which was placed over his grave:—

Here lie the Remains of
G. Belzoni,
Who was attacked with dysentery at
Benin,
(On his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo)
On 26 Nov. and died at this place
Dec. 3, 1823.

[1] To such of our readers as cannot obtain access to the larger work, and particularly to young persons, we strongly recommend the perusal of a small volume with numerous appropriate engravings, entitled '*Fruits of Enterprize, exhibited in the Travels of Belzoni.*'

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6.—SAINT NICHOLAS.

Nicholas was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year 392. He was of so charitable a disposition, that he portioned three young women, who were reduced in circumstances, by secretly conveying a sum of money into their father's house. The ceremony of the boy-bishop, once observed on this day, and from which the *Eton Montem* is supposed to have been derived, is described at length in T. T. for 1814, p. 306 (*second edition*[1]).

Mr. FOSBROOKE, in his 'Economy of Monastic Life,' thus alludes to the procession of the boy-bishop:—

> Were it a certain consecrated day,
> The BISHOP-BOY, and his procession small
> Of horn-book people, marched in long array.
> Decked with the mitre, sandals, staff, and pall,
> He scaled the laughing choir's superior stall;
> His little train paired off on either side:
> Strange was the scene when they endeavoured all
> The chanted mass with discords to divide,
> And howled and yelled, and grinned and hissed, and laughed and cried.

Saint Nicholas was formerly considered the Protector of Virgins, and is now esteemed in Catholic countries as the tutelar Saint of Mariners; he is also the patron of the Company of Parish Clerks of London.

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[1] Consult also that invaluable Thesaurus of National Customs, 'BRAND'S POPULAR ANTIQUITIES,' vol. i, pp. 324-336, as arranged, augmented, and edited, by Henry Ellis, Esq. Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum: this work is the grand storehouse of 'auncient lere,' whence the diurnal, hebdomadal, and monthly scribes glean their 'scattered ears' of information—and too often forget to make the accustomed obeisance to the lord of the harvest-field.—WE are proud to confess our obligations to this 'text book' in 'National Antiquities;' we have often referred to it to solve our doubts and corroborate our statements, and we have occasionally enriched our pages with some choice extracts from these too goodly tomes of curious learning.

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8.—CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

This festival was instituted by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, because William the Conqueror's fleet, being in a storm, afterwards came safe to shore. The council of Oxford, however, held in 1222, permitted every one to use his discretion in keeping it.

13.—SAINT LUCY.

This virgin martyr was born at Syracuse. She refused to marry a young man who paid his addresses to her, because she had determined to devote herself to religion, and, to prevent his importunities, gave her whole fortune to the poor. The youth, enraged at this denial, accused her before Paschasius, the heathen judge, of professing Christianity; and Lucy, after much cruel treatment, fell a martyr to his revenge, in the year 305.

14, 16, 17.—EMBER DAYS. *See* p. 45.

16.—O SAPIENTIA.

This is the beginning of an anthem in the Latin service to the honour of Christ's advent, which used to be sung in the church from this day until Christmas-eve.

21.—SAINT THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

Thomas, surnamed *Didymus*, or the Twin, was a Jew, and in all probability a *Galilean*. There are but few passages in the gospel concerning him. Thomas is said to have suffered martyrdom in the city of Meliapour, being killed by the lances of some people instigated by the Bramins.—At the village of Thornton, near Sherborne, an antient custom exists among the tenants, of putting five shillings in a hole in a certain tombstone in the churchyard, which prevents the Lord of the Manor from taking tithes of hay during the year. This must be invariably done on St. Thomas's Day, before twelve o'clock: the tenant of the manor then takes the money.

This is the *shortest* day, and is, at London, 7 h. 44 m. 17 s.; allowing 9 m. 5 s. for refraction.

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Arrest the PRESENT MOMENTS!
For though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,
They *post to heaven*, and there record thy folly!

—

Oh! TIME is like a river, gliding
Away—away!
And in its gloomy billows hiding
Joys bright as day;
And with its restless current wearing
Man's heart to clay;
And life's best hopes, like base weeds, bearing
Away—away!

And life is like a dew-drop, smiling
For one short hour;
With fair and glittering show beguiling,
Yet sun and shower
O'er its frail essence each prevailing,
Shorten its stay;
Tremulous, restless, and exhaling,
Away—away[1]!

25.—CHRISTMAS DAY.

This is named *Christmas-day*, from the Latin *Christi Missa*, the Mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic Liturgy is termed their *Missal*, or *Mass Book*. About the year 500, the observation of this day became general in the Catholic church.

Christmas is a most interesting commemorative æra, and from the earliest time, when first the sacred light of Christianity dawned upon the world, this season of the year has ever been devoted to joy and pleasure. At this heart-rejoicing season, the annual assembling of families and connections, the old and the young, the meeting of friends—and the reconciling of those who are *not* friends (at least for one day in the year), give an interest to the annual celebration of Christmas, which no other festival possesses.

[1] Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous, by Henry Neele. 1823.

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'Tis the season for friends and relations to meet;
Still closer to link by the pleasures enjoyed,
Those bonds which endear man to man—making sweet
That life, which, without them, is dreary and void.

And, thus (though the cottager's table be spread
But sparely with dainties, to welcome his neighbours)
In the ring of bright faces his cares are all fled!
'Midst a circle of friends, he forgets all his labours.

Then, as through the keen night-air the star-spangled heaven
Beams out with a radiance so soothing, so grand,
Round us though the *dark winds of sorrow* are driven,
May Hope *light* our hearts—and our feelings expand.

CHARLES BLOOMFIELD[1].

Canterbury, December 30, 1823.

This is the time when we so emphatically wish each other 'a merry Christmas and a happy new year;' and both in town and country good eating and drinking and conviviality in general are much encouraged. In vain, however, do we look for 'The jolly Wassel-Bowl,' and 'The Bore's Heade,'—'with garlandes gay and rosemary.' Popular superstitions and customs may generally be traced back to Heathen times, for on their rites and mysteries were many of the Catholic ceremonies afterwards engrafted; and to the Saturnalia we are, or rather our ancestors were, probably indebted for some of our Christmas pastimes. The Reformation first injured their popularity, and the age of Puritanism gave them a fresh shock. It was even ordered by *Parliament*, December 24, 1652, 'That no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof.' They now appear to be neglected by society in proportion to its degree of polish; and in the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood are little encouraged by

[1] 'Remains of R. Bloomfield,' vol. i, p. 93. *These lines speak for themselves*—may the clouds of despair be soon chased away by the sunshine of benevolence! Let every one who has read the 'Farmer's Boy' contribute his mite—it is the best tribute we can pay to the memory of his departed genius.

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the higher classes, and but partially by the middling ranks, while among the lower portion of the people they frequently degenerate into debauchery. In the country, especially in the far western and northern counties, Christmas is yet kept up with much spirit; the yule-log still crackles on the hearth, and 'the sirloins of beef[1], the minced pies, the plum-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings,' smoke upon the hospitable board. Each master of a family, like the old courtier in the ballad, appears to have

> ——— a good old fashion, when Christmasse *is* come,
> To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
> With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
> And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb.

'O! rus, quando te aspiciam.' Yet even there the hand of *improvement* has been active, and some valuable relic of antient festivities is occasionally ushered from the parlour to the kitchen, never more to return. The decoration of houses and churches with evergreens is continued, however, in London; nor is there a deficiency, *to the best of our experience*, in the demands for Christmas boxes; the original intention of which was probably to enable the poor to partake of the festivities of the season, from the gratuities of their more wealthy fellow-creatures—and, God forbid! that, while feasting ourselves, we should not assist our poor neighbours and dependants to enjoy themselves. Certain nocturnal wandering minstrels occasionally disturb the slumbers of the citizens for about a month prior to Christmas, calling themselves *Waits;* but, 'alack the day!' instead of playing and singing the good old Carol, our ears are saluted with

[1] ——The smoking SIRLOIN stretched immense
From side to side; in which with desperate knife
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced.—
Nor wanting be the brown OCTOBER, drawn
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years. THOMSON.

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Roy's Wife, St. Patrick's Day, or the latest Quadrille tune. In many parts of the country, especially in the West, the *Carol* is still preserved, and is sung in the parish churches on Christmas Day, the singers also going about to the different houses blithely caroling such cheering tunes as 'A Child this day is born'—'Sit you, merry gentlemen'—'I saw three ships come sailing in,' &c. &c. In London, except some croaking ballad-singer bawling out 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,' or a like doggrel, nothing in the shape of Carols is heard, though there is a considerable sale of them among the lower classes[1]. Look at the following list of Christmas amusements, given by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, now superseded by Pope-Joan, Blind Man's Buff, and Puss in the Corner:—'The ordinary recreations which we have in winter, are cardes, tables and dice, shovel board, chesse-play, the philosopher's game, small trunkes, billiards, musicke, maskes, singing, dancing, ule-games, catches, purposes, questions, merry tales of errant knights, kings, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, fairies, goblins, friars, witches, and the rest.' As to mummers[2] and Christmas Plays, unless Grimaldi and the pantomimes be considered as relics, we know not where to find them, in or near

[1] This deficiency we have now been enabled to supply by the kindness of our correspondent, MR. RYAN, who has written the elegant Christmas carol on the opposite page, expressly for this work; and that it may be *sung* as well as *said* on Christmas Day, we have had it set to music by our friend Tebbett.

[2] In the time of Henry VIII, the sport of *mumming* had involved in its train so many disorders, as to call for the interference of the Legislature: an Act of the third year of this king, cap. 9, partly explains the nature of their proceedings.—'For as much as lately within this realm, divers persons have disguised and apparelled themselves and covered themselves with visors or other things, in such manner as they should not be known; and divers of them in a company together, naming themselves Mummers, have come to the dwelling place of divers men of honour, and substantial persons, and so departed unknown; whereupon murders, felony, *, and other great hurts and inconveniences have aforetime grown, and hereafter be like to come by, if the said disorder should continue not reformed.'

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the metropolis; though formerly a Lord of Misrule[1], or Christmas Prince, was chosen, even in the highest families and most learned establishments;—even our kings used to join in these sports. Mummers, guisardes or guise-dancers (commonly called geese-dancers), may yet be seen in the country; and the story of St. George and the Dragon and the Fair Sabra is annually repeated, enlivened with the frolics of Old Father Christmas, and the Doctor, who cures 'each deep and deadly wound' of the combatants, coming for that purpose

from the furthermost part of Spain,
With a little bottle of aficumpain.

These guise-dancers are profusely decorated with ribands, each carrying a naked sword, with the exception of the fair Sabra, who is modestly clad in female attire; and Old Father Christmas and the Doctor, who are the Pantaloon and Clown of the Piece, the former being generally disguised by a frightful mask[2].

But the sons and daughters of Christmas, *'Old Christmas of London and Captain Christmas,'* have seen strange vicissitudes since the family were last assembled at WHITEHALL. *Wassail*, the neat sempstress, has abandoned the metropolis. *Carol* has been divested of his tawny coat and red cap, and the flute has dropped from his girdle. Minced pies, however, are yet in good repute; they were persecuted, it is true, as malignants in the time of the Common Wealth, but they recovered their estates and their credit with the king. *Gambol* with his hoop and bell is con-

[1] According to Stow, he was 'A master of merry disports usually lodged in the king's house; and in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal.' Other countries, as well as England, had their Lord of Misrule: in France he was called the Abbé de Malgouverné and Abbé de Liesse; and, in Scotland, the *Abbot of Unreason*. See a curious description of his Election in T.T. for 1821, pp. 290, 291.

[2] See a Review of the second Edition of 'Mr. Davies Gilbert's Ancient Christmas Carols,' in the Literary Gazette for 1824, p. 70.

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signed to Bartholomew Fair. *Post-and-Pair* has long given up his place to a numerous train of illegitimate descendants: and MISRULE, if we are to believe John Bull when he is in a growling humour, is no longer content with his twelve days empire, but shows himself at every season of the year.

> Ah, happy days! but now no longer found;
> No more with social, hospitable glee
> The village-hearths at *Christmas-tide* resound;
> No more the *Whitson* gambol may you see,
> Nor *morrice-daunce*, nor *May-day* jollitie,
> When the blithe maidens foot the deawy green;
> But now in place, heart-sinking penurie,
> And hopeless care on every face is seen,
> As these the drery times of curfew bell had been.
>
> *Sir Martyn.*

The goodly number of sports and customs which took place in

> those golden days of yore,
> When Christmas was a high day,

is yearly diminishing. Until very lately, the chaplains at St. James's Palace retained the venerable custom of having 'a tureen full of rich plum-porridge' served up, and not only served up, but actually '*eaten* on that festival at that table.' But, alas! the 'plum-porridge' and the 'tureen' have disappeared before the magic touch of modern refinement. So it is, 'Star after star goes out; and—all is night!'

In allusion to the long train of sports and merriments which formerly made Christmas so cheerful to our ancestors, we quote the following curious document from '*Mr. Ellis's Original Letters from Autographs in the British Museum*,' vol. i, p. 270, et seq.

'It was (Mr. E. observes) in 1525, in the seventeenth year of Henry the Eighth, that Cardinal Wolsey, at the same time that he established a household for the young Duke of Richmond, "ordained a Council," says Hall, "and stablished another Household for the Lady Mary, then being *Princess of the Realm*." The circumstance of the Council's inquiring what

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they were to do, seems to fix the date of the Letter, at once, to the very year in which the Household was established.

'"Please it youre grace for the great repaire of straungers supposed unto the Pryncesse honorable householde this solempne fest of Cristmas. We humbly beseche the same to let us knowe youre gracious pleasure concernyng aswell a *ship of silver* for the almes disshe requysite for her high estate, and spice plats, as also for trumpetts and a rebek to be sent, and whither we shall appoynte any *Lord of Mysrule* for the said honorable householde, provide for enterluds, disgysyngs, or pleyes in the said fest, or for banket on twelf nyght. And in likewise whither the Pryncesse shall sende any *newe yeres gifts* to the Kinge, the Quene, your Grace, and the Frensshe quene, and of the value and devise of the same. Besechyng youre grace also to pardon oure busy and importunate suts to the same in suche behalf made. Thus oure right syngler good lord We pray the holy Trynyte have you in his holy preservacion. At Teoxbury the xxvij day of November. Youre humble orators

JOHN EXON.
JEILEZ GREVILE.
PETER BURNELL.
JOHN SALTER.
G. BROMLEY.
THOMAS AUDELEY."

To the most reverent Father in God the Lord Cardinall his good Grace.

'No record is preserved of the answer which was returned to this letter; but that the Cardinal allowed the sports of Christmas to be played is more than probable. A book of the expenses of the Lady Mary's Household in various years from the 28th to the 36th of Henry the Eighth is still remaining among the Royal Manuscripts in the British Museum; a few entries in which bear upon the question.'

We take only the most curious—

'Item, geven to George Mountejoye drawing my Ladye's Grace to his Valentine, xl^{s}.

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'Item, geven amongs the yeomen of the King's guard bringing a Leke to my Lady's Grace on Saynt David's day, xv^{s}.

'Item, geven to Heywood playeng an enterlude with his children before my Lady's Grace, xl^{s}.

'Item, payed for a yerde and a halfe of damaske for Jane the fole, vij^{s}.

'Item, for shaving of Jane fooles hedde, iiij^{d}.

'Payed for a frountlet loste in a wager to my Lady Margaret, iiij^{li}.

'Item, payed for a brekefast loste at bolling by my Lady Mary's Grace, x^{s}.'

Of Christmas customs prevalent in the metropolis nearly a century ago, we have a concise and pleasing description by a writer in 'Read's Weekly Journal' of January 9, 1731. 'My house,' says this observer, 'is directly opposite to a great church; and it was with much pleasure I observed from my window, last *Christmas-day*, the numerous poor that waited at the doors very liberally relieved; but my joy was soon over, for no sooner were the charitable congregation dispersed, but these wretches, who before appeared the very pictures of misery, forgot their cant, and fell to quarrelling about the dividend: oaths and curses flew about amongst them very plentifully, and passion grew so high that they fell hard upon one another's faults. In short, I learned from their own mouths that they were all impostors, both men and women; and that amongst their whole number, which was very large, there was not one object of charity. When they had tired themselves with scolding, they very lovingly adjourned to a neighbouring brandy-shop, from whence they returned in a condition neither fit for me to describe nor you to hear.

'The next day I met with another wonder; for, by that time I was up, my servants could do nothing but run to the door. Enquiring the meaning, I was answered, the people were come for their *Christmas-box:* this was logick to me; but I found at last, that,

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because I had laid out a great deal of ready-money with my brewer, baker, and other tradesmen, they kindly thought it my duty to present their servants with some money for the favour of having their goods. This provoked me a little; but, being told it *was the custom*, I complied. These were followed by the watch, beadles, dust-men, and an innumerable tribe; but what vexed me the most was the *clerk*, who has an extraordinary place, and makes as good an appearance as most tradesmen in the parish; to see him come a-boxing, *alias begging*, I thought was intolerable; however, I found it was the *custom too*, so I gave him half-a-crown; as I was likewise obliged to do to the bell-man, for breaking my rest for many nights together.

'Having talked this matter over with a friend, he promised to carry me where I might see the *good effects of this giving box-money*. In the evening away we went to a neighbouring alehouse, where abundance of these gentry were assembled round a stately piece of roast beef and as large a plum-pudding. When the drink and brandy began to work, they fell to reckoning of their several gains that day: one was called a stingy dog for giving but sixpence; another called an extravagant fool for giving half-a-crown, which perhaps he might want before the year was out; so I found these good people were never to be pleased. Some of them were got to cards by themselves, which soon produced a quarrel and broken heads. In the interim came in some of their wives, who roundly abused the people for having given them money, adding, that instead of doing good it ruined their families, and set them in a road of drinking and gaming, which never ceased till not only their gifts, but their wages, were gone. One good woman said, if people had a mind to give charity, they should send it home to their families: I was very much of her opinion; but, being tired with the noise, we left them to agree as they could.

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'My friend next carried me to the upper end of Piccadilly, where, one pair of stairs over a stable, we found near an hundred people of both sexes, *some masked*, others not, a great part of which were dancing to the music of two sorry fiddles. It is impossible to describe this medley of mortals fully; however, I will do it as well as I can. There were footmen, servant-maids, butchers, apprentices, oyster and orange-women, common prostitutes, and sharpers, which appeared to be the best of the company. This horrid place seemed to me a complete nursery for the gallows. My friend informed me, it was called a *three-penny hop;* and while we were talking, to my great satisfaction, by order of the Westminster Justices, *to their immortal honour*, entered the constables and their assistants, who carried off all the company that was left; and, had not my friend been known to them, we might have paid dear for our curiosity.

'I believe I have almost tired you as well as myself with an account of the lower sort of diversions. I come next to expatiate on *the entertainment and good cheer I met with in the city*, whither my friend carried me to dinner these holidays. It was the house of an eminent and worthy merchant; and though, Sir, I have been accustomed in my own county to what may very well be called good house-keeping, yet, I assure you, I should have taken this dinner to have *been provided for a whole parish*, rather than for about a dozen gentlemen. It is impossible for me to give you half our bill of fare; so you must be content to know that we had turkeys, geese, capons, puddings of a dozen sorts, more than I had ever seen in my life, besides brawn, roast-beef, and many things of which I know not the names; mince-pies in abundance, and a thing they call *plum-pottage*[1],

[1] This hospitable *London merchant* seems quite to have eclipsed the nobility and gentry of his time in the abundance of his feast, as well as in the preservation of the antient and beloved *plum-porridge*

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which may be good for aught I know, though it seems to me to have fifty different tastes. Our wines were of the best, as were all the rest of our liquors; in short, the God of Plenty seemed to reign here. And, to make every thing perfect, our company was polite, and every way agreeable; nothing but mirth and loyal healths went round[1].'

Of the splendid and *substantial* hospitality which distinguished the celebration of Christmas in former times, when noblemen and gentlemen of fine estates had their *heralds, who wore their coat of arms* at this and other solemn seasons, and cried Largesse, &c., we have already disserted in our previous volumes; and have given a poetical bill of fare in the time of King Arthur[2], describing the 'salmon, venison, and wild boars,' which were served up by hundreds, along with 'hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,' &c. &c. &c. We will now record a few anecdotes of the principal personage in our modern Christmas dinner,—MONSIEUR DINDON, or, in vulgar English, our Alderman-in-Chains.

Naturalists are at variance upon the origin of the turkey. Some pretend that it was not known before the discovery of America, and that the first which

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or pottage, as one of the leading dishes; for about forty years, previous to this period (1688), CHARLES COTTON, the poet, vents the following complaints, in evident allusion to the neglect of Christmas customs by the owners of large establishments. These lines are particularly applicable to the modern practice of the possessors of splendid mansions in the country, now visited only in July and August, or the shooting season, and shut up for the remainder of the year.

No more *plum-porridge* then or pie,
No brawn, with branch of rosemary,
No chine of beef, enough to make
The tallest yeoman's chine to crack;
No bag-pipe humming in the hall,
Nor noise of house-keeping at all,
Nor sign by which it may be said
This house was once inhabited.

[1] Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the 18th Century, vol. i, p. 298, *et seq.* (*second edition.*)

[2] See T. T. for 1823, p. 338.

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appeared on a table in France was eaten at the nuptials of Charles IX, in 1570. Henry VIII had some of them brought to England in 1525, and they are supposed to be indigenous to Canada and the adjacent countries, where they are found sometimes weighing upwards of fifty pounds. *Credat Judæus Apella.* However, we must allow that the Norfolk breed does not fall considerably short of that weight. On the other hand, it is said that Meleager, a king of Macedonia, brought them from India into Greece, at a very early period; and that, out of gratitude for such an acquisition, the Athenian Gastronomers called the bird *Meleagris.* Mythology contends that they were so named from the Macedonian hero above mentioned, after whose death his woe-begone sisters were transformed into these birds of mournful appearance. But there is still a doubt whether the *Meleagris* of Aristotle, of Clytus, of Calixenes, of Ptolemy, and other authors of antient times, was not the bird now known under the name of *Guinea-hen,* Ovid certainly says (B. viii of the Metamorphoses) that Meleager's sisters were turned into birds, but mentions nothing else, except that, having acquired horny beaks and extensive wings, they were sent adrift to find their way through the vacant air. The idea that the Jesuits brought them into notice is erroneous. They were known in Europe long before the institution of Loyola's order. Why the French should call them 'alouettes de savetier,' cobbler's larks, cannot easily be accounted for. This bird (says a learned annotator) is so stupid, or timorous, that if you balance a bit of straw on his head, or draw a line with chalk on the ground from his beak, he fancies himself so loaded or so bound, that he will remain in the same position till hunger forces him to move. The French say of a silly person, *c'est un dindon;* applying the term as we do that of *goose.*

This bird is either roasted or boiled, and often accompanied by a chine of pork: when of a good

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breed, it possesses a flavour between the pheasant and the chicken. In the French cuisine, turkey '*à la daube*,' means the bird confined in a '*terrine*' with truffles, maroons, &c. &c. and so baked in the oven that it may keep. It is eaten cold, and offers an elegant and substantial relish for the luncheon of a Gastronomer. But, *maugre la Carte Française*, we must confess ourselves English enough to prefer, especially on Christmas-day, 'an alderman in chains,' with his attendant liverymen, hereunder described:—

All hail! thou Monarch of the smiling board,
Majestic TURKEY!
All hail! the forced-meat balls with which thou'rt stored!
All hail! the *sausage-fetters* steaming o'er thee!
Hail! ye inferior, yet delightful dishes,
O'er which in trance ecstatic roves my eye!
Ye savoury fowls, ye most alluring fishes,
And brandy flashing in the burnt mince-pie!
Hail! cod and oyster-sauce! quail! partridge! bustard!
Lobster! plum-pudding! apple pie! and custard!

But let us now retire for a few minutes, from this 'tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,'—the luxurious fare of the metropolitan gourmands—and 'take a walk' to the Highlands of Scotland, and look, by way of contrast, at the simple diet and honest merriment of these hardy mountaineers while celebrating *their* Christmas festival, and its cheerful *Eve*. 'This,' (says Mr. Grant Stewart[1]) 'is chiefly spent in preparation for the succeeding days. The housewife is busily engaged in the provision and cooking of dainties. The flailman still chaps in the barn, desirous of providing the necessary store of fodder for the Christmas. The herd-boy's axe resounds on the fir-stock, determined to prepare plenty of light, and the gudeman, and others, are abroad on a not less important errand—the procuring of *Calluch Nollic*, or

[1] See his very entertaining account of 'The Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland,' p. 236, *et seq.*

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Christmas Old Wife, an indispensable requisite for this occasion[1]. The remainder of the evening is spent in various games of amusement.

'At length the brightening glow of the eastern sky warns the anxious house-maid of the approach of

Christmas Day.

She rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal, which was steeped in the *sowans-bowie* a fortnight ago, to make the *Prech-dachdan sour*, or *sour scones* (cakes), is the first object of her attention. The gridiron is put on the fire, and the sour scones are soon followed by hard cakes, soft cakes, buttered cakes, brandered bannocks, and pannich perm. The baking being once over, the sowans pot succeeds the gridiron, full of new sowans, which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The sowans are boiled into the consistence of molasses, when the *Lagan-le-vrick* (yeast-bread), to distinguish it from boiled sowans, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young. It would suit well the pen of a Burns, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to paint the scene which follows. The ambrosial food is despatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the *Lagan-le-vrich*. As soon as each despatches his bicker, he jumps out of bed—the elder branches to examine the ominous signs of the day[2], and the younger to enter on its amusements. Flocking to the swing, a favourite amusement on this occasion,

[1] The 'old wife' consists of the stump of some withered tree, which is thrust into a cartful of burning peats, and there consumed. See the account of this superstition in Mr. Grant's book before quoted, p. 238.

[2] 'A black Christmas makes a fat kirk-yard.' A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs of a good year.

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the youngest of the family get the first "*shoulder*," and the next oldest to him, in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the *swing*, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swinged person approaches the swinger, he exclaims, *Ei mi tu chal*, "I'll eat your kail." To this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, *Cha ni u mu chal*, "You shan't eat my kail." These threats and repulses are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel.

'As the day advances, those minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksman to the "*Kiavamuchd*," or prize-shooting, and the latter to "*Luchd-vouil*," or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table. Groaning under the "*sonsy haggis*[1]," and many other savoury dainties, unseen for twelve months before, the relish communicated to the company, by the appearance of the festive board, is more easily conceived than described. The dinner once despatched, the flowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become the more jovial and happy. Animated by its cheering influence, even old decrepitude no longer feels his habitual pains—the fire of youth is in his eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the days of "*auld langsyne*;" while

[1] The 'savoury haggis' (from *hag*, to chop) is a dish commonly made in a sheep's maw, of its lungs, heart and liver, mixed with suet, onions, salt and pepper; or of oatmeal mixed with the latter, without any animal food.

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the young, with hearts inflamed with "*love and glory*," long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility. Leaving the patriarchs to finish those professions of friendship for each other, in which they are so devoutly engaged, the younger part of the company will shape their course to the ball-room, or the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest; and the remainder of the evening is spent with the greatest pleasure of which human nature is susceptible.'

Such is the description of a Highland Christmas; and may this 'bold peasantry,' 'their country's pride,' long continue to practise their simple manners, and to enjoy their hearty mirth!—The simplicity of their amusements carries us back to times long since past, and places before us a vivid representation of the picturesque customs, and honest, manly character of our ancestors.

And now, gentle readers, whether ye be natives of the 'land o' cakes,' or of the 'Emerald isle,' or of '*ryghte merrie* ENGLOND,'—(for WE *are read* throughout the United Kingdom) having concluded our brief chronicle of the ceremonies and usages of this 'blest tide' for the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and *Twenty-five*,—we take our leave of this interesting subject for the present,—repeating, as we make our bow,—

Adieu! until again we meet,
My friends, 'a merry Christmas to you all!'
Gay be your pleasures, and your slumbers sweet,
Fair be the feast, and brilliant be the ball—
This maxim learn—its wisdom is not small;—
'Be merry while you may.'

*** *For the words of the Christmas Carol by* MR. RYAN, *see the next page.*

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IT IS THE DAY! THE HOLY DAY!

A Christmas Carol,

Written expressly for this Work,

BY RICHARD RYAN.

I.

It is the Day! the Holy Day! on which our LORD was born,
And sweetly doth the sun-beam gild the dew-besprinkled thorn;
The birds sing thro' the heavens, and the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine lovelily begin this Holy Day.

II.

'Twas in a humble manger, a little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet, and shepherds at his head,
The SAVIOUR of this sinful world in innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings to him this Holy Day.

III.

He came to save the perishing—to waft the sighs to heaven
Of guilty men, who truly sought to weep and be forgiven:
An Intercessor still he shines, and Man to him should pray
At his Altar's feet for meekness upon this Holy Day.

IV.

As flowers still bloom fair again, though all their life seems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more, tho' numbered with the dead:
Then may our stations be near Him to whom we worship pay,
And praise, with heartfelt gratitude, upon this Holy Day!

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26.—SAINT STEPHEN.

Stephen was the first deacon chosen by the apostles. He was cited before the Sanhedrin, or Jewish Council, for prophesying the fall of the Jewish Temple and economy; and while vindicating his doctrine by several passages of the Old Testament, he was violently carried out of the city, and stoned to death, in the year 33.

27.—JOHN EVANGELIST. *See* p. 125.

28.—INNOCENTS.

The slaughter of the Jewish children, by Herod, is commemorated on this day. The festival is very antient, for Tertullian and Saint Cyprian call these Innocents martyrs, and Prudentius has written a hymn upon the subject. *Childermas*-day is another name for this feast.

To a SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep on, sleep on—may visions float
Around my slumb'ring infant's head;
May pleasure's song, and joy's soft note,
Be with those ling'ring visions shed.

You dream not of the storm that lours,
The aching heart, the weeping eye,
But revel on in laughing hours,—
Hours with smiles but counted by.

'Tis nature bids thee smile so gay,
While all perhaps around is woe,
And storms roll on the destined way
Their Ruler meant their waves to go.

The infant buds, that lie enclosed,
Feel not, amid the tempest's power,
The wreck which waits each plant opposed,
When comes the fell destroying hour.

So sleep, my babe! 'tis sweet to see
Those eyelids closed thus by my kiss;
May future hours shine for thee,
As holy and as calm as this[1]!

[1] Poems on Sacred and other Subjects, by Richard Ryan, 1824.

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31.—SAINT SILVESTER.

He was Bishop of Rome; and succeeded Miltiades in the papacy, in 314. Silvester is accounted the author of several rites and ceremonies of the Romish church, as asylums. unctions, palls, corporals, mitres, &c. He died in 334.

Ode *to the* Closing Year.

Oh, why should I attempt to ring
The knell of Time in sorrowing tone,
Or sadly tune my lyre to sing
A requiem o'er the year that's gone?
It has not been to me so bright
That I should mourn its timely end,
Or sit me down in grief to write
Farewell to a departing friend!
And if 'twould tarry now with me,
I should in sooth be apt to say,
'Pass on! I've had too much of thee
To thank thee for an hour's delay.'
Thy course was marked, dark closing year,
By many a sigh and bitter tear;
By promised joys too long delayed,
By hopes that only bloomed to fade;
By all that steals the cheek's warm glow,
And wrings the heart with silent woe;
Damps the gay plumes of Fancy's wing,
And nips her blossoms ere they spring;
And turns the lightsome lay of gladness
E'en in its flow to strains of sadness,
And shades with clouds of care and fear
The promise of another year.

New Monthly Magazine.

Never have we been more painfully awakened than when, in the dead silence of midnight, we have been startled by a peal of '*triple bob-majors*,' which, in performing their foolish ceremony of ringing out the old year, send forth their inappropriate echoes into the universal darkness, and scare the repose of nature with their obstreperous mirth. It is an unhallowed and irreverent mode of solemnising the twelvemonth's death. It is as if, at the funeral of a deceased parent, a rejoicing chime should suddenly

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burst like a peal of laughter from the belfry, instead of the sad—slow—deep toll of the single passing bell. These iron tongues should not be allowed to shout out their indecent merriment at a consummation fraught with so many inscrutable mysteries and appalling associations. What! are we to rejoice that a portion of our best friends has been actually eaten up by the omnivorous maw of time? Are we so fully prepared for the blow of Death, that we can carol at being brought three hundred and sixty-five days nearer to the edge of his scythe?

However it may have been partially misapplied and wasted, the last year may still, perhaps, have materially advanced the sum of human happiness; and as it is impossible to solve this point by an examination of individual evidence, we will decide it by a show of hands. All you who are as much or more discontented with your present lot, than you were twelve months ago, please to hold up your hands.—What an atmosphere of palms, gentle and simple, fair and furrowed, cosmeticised and unwashed; what a forest of digits, some sparkling with diamonds, some unadorned, and a whole multitude cinctured with the wedding-ring!—You, on the contrary, who feel yourselves happier than you were—hold up *your* hands. Alas! what a pitiful minority! A few youths who left school at the last Christmas holidays, and an equal number of girls who, having dismissed their governesses, are to *come out* this season. Young and sanguine dupes, enjoy your happiness while ye may: we have not serpent enough in us to whisper a syllable in your ear that might accelerate the loss of your too fleeting paradise!

> Since then no spell can boast the power
> One moment to recal;
> Should pleasure smile, or sorrows lour,
> Ah! let us spend life's little hour,
> Unmoved, untouched by all.

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In giving thanks, in yielding praise,
Oh! let us life consume;
And HE whose hand directs our ways
Will hear our vows, accept our lays,
And guide us to the tomb. R. RYAN.

Astronomical Occurrences

In DECEMBER 1825.

'It is true that a perfect knowledge of the system of the world cannot be attained by our limited understanding; but we know enough of it to be convinced that the whole is arranged with infinite wisdom and goodness; and, that no system can be imagined more beautiful, more worthy of the infinite Being, or more advantageous to the inhabitants of the different globes.'

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

THE Sun enters Capricornus at 46 m. after 1 in the morning of the 22d of this month; and he will be eclipsed on the 9th, but the eclipse will be *invisible* in this country. The circumstances under which it will take place are the following; viz.

Ecliptic Conjunction at 8 h. 34 m. 30 s. evening		
In longitude..... .. 8 s. 17°	33′½	
Moon's latitude....	31¼	north

The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 8 h. 29 m., in longitude 127° 16¼′ west, and latitude 9° 10½′ north.

A solar eclipse is an occultation or hiding of the Sun's body from our sight, occasioned by an interposition of the Moon between the earth and Sun. There are nations that still entertain the most superstitious notions concerning eclipses; particularly the Mexicans and Chinese, whose conduct on those occasions is well described in the following lines:—

Thus when the infant Moon her circling sphere
Wheels o'er the Sun's broad disk, her shadow falls
On Earth's fair bosom; darkness chills the fields,
And dreary night invests the face of heaven.
Reflected from the lake full many a star
Glimmers with feeble languor. India's sons,
Affrighted, in wild tumult rend the air.

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Before his idol god with barbarous shriek
The Bramin falls: when soon the eye of day
Darts his all-cheering radiance, from the gloom
Emerging. Joy invades the wondering crowd,
And acclamation rushes from the tongues
Of thousands, that around the blazing pile
Riot in antique dance and dissonant song.

TOUCH.

The Sun rises and sets during this month as follow; the times for the intermediate days must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Sun's Rising and Setting for every fifth Day.

December	1st,	Sun rises	56 m. after	7.	Sets	4 m. after	4
	6th,	.....	1	8	.....	59	3
	11th,	.....	5	8	.....	55	3
	16th,	.....	7	8	.....	53	3
	21st,	.....	7	8	.....	53	3
	26th,	.....	7	8	.....	53	3
	31st,	.....	5	8	.....	55	3

Equation of Time.

True time may be found from apparent, or that which is exhibited by a good sun-dial, by employing the following numbers as directed. The equation for the intermediate days must be found by proportion.

TABLE

Of the Equation of Time for every fifth Day.

	m.	*s.*
Thursday, Dec. 1st, from the time by the dial *subt.*	10	43
Tuesday, ... 6th, ...	8	42
Sunday, ...11th, ...	6	27
Friday, ... 16th, ...	4	3
Wednesday, .. 21st, ...	1	35
Monday, ... 26th, to the time by the dial *add*	0	55
Saturday, ... 31st, ...	3	21

LUNAR PHENOMENA.

Phases of the Moon.

Last Quarter,	3d day, at	7 m. after	4	in the morning
New Moon, ..	9th, ...	34	8	in the evening
First Quarter,	17th, ...	6	7	in the morning
Full Moon, ..	25th, ...	13	9	.....

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Moon's Passage over the Meridian.

The Moon will pass the meridian at the following times this month, when her transits may be observed if the weather be favourable.

December	3d, at	8 m. after	6 in the morning
	4th, ..	57	6 .....
	5th, ..	49	7 .....
	6th, ..	42	8 .....
	7th, ..	39	9 .....
	14th, ..	7	4 in the evening
	15th, ..	51	4 .....
	16th, ..	33	5 .....
	17th, ..	14	6 .....
	18th, ..	55	6 .....
	19th ..	37	7 .....
	20th ..	21	8 .....
	21st ..	8	9 .....
	22d ..	57	9 .....
	23d ..	49	10 .....

TABLE

Of the Time of High Water at London for every fifth Day.

		Morning.		*Afternoon.*	
Dec.	1st, at	43 m. after	5	9 m. after	6
	6th, ..	42	10	11	11
	11th, ..	15	3	34	3
	16th, ..	14	6	46	6
	21st, ..	46	10	11	11
	26th, ..	51	2	4 ...	3
	31st, ..	53	5	15	6

For the intermediate days, as well as for other places, see page 24 of the present volume.

PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

Phases of Venus.

This planet now appears like a full moon, but her great distance from the earth renders her less brilliant than when the enlightened part of her disk is much less. The two parts now are—

Dec. 1st, { Illuminated part = 11·011
Dark part ..... = 0·989

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Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

As Jupiter now recedes from the Sun, more and more of these eclipses become visible. The following are such as will be seen this month:—

Immersions.

First Satellite,	4th day, at	48 m.	16 s. after	2	in the morning
	11th	41 ..	35	4	.....
	18th	34 ..	53	6	.....
	20th	3 ..	15	1	.....
	27th	56 ..	32	2	.....
Second Satellite	7th	27 ..	22	2	.....
	14th	1 ..	11	5	.....
	31st	26 ..	13	11	at night

Conjunction of the Moon with the Planets and Stars.

Dec. 8th,	with ♑	in Scorpio...	at 3 in the afternoon
13th, ...		β in Capricorn..	1 in the morning
21st, ...		♈ in Aries	7 in the evening
24th, ...		Saturn.....	3 in the morning

Jupiter will be in quadrature at 9 in the evening of the 5th. Saturn will be in opposition at 45 m. after 5 in the afternoon of the 10th. Mercury will attain his greatest elongation on the 13th: he will also be stationary on the 22d; and in his inferior conjunction at 45 m. after 11 on the night of the 31st.

On the TWINKLING *of the* STARS.

The following ingenious explanation of this curious subject was drawn up by M. *Arago*, and inserted in the third volume of Baron Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

'The natural philosophers and astronomers who have turned their attention to the *twinkling* of the stars have almost all neglected the most remarkable circumstance, perhaps, of the phenomenon: I mean the sudden and frequent changes of colour by which it is constantly accompanied. The progress which the physical theory of light has made within these few years, will enable us, I believe, to connect the

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explanation of this curious fact with the law of *interferences* discovered by Dr. Young.

According to the experiments of this illustrious philosopher, two rays of homogeneous light arriving at the same point of space, by two ways little different, add or neutralize themselves according as the difference of the two ways has this or that value. The difference which accords with the neutralization of rays of different tints are so sensibly unequal, that the result of the interference or mixture of two white pencils of light should always be accompanied by a manifest coloration. Experience has moreover shown us (see *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, tom. i, p. 199) that, in seeking the place where two pencils are capable of influencing each other, it is not sufficient to consider merely the difference of the ways they have traversed, but it is necessary to attend to the unequal refractive powers of the mediums they have traversed. This admitted, it is easy to demonstrate, that the rays emitted from the same place, collected in the focus of a small ray, vibrate in concert or unite together, if they have all traversed mediums of the same density or equal refractive power; and the same mode of reasoning shows, that, on the contrary, an unequal refractive power must, according as we suppose it more or less considerable, occasion, in the same focus, the neutralization of some class or other of coloured rays. If we apply these considerations to the twinkling of the stars, we shall find that, if all the rays of light which arrive at the different parts of the pupil constantly traverse atmospheric strata of equal density, the image of the star will always be equally intense, and of the same colour; while, on the contrary supposition, its colour and brilliancy may vary every instant. The chances of twinkling will be much less numerous for a star at the zenith, under the same circumstances, than for one but little above the horizon. In our climate they will be less than under the tropics, where heat is more

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uniformly distributed in the strata of the atmosphere. The variations of intensity will be more easily perceived in stars of the first magnitude, where they will be attended with a change of colour more striking than in small ones; and in white stars, than in those which are naturally coloured. All these circumstances, if I be not mistaken, agree with observation.'

We cannot conclude our annual Occurrences with more propriety than by the insertion of the following beautiful lines on twilight, in which nature and truth are luminously reflected from the mind of the poet, and expressed in language, which, in softness and delightful simplicity, seems to vie with the subject itself.

TWILIGHT.

In mantle of crimson, the Father of Day
  Descends in the uttermost west
To lend other regions his cherishing ray,
  And foster the lands he loves best:
The peak of the mountain is red, but its breast
  Is darkened with shadows and dim to the view,
While throned on her chariot, and beaming afar,
Comes onward in silence the night-loving star,
  To sprinkle the landscape with dew.

'Tis pleasant to wander on evenings so sweet,
  When earth wears the ensigns of peace,
The throbs enamoured, and triumphs to greet
  From the tumults of sorrow's release;
The cares that o'ershadowed and threatened us cease
  To leave an elysium behind;
And dreams of enchantment, unruffled and smooth,
That smiled in the fanciful visions of youth,
  Revive in the eye of the mind.

Come, days of felicity, come ye, and bring
  Your fairy-built domes to my view;
Since Joy has a season and Life has a spring
  With flow'rs bathed in honey-dried dew,
It must have a winter of barrenness, too,
  To shadow these dreams of delight:
Repine not—the Sun, which has sunk in the main,
To-morrow illumines the landscape again,
  And scatters the darkness of night.

D. M. MOIR.

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The Naturalist's Diary

For DECEMBER 1825.

DECEMBER! thou art old and hoar;
Thy voice is rough, thy hand is cold:
The blood at every closing pore
Shrinks from thy touch. Yet, hoar and old
Though thou appear,
That form severe
Seems the fresh hue of health to wear.
Earth, now in WINTER'S fleecy dress,
The kind severity shall bless
That laid her forests bare. J. CONDER.

THE Winter is approaching: our eyes are no longer dazzled by the penetrating rays of the Sun, nor delighted by the variegated colours of a Summer prospect; the earth, shrouded in white after the slow, silent fall of the flakes of snow, presents to us on every side the same desolate scene; every thing from the hut to the castle, from the oak to the tuft of grass, wears an appearance of uniformity. Thus Winter seems contrasted with Summer, as the silence and the equality of the tomb is contrasted with the noisy bustle and continual variety of life. Yet we will say with the poet,—

O! Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

Indeed, to one of a melancholy though not discontented turn of mind (as is justly observed by a popular essayist[1]), there is something not disagreeable, nay more, there is something *pleasing*, in the departure of Summer, and the approach of the more rugged season:—the former, indeed, it must be acknowledged, excites our spirits to the highest pitch of buoyancy and mirth; but the latter awakes all those melancholy yet pleasing emotions inherent in a contemplative mind. The glow of the Summer's day, and the vivid colours of nature, fill us with a

[1] The Etonian, vol. i, p. 307 (*Third Edition*).

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momentary burst of cheerfulness; the sporting of the cattle, the song of the birds, and the apparent enjoyment of the whole creation, from man to the butterfly, communicate to us a sympathetic pleasure, arising from the feeling that every thing around us is happy and contented. Yet there is something in the dry chill of the wintry atmosphere, in the hollow melancholy sound of a December storm, which rouses in our minds the sweet sensations of pity and of charity, suggested, perhaps, by the recollection that there are some, who, less fortunate than ourselves, are exposed to wander, without a home, during the inclemencies of the season. We are more pleased with the confidence reposed in us by the unfortunate wanderer of the feathered tribe, whom the frost has deprived of his food, and who, trusting to our hospitality, plaintively demands relief at our window, than by his more lively song during the happier season of Summer. We feel more pleasure at hearing the harsh chirp of the sparrow, when we have made him happy by scattering before him the crumbs which have perhaps saved him from starvation, than we derive from the most melodious song of the nightingale. We would freely exchange the glowing tint and the warm air of a Summer's evening, and the emotions of love and pleasure which it excites, for the lonely silence of the Winter night, when the clear sky appears to exhibit the whole immensity of the creation, and fills the mind with ideas of religion and eternity. It is at this time that the wisdom and the beneficence of the Deity, the greatness of his power, the beauty of his works, are most conspicuous: we feel an internal satisfaction at being ourselves a part, however insignificant, of that immense system which then presents itself to our view in all its splendour and magnificence. It is when this most beautiful of prospects is before our eyes, that the mind is most turned towards contemplation and to thoughts of a more serious nature. It seems then, indeed, that

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Our mind,
Expanded by the Genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.———

We have often descanted, in the course of our annual lucubrations, on the 'pleasures of winter;' the frosty morning's walk, with its invigorating breezes—the long nights, devoted alternately to study and to society, with the enlivening blaze of a sea-coal fire—and the '*glass* that cheers, but not inebriates'—are no small attractions, and peculiarly endear to us this festive season of the year:—we, of course, include the 'PLEASURES OF HOME.' How often in returning across the fields of a dry, frosty, moonlight evening in December, have we chaunted aloud this exquisite description of the poet:—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Towards the end of the month, woodcocks and *snipes* become the prey of the fowler. The jack-snipe *(scolopax gallinula)*, which visits us at this period, is a *decided species*, with marked and singular habits.—See our last volume, p. 319.

The *evergreen* trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued: the different species of *everlasting* flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our parlours in winter, and indeed during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves: while other trees are entirely denuded of their beautiful dress, their 'leafy honours' being strewed in the dust, and returned to their parent earth; yet some attractions are still left as a promise of future beauty. The scarlet berries of the common holly, and the *pyracanthus*, with its bunches of fiery berries on its dark green thorny sprays, solicit our attention,—while numerous tribes of *mosses* will afford sufficient amusement and occu-

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pation for the inquiring *botanist*,—and the poet's lyre, vibrating with melancholy but soothing harmony, records the fall of the few remaining withered leaves that flutter about him in his noonday walk.

> Through the calm and frosty air
> Of this morning bright and fair,
> Eddying round and round they sink,
> Softly, slowly; one might think,
> From the motions that are made,
> Every little leaf conveyed
> Sylph or Faery hither tending—
> To this lower world descending,
> Each invisible and mute,
> In his wavering parachute.

The general silence that prevails at the conclusion of our summer months is particularly solemn and affecting:—all nature seems languid and at rest; '*the singing bird and the turtle are no longer heard in the land;*' the solemn fall of a leaf, or a shrew-mouse rustling in the withered foliage, awakes almost alone our contemplative reverie.—We have now a full sense of the loss we sustain in the departure of our summer birds, and the animation and cheerfulness which these little wanderers communicate to our groves:—pendent from the mossy limb of an oak, we see the *parus* tribe (tom-tits) in active silence, seeking their insect food, uttering at long intervals a note so low and feeble, that makes us sensible of the surrounding stilness; the *nut-hatch* hammering on some distant tree, or the screech of the *jay* alone is heard to disturb the unbroken solemnity of Nature. The *red-breast*, who has forsaken us all the summer long, now accompanies our rambles; flitting before our steps like some ministering attendant, he comes from we know not where, but is always present, voiceless and attentive. The *insect* myriads that peopled every

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woodland glade, gay and glittering in the changing lights, are no more, and we have only some 'shard clad beetle' creeping feebly along the path, or resting in torpid silence upon a fallen leaf.—Yet Nature, so seemingly in repose, is now actively at work, and in her secret laboratory is preparing her essences, moulding her fruits, and fabricating her forms, for Summer's coming gale: many of the insect race are now busily employed in accomplishing the removal of substances that would encumber the earth but for their agency, and accelerating their return to the dust from whence they sprang. Those curious little meanderings, sometimes in the form of a leaf, or a well-trained pear-tree, which may be noticed on a wall, on the ashen bar of a stile, or on the surface of some elm paling, or fence, are the winter work of insects (*ips scolytus, ips niger, &c.*) whose grubs, unseen by us, are now forming their labyrinthine paths, and proceeding to their perfect state: a larger race of these wood-devourers mine deeper in the substance, but all are employed in accomplishing one great object of their existence,—the removal of incumbrances from the earth.

The little insights that we obtain into Nature's works are really all of them the offspring of scientific research: partial and uncertain as our labours are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally enlighten the darksome path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths:—let not, then, the idle and the ignorant scoff at him who gives an unemployed hour to investigate a *fungus*, a *shell*, or a *moss*, '*in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace*;'—they are all the formation of SUPREME INTELLIGENCE, and have led us, by gentle gradations, to a knowledge of Infinite Wisdom; have calmed and amused many of us worms and reptiles in our earthly shell, and bettered us for our change to a new and more perfect state of being!

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O who can view yon splendid *starry host*,
Where vision fails, in subtle ether lost;
This lower sphere, with all its countless train
That cleave the air, or skim the liquid main,
Or clothe the earth, from Man, the lord of all,
Down to the *gray-moss* on the mould'ring wall;
O who can mark each still continued race,
Their varied links and nice gradations trace;
Where, order, use, and elegance combine,
And fail to find OMNIPOTENCE divine?
Yes! HE who guides the rolling orbs above,
Spreads *every leaf* that flutters in the grove;
Breathes health and fragrance in each balmy gale;
Pours the clear streamlet gliding in the vale;
Extends the vast Atlantic's rolling floods;
And clothes the forest with its waving woods;
Guides the *green tendril* round the summer bower;
Shines in the *dew*, and blushes in the *flower!*
The humblest *bud*, that blossoms to the morn,
The meanest INSECT, on its bosom borne,
Live by the fiat of that mighty hand,
Who launched the spheres, and bade the skies expand.

ALEX. BALFOUR.

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ERRATA.

Page 60, line 3, for *feres* read *fèves*.
65, ... 11 from bottom, for *shore* read *shone*.
77, ... 8 from bottom, for *aratis* read *arabis*.
109, ... 23, for *shor'st* read *shon'st*.
110, *note*, line 1, for *second* read *third*.
131, line 3 from bottom, add EMBER DAYS, MAY 25, 27, 28.

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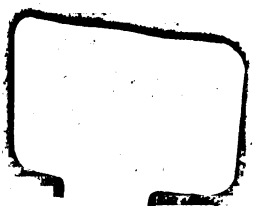

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